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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

C. von Bodenhausen, Pinx.

THE DROWNED LOVER

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS

EDITED BY CHARLES MORRIS
AND OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

VOL. VI

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WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT TRAVELLERS.

THE WORLD'S GREAT CAPITALS OF TO-DAY

OLIVER H. G. LEIGH.

Rome, Florence.

We cannot all be travellers. Its drawbacks considered, the worries and costliness and myriad little martyrdoms of the modern wanderer's life, the deprivation has its sunny side. So many good souls nowadays delight in doing our touring for us, braving perils of sea and land, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness in foreign hostelries, and paying for it all like heroes, that we may enjoy their adventures as we rock in our chairs at home. Thanks to their tales and pictures, if we cannot make the tedious pilgrimage we can soar at will away over the heads of the weather-bound caravan and revel in the alluring Canaans while they bemoan the ills of travel. And we shall find the old boast still holds good, in a larger significance, that all roads lead the roving mind to Rome. Whether we tread the path of history, art, or sociology, law, ecclesiasticism, or archæology, we land at last on one of the seven hills of the city which still sways the heart of the civilized world. Not with its aforetime imperial sceptre, nor by the benignant wave of a pontificial finger, but by the magic wand of memories that keep its twenty-five centuries still in throbbing life.

In any excursion we just see what we take with us to see. According to mood or stock of information we see the bricks that hide the poetry, or the picture *minus* its painting. A ruin may be the visible foundation of a castle in the air, or simply a stone-heap. If there is one sacred spot where the stones cry out for the passer-by to hear their sermons, songs, or wails, it is Rome. One treads on the dust of the mightiest people of the past. All around are the symbols of power and pomp. We drop the thread of ancient story only to find we have to link it with present achievements. The old and new meet here on common ground, with the Colosseum for their greeting-place and St. Peter's as a living force of to-day. The eternal city keeps its antiquities as of old, of course, and adds to them by dragging others from the earth, but since the court moved to Rome from Florence much modernizing of the city has been in progress. This will be less regretted when we consider that in digging foundations for new buildings there are constantly being unearthed precious treasures of art. In the fifteen years ending with 1888 it was officially reported that one hundred and ninety-two marble statues, two hundred and sixty-six busts, seventy-seven columns, four hundred bronzes, and no fewer than thirty-seven thousand gold and silver coins had been discovered in this way.

Walks through and round about Rome are described systematically and learnedly in books to suit every type of traveller, and are so widely read by those who do not make the journey that only brief mention of a few features of the city is called for here. If St. Peter's asserts its first claim to notice as one of the living landmarks of the past, the Colosseum must always compel a more mysterious interest. Its magnificent ruin, which is yet not more a ruin than a mighty and indestructible monument that can defy the centuries to come, stands at the point where the Via Sacra

turned by the Palatine hill, past the Circus Maximus to the Via Appia. Built two thousand years ago of massive stones fastened together with iron clamps, it has only come to its broken condition by thievish hands, not by the storms of time. We are fond of estimating things by their size, but here is a monster that dwarfs all modern theatres. Eighty-five thousand spectators used to find seats in this Amphitheatrum Flavium. The top tier was a hundred and fifty feet high. The arena in which the Christian martyrs were flung to starved wild beasts, and in which the gladiators fought for victory or death, has been brought to light after long neglect. To make it worth while for these enormous audiences to gather, the managers had to engage larger stock companies than any modern theatre would hold. Ten thousand gladiators were kept in training. Quite a wholesale import trade was done in menagerie stocking. The gate-money must have been consoling to the treasurer. These amusement places stir curiosity more, perhaps, than any of the other antiquities. Victorious emperors could erect as many monuments to their own glory as they pleased, whether the public cared for them or not, but there must have been a tremendous force of public opinion to compel the building of the Colosseum, and the still more wonderful Circus Maximus, which stood between the Palatine and Aventine hills. Three hundred years before Christ this huge amusement house flourished. Each emperor restored it in greater splendor. The wooden portion was lost in Nero's fire, only to rise again as marble under Domitian, and Constantine enlarged it before he deserted the city for Byzantium in the year of our Lord, 330. It held a quarter of a million spectators. Who stayed at home to do the household business when the families, servants, policemen and apparently everybody except the burglars, must have

been seeing the show? These were by no means the only places of the kind.

The Baths of Caracalla cannot be done justice to in any written description. In mere magnitude they baffle the imagination. They represented all that exquisite artistic taste, boundless wealth, and love of luxury could devise to serve the uses of the modern club house. The Romans regarded the bath as an essential, and honored it, also abused it, by investing it with all the attractions of a pleasure palace. Aristocracy foregathered in the baths, where, indeed, half of society spent half the day lounging, eating and drinking, gossipping, and in halls and corridors the devotees of art, literature and music held their periodical meetings and informal coteries. It was the natural resort for athletes and men of the town. Statues of the finest workmanship, mosaic pavements and marble columns adorned these splendid halls. An army of slaves inhabited the lower regions, and all the latest fads in toilet-making were practised by professional masseurs and barbers. Three thousand people could lounge in the principal bath at the same time, which was perhaps much the same as privacy.

Bridge and road-building were among the less showy excellences of the Romans. The Appian way has many features of interest, but itself is its most impressive characteristic. Wherever the empire decided to turn its face a road was built, and built to last. Across rivers and seas its armies leapt, to continue the roads that led back to Rome. The noble bridge built by Hadrian in the year 135 is still in a state of wonderful preservation. He made it to connect with the Campus Martius, the mausoleum he had erected for himself. This imperial tomb is familiar in pictures. Like an immense circular castle with enormously thick walls, a thousand feet in circumference, it stands now a remarkably healthy ruin of its original magnificence. It was lined

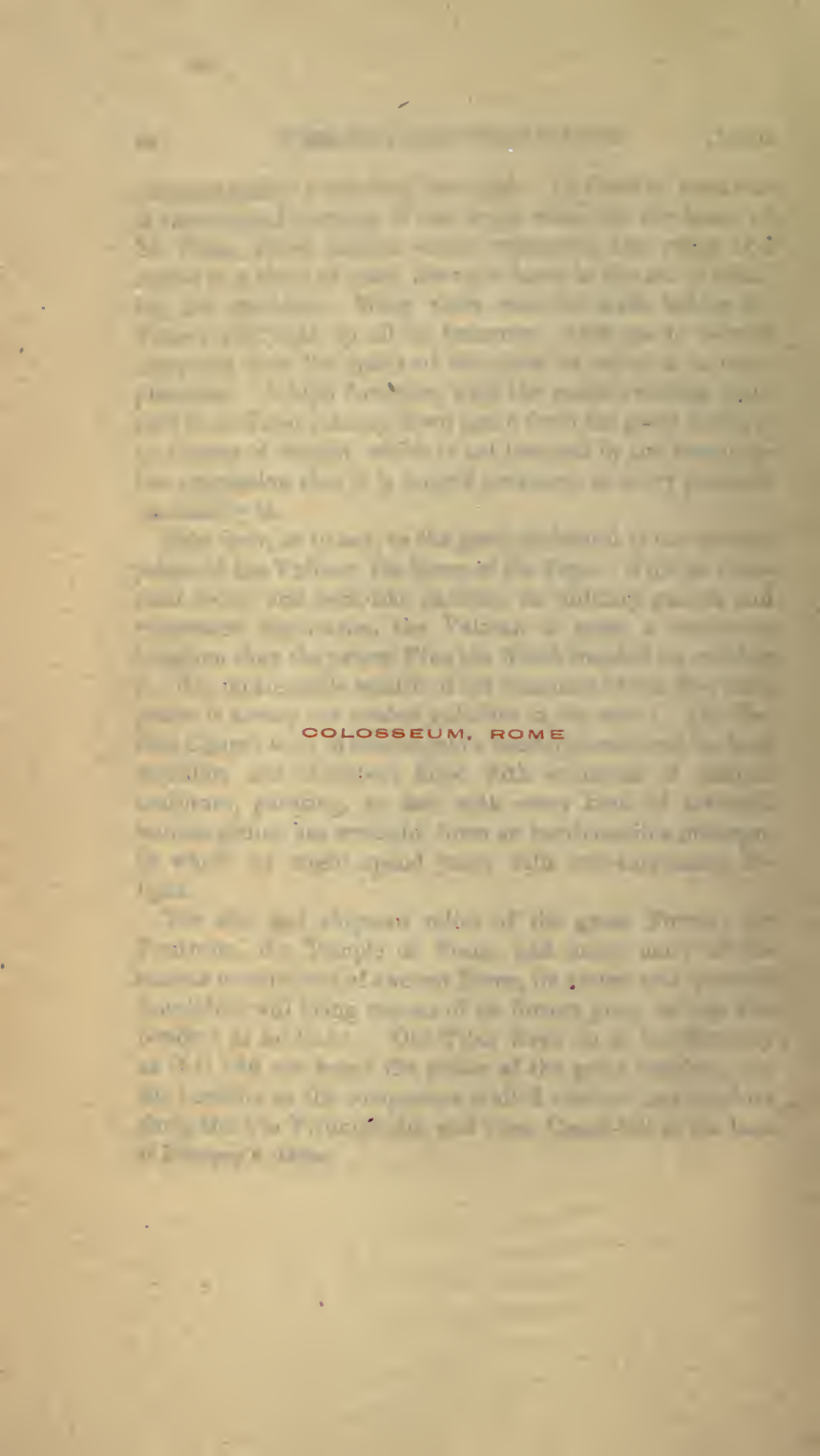
with Parian marble and surrounded by a colonnade with rows of statues. When the Goths besieged the place they hurled the statues on the heads of their enemies below. It became a Papal castle in the sixth century and suffered from frequent attacks in the Middle Ages. Some of the most precious relics now in the famous galleries of Italy were found in the moat of the castle, which is called the Castle of St. Angelo, from the figure on the parapet.

St. Peter's, the most famous Christian church, does not appear as Michelangelo intended it to be. The main façade is held to be unworthy of the rest of the edifice and its accessories. Take away the dome and it would strike one as a not exceptionally impressive front. Its great designer proposed a church in the form of a Greek cross, four arms of equal length, having the dome central. Michelangelo's design was changed, for the worse as to exterior effect, into a Latin cross, with a long nave, which of course hides the height of the dome from the near front view. The vast area is encircled by the famous corridors with four rows of columns, nearly fifty feet high. The effect is magnificent. In this great space on Easter Sunday many thousands stand to receive the Pope's benediction, pronounced from the outer balcony of the church. Though the dimensions of the interior are on so great a scale, the proportions are so well balanced that the place looks smaller than it is. The decorations on the columns reduce them considerably. The longer one looks the more stupendous the edifice becomes. A guide-book is necessary to adequate appreciation of the glorious paintings, mosaics, inlaid marbles, sculptures, and metal work of the chapels and corridors. No fewer than one hundred and thirty-two popes have monumental tombs or cenotaphs, the work of the famous sculptors of their day. Immediately under the centre of the towering dome is the grand altar, with a canopy of bronze gilt supported by spiral

columns nearly a hundred feet high. In front of the altar is the circular opening to the crypt, where lie the bones of St. Peter, whose famous statue represents him robed and seated in a chair of state, his right hand in the act of blessing the spectator. Many visits must be made before St. Peter's will yield up all its treasures. One has to become saturated with the spirit of the place to enjoy it in completeness. A high function, with the music swirling from arch to roof and echoing down again from the great dome, is an ecstasy of delight, which is not lessened by the meaningless suggestion that it is largely sensuous, as every pleasure necessarily is.

Next door, so to say, to the great cathedral is the ancient palace of the Vatican, the home of the Pope. With its thousand rooms and park-like gardens, its military guards and rich-robed dignitaries, the Vatican is more a miniature kingdom than the prison Pius the Ninth insisted on making it. Its incalculable wealth of art treasures of the first rank places it among the noblest galleries in the world. The Sistine Chapel with Michelangelo's masterpieces, and its long corridors and chambers filled with examples of antique sculpture, painting, in fact with every kind of art-work human genius has wrought, form an inexhaustible museum, in which we might spend years with ever-increasing delight.

The site and eloquent relics of the great Forum, the Pantheon, the Temple of Vesta, and many more of the famous monuments of ancient Rome, its arches and splendid fountains, will bring visions of its former glory to him who ponders as he looks. Old Tiber flows on as indifferently as if it had not heard the noises of the great builders, nor the tumults as the conquerors trailed victims and trophies along the Via Triumphalis, and when Cæsar fell at the base of Pompey's statue.



COLOSSEUM, ROME

Florence, the captivating, cannot be passed by in any mention of Italy. The capital of Tuscany, it became the capital of Italy by the entry of Victor Emmanuel in 1865 and remained so until in 1870 he moved the court to Rome. Its romantic history is familiar, in outline. The thirteenth century was a period of rivalries and wars, Guelphs and Ghibellines, the nobles and the people, struggling for mastery. Dante was born there in 1265, and his house still stands. In 1300 he was chosen prior of the Florentine republic. His immortal work preserves the names of the citizens who gave the city its fame as leader in the revival in literature and the arts. In the fourteenth century began the strife between the Bianchi and the Neri factions. The city was growing immensely rich by trade, which gave an impetus to art. The Medici family took the lead as patrons and directors. Massacres and poisonings stained the records of both sides in the ceaseless struggles through these centuries. The monk Savonarola wrought like a saint and hero to establish a purer rule based on popular choice. After denouncing wickedness in high places and stirring the public heart to better issues, he lost his following, was tortured and martyred. One of his dungeons can be seen in the great tower of the Old Palace, which has stood for six centuries. The Medicis, eight of them, gained grand dukeships of Tuscany, besides contributing four successors to St. Peter.

Florence has a superabundance of grand examples of statuary. The public galleries and private collections contain a large proportion of the most celebrated pictures and sculptures in the world. Some of these are in the open air, beneath the exquisite arches of the Loggia of the Lancers, including the well-known group, the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna, and Benvenuto Cellini's equally famous Perseus with the head of the Medusa. The Uffizi Palace

was built by the Medicis. Its two wings are adorned with statues of famous Florentines, standing in niches in the walls. To what a splendid pitch of greatness the old city attained can best be realized by naming the men here commemorated. Amerigo Vespucci, to whom, rightly or wrongly, our continent owes its name, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Galileo, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Guicciardini, Machiavelli, Savonarola, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Carlo Dolci, Cellini, Donatello, Ghiberti, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo—an amazing list of masters unrivalled in their arts. The great feature of the Uffizi is a comparatively small room called the Tribune, which contains more masterpieces of the first value than any gallery in the world, including works of Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Veronese, Guido, Correggio, and the Venus di Medici statue.

The Pitti palace has perhaps a larger number of uniformly great paintings than can be found elsewhere. The old Bargello house of justice is quaint and ghostly from the tragedies perpetrated within its gloomy arches. It is now a national museum. The house of Michelangelo is in good preservation, and was inhabited down to 1858 by one of his descendants, who gave it to the city. In the sacristy of the old church of St. Lorenzo are the tombs of Julian and Lorenzo de' Medici, over which are two groups colossal in size and in conception, Day and Night, Twilight and Dawn. No other works from his chisel exceed these in impressiveness and grandeur, though they are unfinished.

The wonderful bronze gates of the Baptistery have been imitated in buildings all the world over, including the capitol at Washington. The building itself is an odd-looking church, but its gates are marvels of design, representing scenes from scripture. The artists were Ghiberti and Pisano, who labored forty years over them.

As in Rome, the grand sight in Florence is a cathedral, the Duomo. When the city was at its height of wealth and prosperity its governors commissioned the architect Arnolfo to build the most stupendous and magnificent edifice that human genius could devise and human hands could construct. After the walls had risen to a height of one hundred and thirty feet, the problem of capping them with a dome baffled the wits of the skilled builders. Then Brunelleschi introduced what was then a new idea, the construction of a double dome. His suggestion was received with much shaking of wise heads. He challenged the competition of famous foreign architects, who doubted its practicability. He demonstrated his plan and the dome was built. It is regarded as the finest in the world, though Michelangelo's work, the dome of St. Peter's, done a century later, is a little larger. The Duomo was consecrated in 1436, but its façade was not finished until 1887. The famous Campanile tower, three hundred feet high, the masterwork of Giotto, is the pride of Florence. Like the cathedral, this bell-tower is a mass of variegated marbles, with architectural adornment unrivalled elsewhere. In front of Santa Croce church is the statue erected to Dante in 1865, on the six-hundredth anniversary of his birth. Inside is the magnificent tomb of Michelangelo, and the cenotaph of Dante. Many other celebrated Florentines are buried in this place.

THE ELEPHANT IN SIAM.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

[The varieties of animal and vegetable life in Siam are almost innumerable. From the elephant and rhinoceros to the smallest insect; from the great Indian fig-tree to the smallest shrub, the diversity of life is extraordinary. Of the animals of this country the largest is at the same time the most interesting, and we select from Bowring's work some descriptive sketches of the habits and utility of the Siamese elephant, and of the kingly pomp with which the white elephant is entertained.]

ELEPHANTS are abundant in the forests of Siam, and grow sometimes to the height of twelve or thirteen feet. The habits of the elephant are gregarious; but though he does not willingly attack a man, he is avoided as dangerous; and a troop of elephants will, when going down to a river to drink, submerge a boat and its passengers. The destruction even of the wild elephant is prohibited by royal orders, yet many are surreptitiously destroyed for the sake of their tusks. At a certain time of the year tame female elephants are let loose in the forests. They are recalled by the sound of a horn, and return accompanied by wild males, whom they compel, by blows of the proboscis, to enter the walled prisons which have been prepared for their capture. The process of taming commences by keeping them for several days without food; then a cord is passed round their feet, and they are attached to a strong column. The delicacies of which they are most fond are then supplied them, such as sugar-canes, plantains, and fresh herbs; and at the end of a few days the animal is domesticated and resigned to his fate.

Without the aid of the elephant it would scarcely be possible to traverse the woods and jungles of Siam. He makes his way as he goes, crushing with his trunk all that resists his progress; over deep morasses or sloughs he drags himself on his knees and belly. When he has to cross a stream, he ascertains the depth by his proboscis, advances slowly, and when he is out of his depth he swims, breathing through his trunk, which is visible when the whole of his body is submerged. He descends into ravines impassable by man, and by the aid of his trunk ascends steep mountains. His ordinary pace is about four to five miles an hour, and he will journey day and night if properly fed. When weary he strikes the ground with his trunk, making a sound resembling a horn, which announces to his driver that he desires repose. In Siam the howdah is a great roofed basket, in which the traveller, with the aid of his cushions, comfortably ensconces himself. The motion is disagreeable at first, but ceases to be so after a little practice.

Elephants in Siam are much used in warlike expeditions, both as carriers and combatants. All the nobles are mounted on them, and as many as a thousand are sometimes collected. They are marched against palisades and intrenchments. In the late war with Cochin-China the Siamese general surprised the enemy with some hundreds of elephants, to whose tails burning torches were attached. They broke into the camp, and destroyed more than a thousand Cochin-Chinese, the remainder of the army escaping by flight.

Of elephants in Siam, M. de Bruguières gives some curious anecdotes. He says that there was one in Bangkok which was habitually sent by his keeper to collect a supply of food, which he never failed to do, and that it was divided regularly between his master and himself on his

return home; and that there was another elephant, which stood at the door of the king's palace, before whom a large vessel filled with rice was placed, which he helped out with a spoon to every talapoin (bonze) who passed.

His account of the Siamese mode of capturing wild elephants is not dissimilar to that which has been already given. But he adds that, in taming the captured animals, every species of torture is used: he is lifted by a machine in the air,—fire is placed under his belly,—he is compelled to fast,—he is goaded with sharp irons, till reduced to absolute submission. The tame elephants co-operate with their masters, and, when thoroughly subdued, the victim is marched away with the rest.

Some curious stories are told by La Loubère of the sagacity of elephants, as reported by the Siamese. In one case, an elephant upon whose head his keeper had cracked a cocoa-nut, kept the fragments of the nut-shell for several days between his fore legs, and having found an opportunity of trampling on and killing the keeper, the elephant deposited the fragments upon the dead body.

I heard many instances of sagacity which might furnish interesting anecdotes for the zoologist. The elephants are undoubtedly proud of their gorgeous trappings and of the attentions they receive. I was assured that the removal of the gold and silver rings from their tusks was resented by the elephants as an indignity, and that they exhibited great satisfaction at their restoration. The transfer of an elephant from a better to a worse stabling is said to be accompanied with marks of displeasure.

[The white elephant—which is rarely white, except in spots, but of a faded pink or light mahogany hue—is very highly regarded. In 1870 one was brought to Bangkok which was really white. Bowring thus describes the treatment of this animal.]

She occupied a large apartment within the grounds of

the first king's palace, and not far off, in an elevated position, was placed a golden chair for the king to occupy when he should come to visit her.

She had a number of attendants, who were feeding her with fresh grass (which I thought she treated somewhat disdainfully), sugar-cane, and plantains. She was richly caparisoned in cloth of gold and ornaments, some of which she tore away, and was chastised for the offence by a blow on the proboscis by one of the keepers. She was fastened to an upright pole by ropes covered with scarlet cloth, but at night was released, had the liberty of the room, and slept against a matted and ornamented partition, sloping from the floor at about an angle of forty-five degrees. In a corner of the room was a caged monkey of pure white, but seemingly very active and mischievous. The prince fed the elephant with sugar-cane, which appeared her favorite food; the grass she seemed to toss about rather than to eat. She had been trained to make a salaam by lifting her proboscis over the neck, and did so more than once at the prince's bidding. The king sent me the bristles of the tail of the last white elephant to look at; they were fixed in a gold handle, such as ladies use for their nosegays at balls.

[The presence of one of these animals is believed to be a pledge of prosperity to the king and country.]

Hence the white elephant is sought with intense ardor, the fortunate finder rewarded with honors, and he is treated with attention almost reverential. This prejudice is traditional, and dates from the earliest times. When a tributary king, or governor of a province, has captured a white elephant, he is directed to open a road through the forest for the comfortable transit of the sacred animal; and when he reaches the Meinam, he is received on a magnifi-

cent raft, with a chintz canopy, and garlanded with flowers. He occupies the centre of the raft, and is pampered with cakes and sugar. A noble of high rank, sometimes a prince of royal blood (and on the last occasion both the first and second kings), accompanied by a great concourse of barges, with music and bands of musicians, go forth to welcome his arrival. Every barge has a rope attached to the raft, and perpetual shouts of joy attend the progress of the white elephant to the capital, where, on his arrival, he is met by the great dignitaries of the State, and by the monarch himself, who gives the honored visitor some sonorous name, and confers on him the rank of nobility. He is conducted to a palace which is prepared for him, where a numerous court awaits him, and a number of officers and slaves are appointed to administer to his wants in vessels of gold and silver.

A superabundance of delicacies is provided for his repast; if his tusks are grown, they are enriched with rings; a sort of diadem is placed on his head; and his attendants prostrate themselves, as in the presence of the great nobles. When conducted to the bath, a huge red parasol is held over him; music and a *cortége* of slaves accompany him on his march. In case of illness, he is attended by a court physician; the priests wait upon him, offer up prayers for his recovery, and sprinkle him with consecrated water; and on his death there is a universal mourning, and distinguished funeral honors are paid to his remains.

[It is believed that these albinoes are found only in Siam and its dependencies, and the white elephant (on a red ground) has been made the flag of the kingdom.]

The white monkeys enjoy almost the same privileges as the white elephant; they are called *pája*, have household

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME

and other officers, but must yield precedence to the elephant. The Siamese say that "the monkey is a man,—not very handsome, to be sure; but no matter, he is not less our brother." If he does not speak, it is from prudence, dreading lest the king should compel him to labor for him without pay; nevertheless, it seems he has spoken, for he was once sent in the quality of generalissimo to fight, if I mistake not, an army of giants. With one kick he split a mountain in two; and report goes that he finished the war with honor.

The Siamese have more respect for white animals than for those of any other color. They say that when a talapoin meets a white cock, he salutes him,—an honor he will not pay a prince.

[Bowring gives the following further information about the elephant, quoting from another writer:]

After visiting the ruins, we inspected the kraal or stockade, in which the elephants are captured. This was a large quadrangular piece of ground, enclosed by a wall about six feet in thickness, having an entrance on one side, through which the elephants are made to enter the enclosure. Inside the wall is a fence of strong teak stakes driven into the ground a few inches apart. In the centre is a small house erected on poles, and strongly surrounded with stakes, wherein some men are stationed for the purpose of securing the animals. These abound in the neighborhood of the city, but cannot exactly be called wild, as the majority of them have, at some time or other, been subjected to servitude. They are all the property of the king, and it is criminal to hurt or kill one of them. Once a year a large number is collected together in the enclosure, and as many as are wanted of those possessing the points which the Siamese consider beautiful are captured.

The fine points in an elephant are: a color approaching to white or red, black nails on the toes (the common color of these nails is black and white), and intact tails (for, owing to their pugnacious disposition, it is rarely that an elephant is caught which has not had its tail bitten off).

On this occasion, the kings and a large concourse of nobles assemble together to witness the proceedings; they occupy a large platform on one side of the enclosure. The wild elephants are then driven in by the aid of tame males of a very large size and great strength, and the selection takes place. If an animal which is wanted escapes from the kraal, chase is immediately made after it by a tame elephant, the driver of which throws a lasso to catch the feet of the fugitive. Having effected this, the animal on which he rides leans itself with all its power the opposite way, and thus brings the other violently to the ground. It is then strongly bound, and conducted to the stables.

Naturally enough, accidents are of common occurrence, men being frequently killed by the infuriated animals, which are sometimes confined two or three days in the enclosure without food. When elephants are to be sent to Bangkok, a floating house has to be constructed for the purpose.

As elephants were placed at our disposal, we enjoyed the opportunity of judging of their capabilities in a long ride through places inaccessible to a lesser quadruped. Their step is slow and cautious, and the rider is subjected to a measured roll from side to side, which at first is somewhat disagreeable. In traversing marshes and soft ground, they feel their way with their trunks. They are excessively timid; horses are a great terror to them, and, unless they are well trained, the report of a fowling-piece scares them terribly.

[To Dr. Collins, an American missionary, we owe the following narrative of experience in elephant riding.]

Our first half-hour of elephant riding was of such a trying character that all after-experiences failed to awaken fear or wonder. The Siamese huts, like those of the Karens, from which we first mounted the elephants, were elevated some ten feet from the ground, and reached by a ladder. When ready to start, all we had to do was to step from the floor of the hut on to the elephant's head, and then into the howdah. This chair or saddle rested on the elephant's back, and was held in position by a crupper under the tail, and a rattan girth around the neck of the animal.

From our hut to the river's brink was a distance of fifty feet, down a rugged and steep bank, at an incline of at least forty-five degrees. Down this, through the tall grass and bamboos, our elephants made their way, sometimes sliding on their haunches, and then bracing, or feeling their way by their trunks. Into the soft ooze of the river they plunged, and waded through water so deep that nothing but the howdahs and the elephants' heads and trunks appeared above the surface. Then, up the opposite bank, equally steep, they climbed with slow but certain steps, until we reached the level land and the jungle path. . . .

As our elephant drivers and guides were always anxious to lodge in the Karen villages, and as we were frequently delayed by obstructions in our pathway, we did not average over five hours of travel per day. With the exception of two nights, we were not compelled to sleep in the jungle, but lodged in Siamese or Karen villages. We were always treated with great kindness, and not in a single instance, for boats, elephants, food, or lodging, was the question of remuneration so much as stated. Most of the way we were able to purchase rice and fish, and sometimes eggs and fowls; but most of the Karens seemed

quite destitute of *variety* in food. We usually paid fifty cents per day for each elephant, and the same amount for each night's lodging, while the entire expense of our journey from Bangkok to Maulmain did not exceed seventy-five dollars.

I cannot close this part of my article without a few remarks about elephants and their drivers. On arriving at our resting-place for the night, it was usual to turn the elephants (partially fettered) loose among the bamboos; thus, nearly all night long, we could hear the snapping of the tall reeds in order that the leaves might be stripped for food. When this noise was not heard, we could usually hear the tinkle of the elephants' bamboo bells, and thus know their locality. Some of the drivers, however, were always on the watch, and some one of the elephants was sure to be a favorite.

When the elephants were grazing in the jungle, bright fires were always kindled, that blazed the long night through. The drivers, on these occasions, always boiled their rice in hollow green bamboos, and frequently the elephants would come forward for bits of rice or salt, and then retire. I remember awaking one night out of a sound sleep, and, looking towards the blaze and outstretched sleepers, espied one of the huge brutes seated on his haunches, like an immense dog, warming himself before the fire. So grave, comical, and strange the scene appeared, in the solemn midnight of the tropical forest, that I had to awaken my wife to behold the sight.

The elephant driver sits on the head of the animal, and by the aid of a heavy knife assists in clearing the forest pathway. Some years ago one of our elephants, in passing through the forest, had his trunk wound around a large bamboo, in the act of snapping it, when his driver, in attempting to assist with his knife, struck at the bamboo

and cut the animal's proboscis half off, and thus exposed the air-passages a foot from its extremity. The cut, owing to the restlessness of the animal, never united, though it healed; and thus, when the poor animal attempted to grasp a bamboo, the frightful opening was revealed. In our journey we rode fourteen different elephants, and all of them, without exception, behaved in the most gentle, intelligent, and patient manner, mutual affection seeming to subsist between master and beast.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

G. T. VIGNE.

[This celebrated mountain valley, sacred to poetry, and especially made famous by Moore's poem of Lalla Rookh, had for one of its earliest and most thorough modern explorers Mr. G. T. Vigne, who left England in 1832, travelled to India by way of Turkey, Armenia, and Persia, visited Afghanistan, and in 1835 set out for Cashmere, whence he explored the difficult mountain regions of the Upper Indus, on the borders of Central Asia. He returned to England in 1839, having attained very valuable geographical results. Of the general aspect of Cashmere he gives the following description:]

THE hill of Shupeyon rises from the plain about one mile from the town: it is composed of trap-rock, and its height is about three hundred and fifty feet. I thence enjoyed a first and excellent view of the valley, which was hardly broken throughout its whole length of ninety miles, and entirely surrounded by snowy mountains. Far to the left, over the extreme northwestern end of the valley, rose the snow-peaks of Durawar; the two or three small hills, breaking the level surface of the valley, were distinguished with difficulty; and the whole of the intervening slopes of

the Pir Panjal, from the snow downward into the valley, are covered with a magnificent forest of pines, thirty miles in length, and from three to seven miles in width.

The Valley of Cashmere is generally a verdant plain, ninety miles in length and twenty-five miles in its greatest width, at the southern end, between the cataract of Arabul and the ruins of the great temple of Martund; surrounded on every side by snowy mountains, into which there are numerous inlets, forming glens on a level with the plain, but each with a lofty pass at its upper extremity. There are many elevated points of view from which this extraordinary hollow gave me, at first sight, an idea of its having been originally formed by the falling in of an exhausted volcanic region.

The interest taken in a view of the Valley of Cashmere would certainly be rather that of the agriculturist than of the prospect-hunter; but nothing can be more truly sylvan than the greater part of the mountain scenery. It has not, however, the verdure of the tropics. The trees, it is true, in many instances, may differ from those of Europe; but with the exception of occasional beautiful masses of deodars, the aspect of the forest, at a little distance, is wholly European. Looking from the hill of Shupeyon, innumerable villages were scattered over the plains in every direction, distinguishable in the extreme distance by the trees that surrounded them: all was soft and verdant, even up to the snow on the mountain-top; and I gazed in surprise, excited by the vast extent and admirably defined limits of the valley, and the almost perfect proportions of height to distance by which its scenery appeared to be universally characterized.

[The situation of the town of Islamabad ("residence of the faithful"), on the banks of the Jhelum, is thus described:]

Islamabad is situated on the westward of, and under a hill which rises to the height of about three hundred and fifty feet above it, commanding an exquisite view of the plain and the mountains at the southern end of the valley. From its foot flows the holy fountain of Anat Nag, the first waters of which are received into tanks whose sides are built up with stone, embellished with a wooden pavilion, and overshadowed with large chunar-trees. Around them are numerous idlers, Cashmerians, Sikh soldiers, Hindoo fakeers, and dogs, reposing in the enjoyment of a cool air and delicious shade. In the evening two or three aged Pundits were to be seen making their way to the place near which the spring issues from the rock, and afterwards kneeling over the water, and mumbling their prayers as their fathers had done before them, by the glare of lighted pieces of split pine.

At the village of Martund, or "the sun," half an hour's ride from Islamabad, is the most holy spring in all Cashmere. It is said that, after the valley was dried, small hills and caves appeared, and that Kashef Rishi, a holy sage, walked about in the greatest delight; that he accidentally found an egg shining most brilliantly, which he picked up. It broke in his hand, and from it flowed the springs of Maha-Martund, "The great God of the Sun," sacred to Vishnu. Houses and Hindoos surround the small tank which is formed near it, and which swarms with Himalaya trout; but the superstitious Pundits objected to my catching one with my hand,—which would not have been difficult, on account of the number, and the eagerness with which they are fed.

On the highest part of the plain, where it commences a rise to its junction with the mountains, are situated the ruins of the Hindoo temple of Martund, or Surya (the Sun), or, as it is commonly called, the "Pandoo-Koroo," or

the house of the Pandoos and Koroos,—of whom it is not necessary to say more than that they are the Cyclopes of the East. Every old building, of whose origin the poorer classes of Hindoos, in general, have no information, is believed to have been the work of the Pandoos. As an isolated ruin, this deserves, on account of its solitary and massive grandeur, to be ranked, not only as the first ruin of the kind in Cashmere, but as one of the noblest among the architectural relics of antiquity which are to be seen in any country. Its noble and exposed situation at the foot of the hills reminded me of that of the Escurial: it has no forest of cork-trees and evergreen oaks before it, nor is it to be compared in point of size to that stupendous building; but it is visible from as great a distance, and the Spanish Sierras cannot for a moment be placed in competition with the verdant magnificence of the mountain scenery of Cashmere.

[The city of Shahbad, the largest place in the southern part of the valley, was a ruin, and there was scarcely anything to be seen of the ancient palace of the Moguls. The orchards of Shahbad, however, still produced the best apples, and the wheat grown there is considered the finest in Cashmere. A few miles from the city is the celebrated fountain of Vernag, a favorite place with the Mogul Emperors.]

The palace is now a ruin with scarcely any of the beauties of a ruin, and the country is overgrown with weeds and jungle. But neither time nor tyranny can make any change in the magnificent spring of Vernag. Its waters are received into a basin partly made by the Emperor Jehangir: the circumference is about one hundred and twenty-five yards, and the whole is surrounded by a low octagonal wall, in which are twenty-four niches, each of eight feet in height. The water is beautifully clear, twenty-five feet deep, and swarming with Himalaya trout.

In the interior, on the wall, there is the following inscription: "This place of unequalled beauty was raised to the skies by Jehangir Shah; consider well. Its date is found in the sentence,—Palace of the Fountain of Vernag." In the Persian language letters are also used for the expression of numbers, and the letters in the foregoing sentence are equivalent to the number 1029 (of the Hegira), which answers to A.D. 1619. Over the entrance is written, "This fountain has come from the springs of Paradise!"

[The following account indicates that the Cashmerians are not without their sense of humor:]

They have a custom throughout these countries which answers in some respects to what we call making an April fool. When the new snow falls, one person will try to deceive another into holding a little in his hand; and accordingly he will present it to him (making some remark by way of a blind at the same time), concealed in a piece of cloth, or a stick, or an apple, folded in the leaves of a book, or wrapped up in a letter. If the person inadvertently takes what is thus presented to him, the other has a right to show him the snow he has thus received, and to rub it in his face, or to pelt him with it, accompanied by the remark, "New snow is innocent," and to demand, also, a forfeit of an entertainment, or a dance, or some other boon, of the person he has deceived. The most extreme caution is, of course, used by every one upon that day. Ahmed Shah, of Little Thibet, told me that some one once attempted to deceive him by presenting him with a new gun-barrel, and pretending that he wished for his opinion about it; but that he instantly detected the snow in the barrel, and had the man paraded through the neighborhood on a donkey, with his face turned towards the tail.

[Twelve hours by boat from Islamabad, on the Jhelum, lies the famous city of Srinagur, the capital and largest city of Cashmere. It occupies the loveliest section of the celebrated vale, and is famed as the abode of Nourmahal, the heroine of Moore's well-known poem.]

Before entering the city it will be best to notice the centre of the valley. Its general features are ricefields, irrigated in plateaux, open meadows, cornfields, and villages embosomed in trees; elevated alluvial plains, that, either from position, or from being protected by a rocky base, have escaped being washed away by the large and numerous streams that descend from the slopes of the Panjal to a junction with the Jelum, and have furrowed and divided them, more or less, throughout the whole length of the course of the river. The height of the cliff, or terrace, which they form varies from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet. Here and there a remarkable hill rises from the plain, crowned with a shrine or mosque, or a tuft of fir-trees, giving a pleasing variety to the landscape, which is comparatively bare of forest.

As I approached the city I was struck by the Tukt-i-Suliman (Throne of Solomon), an isolated hill, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and four hundred and fifty feet in height, bare of trees, but covered with long grass where the rock permitted it to grow. It is divided from the mountains by a wide ravine, from which opens a view of the city lake, and through which is constantly blowing a breeze that must tend to prevent stagnation of its waters. This singular hill is called by the Hindoos Sir-i-Shur, or Siva's Head, in contradistinction to Huri-Purbut, the Hill of Huri, or Vishnu, on the opposite side of the city.

There are the remains of an ancient Hindoo temple on the summit. The interior has been plastered over and whitewashed by the Sikhs, and it is said that beneath it

there is an ancient inscription; there is also one in Persian, which informs us that a fakeer resided there, who called himself the water-carrier of King Solomon, and was in the habit of descending every day to the lake, for the purpose of drawing water. A foot-path leads up the ascent from the city side, while from the other a good hill-pony can carry its rider to the summit. I knew the foot-path well, as for almost every day during a month I used to go up in order to complete a panoramic drawing of the valley.

Softness, mantling over the sublime, is the prevailing characteristic of the scenery of Cashmere; verdure and forest appear to have deserted the countries on the northward, in order to embellish the slopes from its snowy mountains, give additional richness to its plains, and combine with its delightful climate to render it not unworthy of the rhyming epithets applied to it in the East,—

> "*Kashmir, bi-nuzir*,—without an equal;
> *Kashmir, junat puzi*,—equal to paradise."

Beautiful, indeed, is the panoramic view that meets the eye of the spectator from the Throne of Solomon, and which, taken far and near, is one

> "sweet interchange
> Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
> Now land, now lake, and shores with forest crowned,
> Rocks, dens, and caves."

The city, which lies to the northwest, may be said to commence at the foot of this hill; and on the other side of it, two miles to the northward, is the fort of Cashmere, built upon Huri-Purbut, whose top is about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the lake, which occupies

the space that intervenes between these two "portals of light" and the mountains surrounding the valley.

The aspect of the city itself is curious, but not particularly striking. It presents an innumerable assemblage of house-gables, interspersed with the pointed and metallic tops of mosques, melon-grounds, sedgy inlets from the lake, and narrow canals, fringed with rows of willows and poplars. The surface of the lake itself is perfectly tranquil, and the very vivid reflections which cover its surface are only disturbed by the dabbling of wild-fowl or the ripple that follows the track of the distant boat. At one glance we have before us the whole of the local pictures described in Lalla Rookh.

The margin of the lake, which from its northern to its southern extremity is nearly five miles in length by about two and a half in width, is flat, verdant, and open, usually edged with willows, poplars, and other trees, numerous only at intervals, so that the eye is immediately attracted by the thicker masses of foliage which form the gardens of Nasim and Nishat, and the far-famed Shalimar. Among them sparkles the white pavilion on the isle of Chunars, or Silver Island, and another green spot is the Golden Island. The large platform of a ruined building is seen on the southern shore, and on the northern are the terraces of two other gardens, neglected and in ruins. Numerous villages on the edge of the water, surrounded with walnuts and chunars, are taken into the view; a green causeway which extends across it is an object of attraction; but we look on the famed floating gardens of Cashmere without being able to distinguish them from the green and richly cultivated grounds upon that edge of the water which borders the city.

A precipitous but verdant range of about two thousand feet in height circles around the lake to the northward,

commencing its rise at about a mile from the shores, until it has surrounded that portion of the circumference which extends between the Throne of Solomon and the Shalimar. There it ceases, and a part of the great range which surrounds the Vale of Cashmere lifts its snowy peaks near at hand.

It must be remembered that we are upon an elevation in the centre of one of the sides of the valley; that it is ninety miles in length, with a varying breadth; and that it is surrounded on every side by a towering wall of mountains, the summits of a great proportion of which are usually covered with snow. Terraces, cornfields, rice-grounds, meadows, and morasses occupy the centre of the valley; they are all brightly tinted in the foreground, but in the distance recede into one uniform blue. Several isolated hills and innumerable villages are scattered over the landscape. The line of beauty was never more faithfully drawn in landscape than by the broad and beautiful Jelum, the *fabulosus Hydaspes* of the Augustan age.

The river passes within half a mile of the foot of Solomon's Throne, and is nearly two hundred and fifty yards in breadth before it enters the city. Its banks are fringed with willows, among which is a summer-house, with a white cupola, built by the Sikh governor. An avenue of poplars, nearly a mile in length, runs through the cornfields parallel to it, from the foot of the Throne to the Amir's bridge, close to which is the city fort, or residence of the governor, at the entrance of the city, where the stream narrows to about eighty yards. Beyond the bridge we trace it to the northwest, by occasional glimpses, nearly as far as the Great Lake, which is twenty miles distant. The hoary range of the Panjal, in front, is joined with the mountains of Kishtawar on the south, and on the northwest is continued into the still loftier snow-peaks of Dura.

war, on the left bank of the Indus, so as to form but one vast mural cordillera, and a fitting boundary for the noblest valley in the world.

Descending from the Throne of Solomon, we immediately pass over the bridge of the Drogjun, under which runs the canal that connects the lake with the Jelum River; it is called by the people the "Apple-tree Canal." When the surface of the lake, as is usually the case, is higher than that of the river, the flood-gates remain open, and when the river becomes full they close of themselves, so as to prevent the lake from being overflowed and its waters from spreading themselves over the adjacent country. The canal is exceedingly pretty; the water is very clear, and numerous fish play among the long reeds that wave upon its edges. One of the governors had it in contemplation to unite the trees on either bank by a kind of suspended trellis-work, and then to have planted vines, whose fruit and branches would have been thus supported over the midst of the stream.

The Hindoo ruins in the city are composed chiefly, if not entirely, of large rectangular blocks of limestone, similar to those at Martund and other places. The largest consists of two platforms raised one above another, one of twenty yards square, resting on another of forty-four by sixty-eight yards. The height of this enormous mass of stone-work, which no doubt once supported a temple of proportionate size, is now about twenty-four feet. The Hindoo temples must have been exceedingly numerous; the foundation of the houses in the city, closing the side of the river, are often formed of large blocks which have been drawn from them. A capital turned upside-down, a broken shaft, or an injured pedestal may frequently be observed embedded in the wall, performing the office of ordinary building-stone. The river, in passing through the

city, has thus been narrowed to a width of about eighty yards; an immovable barrier is opposed to its expansion, and its stream is consequently more rapid and deeper than in any other part of the valley.

Noor Jehan (The Light of the World), the "Nourmahal" (light of the palace) of Lalla Rookh, is the most renowned name in the valley, that of her august consort, Jehangir, not excepted. In spite of the more authentic story of her birth, the Cashmerians would have us believe that she was a native of the valley. The new mosque in the city was built by her, and is, in fact, the only edifice of the kind that can vie in general aspect and finish with the splendor of the Pearl Mosque at Agra. The interior of the building is about sixty-four yards in length, and of proportionate breadth, the roof being supported by two rows of massive square piers running through the entire length of the building, the circular compartments between them being handsomely ribbed and vaulted. When I was in Cashmere, it was used as a granary or storehouse for rice.

The mosque of Shah Hamadan occupies a conspicuous situation on the bank of the river, in the midst of the city. His story, as believed by the Mussulmans, is as follows: Tamerlane was one night wandering in disguise about the streets of his capital (Samarkand), and overheard an old man and his wife talking over their prospects of starvation; upon which he took off an armlet, threw it to them, and departed unseen. A pretended Syud, or descendant of the Prophet, asked them how they came by the armlet, and accused them of having stolen it. The matter was made known to Tamerlane, who very sagaciously decreed that the owner must be the person who could produce the fellow armlet. He then displayed it in his own possession, and ordered the accuser to undergo the ordeal of hot iron, which he refused, and was put to death in consequence.

Tamerlane, moreover, put to death all the other pretended Syuds in the country.

One named Shah Hamadan, who really was a descendant of the Prophet, accused Tamerlane of impiety, told him that he would not remain in his country, and by virtue of his sanctity was able to transport himself through the air to Cashmere. He descended where the mosque now stands, and told the Hindoo fakeer, who had possession of the spot, to depart. The latter refused, whereupon Shah Hamadan said that if he would bring him news from heaven he would then believe in him. The fakeer, who had the care of numerous idols, immediately despatched one of them towards heaven, upon which Shah Hamadan kicked his slipper after it with such force that the idol fell to the ground. He then asked the fakeer how he became so great a man. The latter replied, by doing charitable actions, and thereupon Shah Hamadan thought him worthy of being made a convert to Islam.

The Mar Canal is, perhaps, the most curious place in the city: it leaves the small lake at the northeast corner, and boats pass along, as at Venice. Its narrowness, for it does not exceed thirty feet in width, its walls of massive stone, its heavy single-arch bridges and landing-places of the same material, the gloomy passages leading down upon it, betoken the greatest antiquity; while the lofty and many-storied houses that rise directly from the water, supported only by thin trunks of deodar, seem ready to fall down upon the boat with every gust of wind. It could not but remind me of the old canals in Venice, and although far inferior in architectural beauty, is, perhaps, of equal singularity.

In a division of the lake called Kutawal, the far-famed floating gardens of Cashmere are anchored, or rather pinned to the ground by means of a stake. These, how-

ever, are very *un*-Lalla-Rookhish in appearance, not being distinguishable from beds of reeds and rushes. Their construction is extremely simple, and they are made long and narrow that they may be the more easily taken in tow. A floating garden ten yards long by two or three in width may be purchased for a rupee (fifty cents). Mr. Moorcroft has well described the manner in which these gardens are made. The weeds at the bottom, cut by means of a scythe, rise and float on the surface; these are matted together, secured, and strewed with soil and manure; a protecting fence of rushes is allowed to spring up around them,—and upon this platform a number of conical mounds or heaps of weeds are constructed, about two feet in height. On the tops of these is placed some soil from the bottom of the lake; the melon and cucumber plants are set upon it, and no further care is necessary.

What has been poetically termed the feast of roses has of late years been rather the feast of *singaras*, or water-nuts. It is held, I believe, about the 1st of May, when plum-trees and roses are in full bloom, and is called the Shakufeh, from the Persian *shakufan*, to blow or blossom. The richer classes come in boats to the foot of Solomon's Throne, ascend it, and have a feast upon the summit, eating more particularly of the water-nuts.

The average depth of the lake is not more than seven to ten feet, and, the water being very clear, the bottom, covered with weeds, is almost constantly visible. At the northern corner are the ruins of a once splendid pleasure-ground, whose walled terraces, rising one above the other, might easily be converted into a botanical garden, for which its extent and aspect seem admirably calculated.

The Shalimar stands on the eastern margin of the lake. It is a building placed at the upper end of a walled garden seven or eight hundred yards in length by two hundred

and eighty in width. It is of polished black marble, consisting of a central passage and two rooms on either side. The building is twenty-four yards square, and the north and south sides are ornamented with Saracenic reliefs. It stands in the centre of a square reservoir, which is also lined with black marble: the sides thereof are fifty-four yards long, and the whole enclosure contains one hundred and forty-seven fountains, which are made to play on holidays, the reservoir being filled by the stream which enters it in the shape of a cascade.

The stream then descends from the reservoir by a shallow canal, cut through the centre of the gardens and lined with marble, and falls over an artificial cascade at each of the three lodges through which it passes on its way to the lake. A broad causeway or walk runs on each side of it, overshadowed by large plane-trees, while here and there a few turfed walks branch off at right angles into the shrubberies, in which are little else than wild plum-trees, planted for the sake of their white blossoms. The principal lodges are elegantly-fronted Saracenic houses, which were evidently intended for the accommodation of the officers and servants of the Emperor Jehangir. Many plane-trees are planted around, and with their shade, combined with the freshness produced by the fountains, the air is as cool as could be wished, even in the hottest day.

The lotus, with its noble pink and white flower, is very common, and, in fact, the leaves are so numerous that in some places they form a verdant carpet, over which the water-hens and others of the same genus run securely without risk of being immersed. In the hot weather, the children in the boats pick a large leaf and place it on their heads, as a shelter from the rays of the sun, or, by breaking off the stalk close to the leaf, obtain a tube through which they drink of the water poured in from above.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE

The stalks are very commonly eaten by the poorer classes: when dry, the seeds are strung together like beads. . . .

Srinagur has a population of about eighty thousand souls. The Cashmerian peasants differ but little from the inhabitants of the city, but the latter are more civilized and perhaps better looking. There are Mussulmans and Hindoos, the former predominating in the proportion of three to one in the city, and nine to one in the villages. The complexion of the Mussulman Cashmerian is generally not so dark, certainly not darker, than that of the natives of the south of Europe, the Neapolitans, for instance, to whom they may also be compared on account of the liveliness and humor of their disposition; but their features are large and aquiline, like those of the Afghans, and I do not know that I can better describe them than by calling them subdued Jewish; while a Hindoo may often be distinguished by the fairness of his complexion. I was also told that this was attributable to their eating a less quantity of animal food than the Mussulmans. I have heard that the natives of the valley ascribe their own beauty to the great softness of the water. I have remarked that the water softens a shawl better than any other; and there is undoubtedly a peculiar softness in the air of the valley. It is remarked that the horns of cattle, sheep, and goats never attain there to any great size, and, in fact, are rather small than otherwise. Neither has the tobacco of Cashmere the pungency of that grown elsewhere.

Many of the women are handsome enough to induce a man to exclaim, as did the Assyrian soldiers when they beheld the beauty of Judith, "Who would despise this people, that have among them such women?" Their dress is a red gown, with large loose sleeves, and red fillet on the forehead, over which is thrown a white mantilla. The hair is braided in separate plaits, then gathered together, and a

long tassel of black cotton is suspended from it almost to the ankles.

In Cashmere there is no concealment of the features, except among the higher classes. I do not think that the beauty of the women has been overrated. They have not that slim and graceful shape which is so common in Hindostan, but are more usually gifted with a style of figure which would entitle them to the appellation of fine or handsome women in European society. They have the complexion of brunettes, with more pink on the cheeks, while that of the Hindoo women has often too much of the pink and white in it. Whatever the other features may be, they have usually a pair of large, almond-shaped hazel eyes, and a white and regular set of teeth. The inhabitants of the boats, male and female, are perhaps the handsomest people in the valley.

CENTRAL ASIA IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

MARCO POLO.

[The celebrated traveller to whom we owe the present selection, and whose name stands side by side with that of Columbus in the annals of early exploration, was a native of Venice, born about 1252, son of Niccolò Polo, a merchant of noble rank. His travels were preceded by those of his father, who, about 1255, set out with his brother on a journey through Asia, with the purpose of selling precious stones. They reached the court of Kublai Khan, ruler over China and Tartary, and were very favorably received. Returning in 1269, they set out again a few years afterwards, and reached the court of Kublai in 1275. They were now accompanied by young Marco, who learned several Asiatic languages, rose high into favor with the Khan, and was employed on several important missions. The three Venetians left his service in 1292, and reached Venice in 1295, bringing with them great wealth in precious stones. Marco afterwards took part in a naval expedition against Genoa, was taken prisoner, and was long held

captive in a Genoese prison. During this captivity he composed an account of his adventures, which produced a great sensation, and was long regarded as a tissue of fiction or exaggeration. Its truth and value are now fully recognized. He died about 1324. The account of the return of the travellers to Venice, as given in Ramusio's edition of Marco Polo's travels (1553), equals a story of the "Arabian Nights" in romantic interest, and is well worth repeating.]

And when they got thither the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who, when he returned, after his twenty years' wanderings, to his native Ithaca, was recognized by nobody. Thus also these three gentlemen, who had been so many years absent from their native city, were recognized by none of their kinsfolk, who were under the firm belief that they had all been dead for many a year past, as indeed had been reported. Through the long duration and the hardships of their journeys, and through the many worries and anxieties that they had undergone, they were quite changed in aspect, and had got a certain indescribable smack of the Tartar both in air and accent, having indeed all but forgotten their Venetian tongue. Their clothes too were coarse and shabby, and of a Tartar cut.

They proceeded on their arrival to their house in this city, in the confine of St. John Chrysostom, where you may see it to this day. The house, which was in those days a very lofty and handsome *palazzo*, is now known by the name of the *Corte del Millioni* for a reason that I will tell you presently. Going thither, they found it occupied by some of their relatives, and they had the greatest difficulty in making the latter understand who they should be. For these good people, seeing them to be in countenance so unlike what they used to be, and in dress so shabby, flatly refused to believe that they were those very gentlemen of the Ca' Polo whom they had been looking upon for ever so many years as among the dead.

So these three gentlemen,—this is a story I have often heard, when I was a youngster, from the illustrious Messer Gasparo Malpiero, a gentleman of very great age, and a Senator of eminent virtue and integrity, whose house was on the canal of Santa Marina, exactly at the corner over the mouth of the Rio de San Giovanni Chrisostomo, and just midway among the buildings of the aforesaid Corte del Millioni, and he said he had heard the story from his own father and grandfather, and from other old men among the neighbors,—the three gentlemen, I say, devised a scheme by which they should at once bring about their recognition by their relatives and secure the honorable notice of the whole city; and this was it:

They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment, which they took care to have prepared with great state and splendor, in that house of theirs; and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table they came forth of their chamber all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And when water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off those robes and put on others of crimson damask, while the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided among the servants. Then after partaking of some of the dishes they went out again and came back in robes of crimson velvet; and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company.

These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining-hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three,

rose from table, and, going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them jewels of the greatest value in vast quantities, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact.

For when they took leave of the Great Khan they had changed all the wealth that he had bestowed upon them into this mass of rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount in gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty. Now, this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, insomuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumfounded. And now they recognized that in spite of all former doubts these were in truth those honored and worthy gentlemen of the Ca' Polo that they claimed to be; and so all paid them the greatest honor and reverence.

And when the story got wind in Venice, straightway the whole city, gentle and simple, flocked to the house to embrace them, and to make much of them, with every conceivable demonstration of affection and respect. On Messer Maffeo, who was the eldest, they conferred the honor of an office that was of great dignity in those days; while the young men came daily to visit and converse with the ever polite and gracious Messer Marco, and to ask him questions about Cathay and the Great Khan, all which he answered with such kindly courtesy that every man felt himself in a manner in his debt. And as it happened that in the story, which he was constantly called on to repeat, of the

magnificence of the Great Khan, he would speak of his revenues as amounting to ten or fifteen *millions* of gold; and, in like manner, when recounting other instances of great wealth in those parts, would always make use of the term *millions*, so they gave him the nickname of "Messer Marco Millioni:" a thing which I have noted also in the public books of this republic, where mention is made of him.

[It was only by a happy chance that the travellers had been able to leave the court of the Great Khan, who had refused all their previous requests. Argun Khan, of Persia, Kublai's great-nephew, had lost his favorite wife, and by her dying request sought to replace her with a lady of her own Mongol tribe of Bayant. Ambassadors were sent to Kublai's court for such a bride, and the lady Kukáchin, a seventeen-year-old maiden, was selected. As the journey by land was long and perilous, the lady was sent by sea, and at the request of the envoys the Great Khan reluctantly permitted the three Venetians to accompany them. The voyage was a long one, two years passing before they reached Persia. Argun Khan was found to be dead; his brother reigned in his stead, and the latter's son, Ghazan, succeeded to the lady's hand. The lady wept as she parted with her three good friends, who continued their journey homeward. We select here Marco Polo's account of the countries of Central Asia.]

Badashan [now Badakhshan] is a province inhabited by people who worship Mahomet, and have a peculiar language. It forms a very great kingdom, and the royalty is hereditary. All those of the royal blood are descended from King Alexander and the daughter of King Darius, who was Lord of the vast Empire of Persia. And all these kings call themselves in the Saracen tongue *Zulcarniain*,* which is as much as to say "Alexander;" and this out of respect for Alexander the Great.

* Arabic, signifying "two-horned," from the horned head of Alexander on many of his coins.

It is in this province that those fine and valuable gems, the Balas rubies, are found. They are got in certain rocks among the mountains, and in the search for them the people dig great caves underground, just as is done by miners for silver. There is but one special mountain that produces them, and it is called Syghinan. The stones are dug on the king's account, and no one else dares dig in that mountain, on pain of forfeiture of life as well as goods; nor may any one carry the stones out of the kingdom. But the king amasses them all, and sends them to other kings when he has a tribute to render, or when he desires to offer a friendly present, and such only as he pleases he causes to be sold. Thus he acts in order to keep the Balas at a high value; for if he would allow everybody to dig, they would extract so many that the world would be glutted with them, and they would cease to bear any value. Hence it is that he allows so few to be taken out, and that he is so strict in the matter.

There is also in the same country another mountain, in which azure [lapis lazuli] is found; it is the finest in the world, and is got in a vein like silver. There are also other mountains which contain a great amount of silver ore, so that the country is a very rich one; but it is also (it must be said) a very cold one! It produces numbers of excellent horses, remarkable for their speed. They are not shod at all, although constantly used in mountainous country and on very bad roads. (They go at a great pace, even down steep descents, where other horses neither would nor could do the like. And Messer Marco was told that not long ago they possessed in that province a breed of horses from the strain of Alexander's horse Bucephalus, all of which had from their birth a particular mark on the forehead. This breed was entirely in the hands of an uncle of the king's; and in consequence of his refusing to

let the king have any of them, the latter put him to death. The widow then, in despite, destroyed the whole breed, and it is now extinct.)

The mountains of this country also supply Saker falcons of excellent flight, and plenty of lanners likewise. Beasts and birds for the chase are there in great abundance. Good wheat is grown, and also barley without husk. They have no olive oil, but make oil from sesamé, and also from walnuts.

In the mountains there are vast numbers of sheep,—four hundred, five hundred, or six hundred in a single flock, and all of them wild; and though many of them are taken, they never seem to get aught the scarcer.

Those mountains are so lofty that 'tis a hard day's work, from morning till evening, to get to the top of them. On getting up, you find an extensive plain, with great abundance of grass and trees, and copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines. In those brooks are found trout and many other fish of dainty kinds; and the air in those regions is so pure, and residence there so healthful, that when the men who dwell below in the towns, and in the valleys and plains, find themselves attacked by any kind of fever or other ailment that may hap, they lose no time in going to the hills; and after abiding there two or three days, they quite recover their health through the excellence of that air. (And Messer Marco Polo said he had proved this by experience; for when in those parts he had been ill for about a year, but as soon as he was advised to visit that mountain, he did so and got well at once.)

In this kingdom there are many strait and perilous passes, so difficult to force that the people have no fear of invasion. Their towns and villages are also on lofty hills, and in very strong positions. They are excellent archers,

and much given to the chase; indeed, most of them are dependent for clothing on the skins of beasts, for stuffs are very dear among them. The great ladies, however, are arrayed in stuffs, and I will tell you the style of their dress! They all wear drawers made of cotton cloth, and into the making of these some will put sixty, eighty, or even one hundred ells of stuff. This they do to make themselves look large in the hips, for the men of those parts think that to be a great beauty in a woman.

You must know that ten days' journey to the south of Badashan there is a province called Pashai, the people of which have a peculiar language, and are idolaters, of a brown complexion. They are great adepts in sorceries and the diabolic arts. The men wear ear-rings and brooches of gold and silver, set with stones and pearls. They are a pestilent people and a crafty, and they live upon flesh and rice. Their country is very hot.

Now let us proceed and speak of another country which is seven days' journey from this one towards the southeast, and the name of which is Keshimur [Cashmere].

Keshimur also is a province inhabited by a people who are idolaters and have a language of their own. They have an astonishing acquaintance with the devilries of enchantment, insomuch that they can make their idols to speak. They can also by their sorceries bring on changes of weather, and produce darkness, and do a number of things so extraordinary that no one without seeing them would believe them. Indeed, this country is the very original source from which idolatry has spread abroad. In this direction you can proceed farther until you come to the Sea of India.

The men are brown and lean, but the women, taking them as brunettes, are very beautiful. The food of the people is flesh, and milk, and rice. The climate is finely

tempered, being neither very hot nor very cold. There are numbers of towns and villages in the country, but also forests and desert tracts, and strong passes, so that the people have no fear of anybody, and keep their independence, with a king of their own to rule and do justice.

There are in this country Eremites (after the fashion of those parts), who dwell in seclusion and practise great abstinence in eating and drinking. They observe strict chastity, and keep from all sins forbidden in their law, so that they are regarded by their own folk as very holy persons. They live to a very great age.

There are also a number of idolatrous abbeys and monasteries. (The people of the province do not kill animals nor spill blood; so if they want to eat meat they get the Saracens who dwell among them to play the butcher.) The coral which is carried from our parts of the world has a better sale there than in other parts of the country.

Now we will quit this country, and not go any farther in the same direction; for if we did so we should enter India; and that I do not wish to do at present. For on our return journey I mean to tell you about India, all in regular order. Let us go back, therefore, to Badashan, for we cannot otherwise proceed on our journey.

In leaving Badashan you ride twelve days between east and northeast, ascending a river [the Oxus] that runs through land belonging to a brother of the Prince of Badashan, and containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. The people are Mahometans, and valiant in war. At the end of these twelve days you come to a province of no great size, extending indeed no more than three days' journey in any direction, and this is called Vokhan. The people worship Mahomet, and they have a peculiar language. They are gallant soldiers, and they have a chief whom they call None, which is as much

as to say *Count*, and they are liegemen of the Prince of Badashan.

There are numbers of wild beasts of all sorts in this region. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among mountains, you get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world, insomuch that a lean beast will fatten there to your heart's content in ten days. There are great numbers of all kinds of wild beasts; among others, wild sheep of great size, whose horns are good six palms in length. From these horns the shepherds make great bowls to eat from, and they use the horns also to enclose folds for their cattle at night. (Messer Marco was told also that the wolves were numerous, and kill many of these wild sheep. Hence quantities of their horns and bones were found, and these were made into great heaps by the wayside, in order to guide travellers when snow was on the ground.)

The plain is called Pamier [Pamir, or Pamere], and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing, so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now, if we go on with our journey towards the east-northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way

you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but you must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolor [Belur, or Bielor Dagh, the White Mountains]. The people dwell high up in the mountains, and are savage idolaters, living only by the chase, and clothing themselves in the skins of beasts. They are in truth an evil race.

Cascar [Kashgar] is a region lying between northeast and east, and constituted a kingdom in former days, but now it is subject to the Great Khan. The people worship Mahomet. There are a good number of towns and villages, but the greatest and finest is Cascar itself. The inhabitants live by trade and handicrafts; they have beautiful gardens and vineyards, and fine estates, and grow a great deal of cotton. From this country many merchants go forth, about the world, on trading journeys. The natives are a wretched niggardly set of people; they eat and drink in miserable fashion. There are in the country many Nestorian Christians, who have churches of their own. The people of the country have a peculiar language, and the territory extends for five days' journey.

Yarcan [Yarkand] is a province five days' journey in extent. The people follow the law of Mahomet, but there are also Nestorian and Jacobite Christians. They are subject to the same Prince I have mentioned, the Great Khan's nephew. They have plenty of everything, particularly of cotton. The inhabitants are also great craftsmen, but a large proportion of them have swollen legs, and great crops at the throat, which arises from some quality in their drinking-water. As there is nothing else worth telling, we may pass on.

Cotan [Khoten] is a province lying between northeast and east, and is eight days' journey in length. The people are subject to the Great Khan, and are all worshippers of

Mahomet. There are numerous towns and villages in the country, but Cotan, the capital, is the most noteworthy of all, and gives its name to the kingdom. Everything is to be had there in plenty, including abundance of cotton, with flax, hemp, wheat, wine, and the like. The people have vineyards and gardens and estates. They live by commerce and manufactures, and are no soldiers.

Pein [Pima?] is a province five days' in length, lying between east and northeast. The people are worshippers of Mahomet, and subjects of the Great Khan. There are a good number of towns and villages, but the most noble is Pein, the capital of the kingdom. There are rivers in this country, in which quantities of jasper and chalcedony are found. The people have plenty of all products, including cotton. They live by manufactures and trade. But they have a custom that I must relate. If the husband of any woman go away upon a journey and remain away for more than twenty days, as soon as that term is past the woman may marry another man, and the husband also may then marry whom he pleases.

I should tell you that all the provinces that I have been speaking of, from Cascar forwards, and those I am going to mention, as far as the city of Lop, belong to Great Turkey.

Charchan [Chachan] is a province of Great Turkey, lying between northeast and east. The people worship Mahomet. There are numerous towns and villages, and the chief city of the kingdom bears its name, Charchan. The province contains rivers which bring down jasper and chalcedony, and these are carried for sale into Cathay, where they bring great prices. The whole of the province is sandy, and so is the road all the way from Pein, and much of the water that you find is bitter and bad. However, at some places you do find fresh and sweet water.

When an army passes through the land, the people escape with their wives, children, and cattle, a distance of two or three days' journey into the sandy waste; and knowing the spots where water is to be had, they are able to live there, and to keep their cattle alive, while it is impossible to discover them, for the wind immediately blows the sand over their track.

Quitting Charchan, you ride some five days through the sands, finding none but bad and bitter water, and then you come to a place where the water is sweet. And now I will tell you of a province called Lop, in which there is a city also called Lop, which you come to at the end of those five days. It is at the entrance of the Great Desert, and it is here that travellers repose before entering in the Desert.

Lop [Lob] is a large town at the edge of the Desert which is called the Desert of Lop [Gobi, or Shamo, on modern maps], and is situated between east and northeast. It belongs to the Great Khan, and the people worship Mahomet. Now, such persons as propose to cross the Desert take a week's rest in this town to refresh themselves and their cattle; and then they make ready for the journey, taking with them a month's supply for man and beast. On quitting this city they enter the Desert.

The length of this Desert is so great that 'tis said that it would take a year and more to ride from one end of it to the other. And here, where its breadth is least, it takes a month to cross it. 'Tis all composed of hills and valleys of sand, and not a thing to eat is to be found on it. But after riding for a day and a night you find fresh water enough, mayhap, for some fifty or a hundred persons with their beasts, but not for more. And all across the Desert you will find water in like manner, that is to say, in some twenty-eight places altogether you will find good water,

but in no great quantity; and in four places you find also brackish water.

Beasts there are none; for there is naught for them to eat. But there is a marvellous thing related of this Desert, which is that when travellers are on the move by night, and one of them chances to lag behind or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking, and will suppose them to be his comrades. Sometimes the spirits will call him by name; and thus shall a traveller ofttimes be led astray so that he never finds his party. And in this way many have perished. Sometimes the stray travellers will hear, as it were, the tramp and hum of a great cavalcade of people away from the real line of road, and taking this to be their own company they will follow the sound; and when day breaks they find that a cheat has been put on them and that they are in an ill plight. Even in the daytime one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums. Hence in making this journey 'tis customary for travellers to keep close together. All the animals, too, have bells at their necks, so that they cannot easily get astray. And at sleeping time a signal is put up to show the direction of the next march.

So thus it is that the Desert is crossed.

[The account here given of these countries is remarkably accurate, as tested by the experience of modern travellers. Every custom or superstition which Polo mentions has been found in recent existence. After his journey nearly six hundred years elapsed before any European again set foot in the country thus traversed.]

A COUNTERFEIT DERVISH IN KHIVA.

ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY.

[Central Asia, now a portion of the great Russian Empire, and open to European travel, with railroad conveniences to facilitate the task, was, not many years ago, almost impossible of penetration, no European venturing there except at imminent risk of his life. The most eminent of travellers in that region during this period was Arminius Vámbéry, a Jew, born in Hungary in 1832, and who, under the disguise of a Turkish Mohammedan, traversed that country widely. His "Travels and Adventures in Central Asia" (1864) was followed by a number of other works of travel, all interesting and readable. Vámbéry's greatest danger lay in the city of Khiva, whose Khan was a blood-thirsty tyrant, and bitterly opposed to Europeans. He entered that city as a Hadji, or pilgrim, and was not only thoroughly familiar with Mussulman customs, but had taken pains to make himself the most ragged, dirty, and generally disreputable of the caravan he had joined. He had, however, an Afghan enemy in the caravan, who suspected and waited the opportunity to denounce him.]

At the very entrance of the gate we were met by several pious Khivites, who handed up to us bread and dried fruits as we sat on our camels. For years so numerous a troop of Hadjis had not arrived in Khiva. All stared at us in astonishment, and the exclamations, "*Aman eszen geldin ghiz!*" (Welcome!) "*Ha Shaz bazim! Ha Arszlanim!*" (Ah, my falcon, my lion!) resounded on all sides in our ears. On entering the bazaar, Hadji Bilal intoned a telkin. My voice was heard above them all, and I felt real emotion when the people impressed their kisses upon my hands and feet,—yes, upon the very rags which hung from me. In accordance with the custom of the country we dismounted at the karavanserai. This served also as a custom-house, where the new arrivals of men and merchandise are sub-

jected to severe examination. The testimony of the chiefs of the Karavans have, as is natural, the greatest weight in the balance. The functions of chief of the customs are filled in Khiva by the principal Mehrem (a sort of chamberlain and confidant of the Khan).

Scarcely had this official addressed the ordinary questions to our Kervanbashi, when the Afghan pressed forward and called out aloud, "We have brought to Khiva three interesting quadrupeds and a no less interesting biped." The first part of this pleasantry was, of course, applied to the buffaloes, animals not before seen in Khiva; but as the second part was pointed at me, it was no wonder that many eyes were immediately turned upon me, and amidst the whispering it was not difficult to distinguish the words "*Djansiz*" (spy), "*Frengi*," and "*Urus*" (Russian). I made an effort to prevent the blood rising to my cheeks, and was upon the point of withdrawing, when the Mehrem ordered me to remain. He applied himself to my case, using exceedingly uncivil expressions. I was about to reply, when Hadji Salih, whose exterior inspired respect, came in, and, entirely ignorant of what had passed, represented me in the most flattering colors to my inquisitor, who, surprised, told me, smiling as he did so, to take a seat by his side. Hadji Salih made a sign to me to accept the invitation, but, assuming the air of one highly offended, and throwing an angry look upon the Mehrem, I retired.

My first step was to go to Sükrullah Bay, who, without filling any functions, occupied a cell at that time in the Medresse of Mehemmed Emin-Khan, the finest edifice in Khiva. [This person Vámbéry had seen in Constantinople, and proposed to claim acquaintanceship with him.] I announced myself to him as an Efendi arrived from Stamboul, with the observation that I had made his acquaintance there, and had wished, in passing, to wait

upon him. The arrival of an Efendi in Khiva, an occurrence so unprecedented, occasioned the old man some surprise. He came forward himself to meet me, and his wonder increased when he saw a mendicant, terribly disfigured and in rags, standing before him; not that this prevented him from admitting me. I had only interchanged a few words with him, in the dialect of Stamboul, when, with ever-increasing eagerness, he put question upon question concerning his numerous friends in the Turkish capital, and the recent doings and position of the Ottoman empire since the accession of the present Sultan.

As I before said, I was fully confident in the part I was playing. On his side, Sükrullah Bay could not contain himself for joy when I gave him news of his acquaintances there in detail. Still, he felt not the least astonishment. "In God's name, Efendi, what induced you to come to this fearful country, and to come to us, too, from that paradise on earth, from Stamboul?" Sighing, I exclaimed, "Ah, Pir!" (spiritual chief), laid one hand on my eyes, a sign of obedience, and the excellent old man, a Mussulman of tolerably good education, could not misapprehend my meaning,—*i.e.*, that I belonged to some order of Dervishes, and had been sent by my Pir (chief of my order) upon a journey, which is a duty that every Murid (disciple of an order of Dervishes) must fulfil at the hazard of his life.

My explanation rejoiced him; he but asked the name of the order. On my mentioning the Nakishbendi, he at once understood that Bokhara was the aim of my journey. He wished immediately to obtain for me quarters in the Medresse before named, but I mentioned at the same time my situation with respect to my companions. I then almost immediately withdrew, with the promise soon to repeat my visit.

On returning to the karavanserai, I was told that my

fellow-travellers had already found lodging in a tekkie, a sort of convent where travelling Dervishes put up, called Töshebaz. I proceeded thither, and found that they had also reserved and got ready a cell for me. Scarcely was I again in their midst when they questioned me as to the cause of my delaying to rejoin them; all expressed their regret at my not having been present when the wretched Afghan, who had wished so to compromise me, had been obliged to beat a retreat, loaded with curses and reproaches, not only by them, but by the Khivites. "Very good," thought I, "the popular suspicion removed, it will be easy enough to deal with the Khan, for he will be immediately informed of my arrival by Sükrullah Bay; and as the rulers of Khiva have ever evinced the greatest respect for the Sultan, the present sovereign will certainly venture a step towards an Efendi; nay, it is not impossible that the first man from Constantinople who has come to Kharezm (the political name of Khiva) may even be treated with particular distinction."

My anticipations did not deceive me. The next day there came a Yasaul (officer of the court), bringing to me a small present from the Khan, with the order that I should in the evening go to the Ark (palace), "as the Hazret" (a title of sovereignty in Central Asia, corresponding with our expression, Majesty) "attached great importance to receiving the blessing from a Dervish born in the Holy Land." I promised compliance, betook myself an hour previously to Sükrullah Bay; and as he was desirous of being himself present at the interview, he accompanied me to the palace of the king, which was in the immediate vicinity, giving me, on the way, counsel as to the ceremonies to be observed in my interview.

[The preliminaries to this ceremonious event may be omitted, and the audience described.]

After the lapse of a few moments my arms were held up with every demonstration of respect by two Yasaul. The curtain was rolled up, and I saw before me Seid Mehemmed Khan, Padishahi Kharezm, or, as he would be styled in ordinary prose, the Khan of Khiva, on a sort of elevation, or daïs, with his left arm supported on a round silk-velvet pillow, and his right holding a short golden sceptre.

According to the ceremonial prescribed, I raised my hands, being imitated in this act by the Khan and the others present, recited a short Sura from the Koran, then two Allahuma Sella, and a usual prayer beginning with the words "Allahuma Rabbena," and concluding with a loud Amen and stroking of the beard. While the Khan was still stroking his beard, each of the rest exclaimed, "*Kabul Volgay!*" ("May thy prayer be heard!") I approached the sovereign, who extended his hand to me, and after we had duly executed our Musofeha [the greeting prescribed by the Koran], I retired a few paces and the ceremonial was at an end.

The Khan now began to question me respecting the object of my journey, and the impression made upon me by the desert, the Turkomans, and Khiva. I replied that I had suffered much, but that my sufferings were now richly rewarded by the sight of the Hazrets Djemel (beauty of his majesty). "I thank Allah," I said, "that I have been allowed to partake this high happiness, and discern in this special favor of Kismet (fate) a good prognostic for my journey to come."

Although I labored to make use of the Ozbeg dialect instead of that of Stamboul, which was not understood here, the king was, nevertheless, obliged to have much translated for him. He asked me how long I proposed to stay, and if I was provided with the necessary journey

expenses. I replied that I wished first to visit the Sunnite saints who repose in the soil of the Khanat, and that I should then prepare for my journey farther on. With respect to my means, I said, "We Dervishes do not trouble ourselves with such trifles. The holy Nefes (breath) which my Pir (chief of my order) had imparted to me for my journey can support me four or five days without any nourishment," and that I had no other wish than that God would permit his majesty to live a hundred and twenty years.

My words seemed to have given satisfaction, for his royal highness was pleased to order that I should be presented with twenty ducats and a stout ass. I declined the ducats with the remark that for a Dervish it was a sin to keep money; thanked him, however, warmly for the second part of his most gracious favor, but begged permission to draw his attention to the holy commandment which prescribed a *white* ass for pilgrimages, and entreated him therefore to vouchsafe me such a one. I was on the point of withdrawing when the Khan desired that, at least during my short stay in the capital, I should be his guest, and consent to take for my daily board two Tenghe (about one franc and fifty centimes) from his Haznadar. I thanked him heartily, concluded by giving my blessing, and withdrew.

I hurried home through the waving crowds in the forecourt and the bazaar, whilst all encountered me with the respectful "Selam Aleïkum." When I found myself again alone within the four walls of my cell, I drew a long breath, not a little pleased to find that the Khan, who in appearance was so fearfully dissolute, and who presents in every feature of his countenance the real picture of an enervated, imbecile, and savage tyrant, had behaved to me in a manner so unexceptionable; and that, so long as my time permitted, I could now traverse the Khanat in all directions unmo-

lested. During the whole evening I had floating before me the picture of the Khan, with his deep-set eyes, with his chin thinly covered with hair, his white lips and trembling voice. "What a happy fatality," I repeated to myself, "that gloomy superstition often imposes limits to the might and blood-thirstiness of such tyrants!"

As I proposed making extensive excursions into the interior, I was desirous as far as possible to shorten my stay in the capital. What was most worth seeing might quickly be despatched, had not repeated invitations of the Khan, of the officials, and of the most distinguished of the mercantile community, robbed me of much time. After it was known that I shared the favor of royalty, everybody wanted to have me as guest, and with me all the other hadjis. What a torture this to me, to have daily to accept six, seven, or eight invitations, and to comply with the usage by taking something in every house. My hair stands on end at the recollection how often I was forced to seat myself, between three and four o'clock in the morning, before sunrise, opposite a colossal dish of rice swimming in the fat of the sheep-tail, which I was to assail as if my stomach was empty. How, upon such occasions, I again longed for the dry unleavened bread of the desert, and how willingly I would have exchanged this deadly luxury for wholesome poverty!

In Central Asia it is the practice, even upon the occasion of an ordinary visit, to set before you the Desturkhan (a napkin of coarse linen and of a variety of colors, for the most part dirty). In this enough bread is generally placed for two persons, and the guest is to eat some pieces of this. "To be able to eat no more," is an expression regarded by the Central Asiatics as incredible, or, at least, as indicating low breeding. My pilgrim friends always gave brilliant proofs of their *bon-ton*. My only wonder is that they

could support the heavy pilow, for upon one occasion I reckoned that each of them had devoured one pound of fat from the tail of the sheep, two pounds of rice, without taking any account of bread, carrots, turnips, and radishes; and all this washed down, without any exaggeration, by from fifteen to twenty large soup plates full of green tea. In such heroic feats I was naturally a coward; and it was the astonishment of every one that I, so well versed in books, should have acquired only a half acquaintance with the requisites of polite breeding.

Another source of torment to me not less considerable was that of the *beaux-esprits* of the Ulemas of the city of Khiva. These gentlemen, who give the preference to Turkey and Constantinople beyond all other places, were desirous of receiving from me, the standard of Turkish Islamite learning, an explanation of many Mesele (religious questions.) Oh! how warm those thick-headed Ozbegs made me, with their colossal turbans, when they opened a conversation concerning the prescriptions as to the mode of washing hands, feet, face, and occiput; and how a man should, in obedience to his holy religion, sit, walk, lie, and sleep, etc.

The Sultan (a recognized successor of Mohammed) and his grandees are accounted in Khiva the practical examples of all these important laws. His Majesty, the Emperor of Turkey, is here designated as a Mussulman whose turban is at least fifty ells in length, whose beard extends below his breast, and his robe to his toes. A man might place his life in jeopardy who should assert that the Sultan has head and beard shaved *à la* Fiesko, and clothes made for him at Paris by Dusetoye. I was often really sorry to be unable to give to these people, often persons very amiable, the satisfactory explanation they seemed to require, and how, indeed, could I have ventured upon such explanation,

standing, as we do, in such direct contrast and opposition!

The Töshebaz, or convent, that gave us shelter, from the great reservoir of water and mosque which it encloses, was looked upon in the light of a public place: the court consequently swarmed always with visitors of both sexes. The Ozbeg, in his high, round fur hat, great thick boots of leather, walks about merely in a long shirt, in summer a favorite undress. This I myself adopted afterwards, as I found it was not regarded as indecent, so long as the shirt retained its whiteness, even to appear with it in the bazaar. The women wear lofty globular turbans, consisting of from fifteen to twenty Russian kerchiefs. They are forced, striding along, in spite of all the overpowering heat, muffled in large gowns, and with their coarse boots, to drag to their houses heavy pitchers full of water.

Ah! I see them now. Many a time one remains standing at my door, entreating for a little Khaki Shifa (health dust) [which the pilgrims bring back from the reputed house of the Prophet in Medina], or a Nefes (holy breath) for the real or feigned ill of which she complains. I have it not in my heart to refuse those poor creatures, many of whom bear a striking resemblance to the daughters of Germany. She cowers before my door: I touch, moving my lips at the same time as if in prayer, the suffering part of the body; and after having thrice breathed hard upon her, a deep sigh is uttered, and my part is done. Many in these cases persist that they perceive an instantaneous alleviation of their malady.

What in Europe idlers seek in coffee-houses they find in Khiva in the courts of the mosques. These have in most cases a reservoir of water, and are shaded by the finest palms and elm-trees. Although at the beginning of June the heat was here unusually oppressive, I was nevertheless

forced to keep my cell, although it was without windows, for immediately I issued forth and betook myself to the inviting shade, I was surrounded by a crowd, and plagued to death by the most stupid inquiries. One wanted religious instruction; another asked if the world offered elsewhere places as beautiful as Khiva; a third wished, once for all, to receive authentic information whether the Great Sultan really had his each day's dinner and supper forwarded to him from Mecca, and whether they passed to his palace from the Kaaba in one minute. Ah! if the good Ozbegs only knew how much Château Lafitte and Margaux garnished the sovereign's table in the reign of Abdul Medjid!

Among the acquaintances made by me here, under the elm-trees, an interesting one resulted from my meeting with Hadji Ismael, represented to me as a Stambouli; and indeed so like one in speech, demeanor, and dress, that I was obliged to accept and tenderly embrace him as *my countryman!* Hadji Ismael had, it seems, passed twenty-five years in the Turkish capital, was intimate in many good houses, and asserted that he had seen me in such and such a house, and at such and such a time. He even insisted that it was no effort for him to remember my father, who was a Mollah, he said, in Topkhane [one of the quarters of Constantinople].

Far from charging him with impudent mendacity, I assured him, on the contrary, that he had himself left a good name behind him in Stamboul, and that every one awaited his return with impatience. According to his account, Hadji Ismael had carried on, on the shore of the Bosphorus, the business of tutor, proprietor of baths, leather-cutter, caligraphist, chemist, and, consequently, also of conjurer. In his native city they had a high opinion of him, particularly with reference to his last-named capacity; he had in

his house several little apparatuses for distillation, and as he was in the habit of pressing out the oil from leaves, fruits, and other similar substances, it is easy to conceive that his countrymen applied to him for a variety of elixirs. . . .

In Khiva, in the mean time, my hadji business throve, both with me and my colleagues. In this place alone I collected fifteen ducats. The Khivan Ozbeg, although but rough-hewn, is the finest character of Central Asia, and I may style my sojourn among his race here as most agreeable, were it not that the rivalry between the Mehter [a high official in the Khan's court] and Sükrullah made me incur some danger, the former being always disposed, from hostility to my introducer, to do me harm; and as he could no longer question the genuineness of my Turkish character, he began to insinuate to the Khan that I was only a sham dervish, probably sent on some secret mission by the Sultan to Bokhara.

Informed of the progress of this intrigue, I was not at all astonished, soon after my first audience with the Khan, to receive a second invitation. The weather was intensely hot. I did not like to be disturbed in my hour of repose, but what I liked least of all was to be obliged to cross the square of the castle, whither the prisoners taken in the campaign against the Tchaudors had been sent, and where they were to be executed. The Khan, who was numerously attended, told me that he had heard I was also versed in worldly sciences, and possessed a beautiful florid Insha (style); he added that I must write him a few lines in Stambouli fashion, which he would like much to see. Knowing that this had been suggested by the Mehter, who enjoyed himself the reputation of being a caligraphist, and had elicited the fact of my accomplishment from the hadjis, I took the proffered writing-material and wrote the following lines:

Literally translated.

"Most Majestic, Mighty, Dread King and Sovereign!

"Immersed in thy royal favor, the poorest and humblest of thy servants, keeping before his eyes [the Arabian proverb] that 'All beautiful penmen are fools,' has until this day very little devoted himself to the study of caligraphy, and only because he calls to mind [a Persian proverb] that 'Every failing which pleases the King is a virtue,' does he venture to hand to him most submissively these lines."

The extravagant sublimity of the titles, which are, however, still in use in Constantinople, delighted the Khan. The Mehter was too stupid to understand my sarcasm. I was ordered to take a seat, and after having been ordered bread and tea, the Khan invited me to converse with him. The subject to-day was exclusively political. To remain true to my dervish character, I forced them to press every word out of me. The Mehter watched each expression, wishing to see the confirmation of his suspicions. All his trouble was fruitless. The Khan, after graciously dismissing me, ordered me to take the money for my daily support from the treasurer.

[Vámbéry here gives a description of the execution of the prisoners, the horrible details of which the reader may be spared.]

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Yasaul led me to the treasurer to receive the sum for my daily board. My claim was soon settled; but this personage was engaged in so singular an occupation that I must not omit to particularize it. He was assorting the Khilat (robes of honor), which were to be sent to the camp, to reward those who had distinguished themselves. They consisted

of about four kinds of silken coats with staring colors, and large flowers worked on them in gold. I heard them styled four-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-headed, and forty-headed coats. As I could see upon them no heads at all in painting or embroidery, I demanded the reason of the appellation, and I was told that the most simple coats were a reward for having cut off four heads of enemies, and the most beautiful a recompense for forty heads, and that they were now being forwarded to the camp. Some one proceeded to tell me "that if it was not an usage in Roum, I ought to go next morning to the principal square, where I should be a witness of this distribution."

[What he saw was about a hundred horsemen, each bringing one or more prisoners, and having buckled behind him a large sack containing the heads of the enemies he had slain. These were emptied from the sacks like so many potatoes, and kicked together after counting until a large heap of these ghastly trophies was formed. It is pleasant to recall that Khiva is now a Russian possession, and its long epoch of savagery at an end. However one may deprecate the method in which civilized countries take possession of the uncivilized regions of the earth, the results of such occupancy can only be for the good of mankind.]

A JOURNEY THROUGH YÂRKAND.

ROBERT SHAW.

[The penetration of Central Asia remained very difficult until the way was opened by the success of the Russian arms. Three German brothers, named Schlagintweit, explored the Himalayan region in 1856, and in 1857, Adolf Schlagintweit attempted to cross Central Asia to the Russian territory north of the Thian Shan range. At that time the Tartars were in rebellion against Chinese rule, and were besieging Kashgar. Here the traveller was murdered by Wallé Khan, the

insurgent chief. The insurrection was successful, Mohammed Yakoob, its final leader, firmly establishing his power by 1869. His success opened Central Asia to European explorers. The first to take advantage of this opportunity was Robert Shaw, an English sportsman, who had for several years been engaged in hunting excursions among the Himalayas. In 1868 he left Leh, the capital of Little Tibet, and proceeded by a difficult route to the frontier of Yârkand, which country he proposed to explore. He gives an animated account of his reception.]

I AM now writing in my tent, which is pitched on the flat roof of a little fort on the Karakash River. It consists of a lot of little rooms, surrounding a court-yard, into which they open. A little parapet of sun-dried bricks with loop-holes for muskets runs round the outer edge of this flat roof, while at the corners little round towers, also loop-holed, command the four sides. This primitive fort stands in the centre of a little shingly plain. The Karakash, a small trout-stream, runs past a few hundred yards off, fringed with low bushes, while all around rise the barren rocky mountains. Inside is a more cheerful scene. A group of Moghul * soldiers are sitting round a fire at one end of the court-yard, which is not above fifteen yards long. Their long matchlock guns hang from the wall behind them, twelve in number; three or four high-peaked saddles are ranged above them.

The dress of the Moghuls consists of a long robe fastened round the waist, with very wide trousers below. The officers' robes are made of a stuff half silk, half cotton, with large patterns in very bright colors. Some of the men wear dull red Yârkandee cloth, some of them English printed calico, and some white felt; there is no uniformity. Some tuck the long robe into the wide trousers, some wear a second robe, open in front and loose at the waist, over

* Moghul is the name given in India to natives of Central Asia. I learnt afterwards to call them, as they called themselves, "Toork."

all. The chiefs have on their heads a conical cap, with a turban tied round it. The men mostly have lambskin caps.

One of the two officers is now fitting a fresh match into his gun; the rest are looking on, or cooking their food in one of the rooms. Meanwhile, they talk a language harsh and guttural, in which the consonants are constantly clashing. My "Bhôts" from Ladâk sit reverentially in the distance, rubbing the skins of the sheep we have killed by the way. The Moghuls treat them kindly, but as if they were animals of some sort, monkeys, for instance. They call them *Tibetee*, a name which I have hitherto heard used only by the Europeans. My Indian servants keep out of the way; they don't know what to make of our hosts, and are more than half afraid of them.

As for me, they and I are the greatest of friends. In a short time, I shall be going down to entertain the officers at my four o'clock tea. We sit over my fire, and drink an endless succession of cups of tea together, eating my biscuits, and trying to converse. Now, as three days ago my knowledge of Toorkee was confined to the word *yok* no, which I had picked up in Atkinson's book, and as they know no Persian, and, of course, no Hindostanee, we have to make up by smiles and signs for our lack of common words. The rifles, the watch, the compass, the revolver, are, unfortunately, exhausted subjects now, so we come to actual conversation. I have picked up a lot of Toorkee (there is no master of languages like the absence of interpreters), and we talk about peace and war, geography and history: what could the most skilful linguists do more? I will tell you presently what news I have gathered from them.

At first their great delight was to get me to fire my breech-loader. They used to put a mark about thirty paces off, and were greatly astonished at my always hitting

it. They are just like public school-boys, of boisterous spirits, but perfectly well bred. They will clap me on the back, and call me a good fellow when I send for more sugar for their tea; but when I pass their fire, they will all rise and bow with their hand on their heart; this is their mode of salaaming. The man who clapped me on the back surprised me the next minute by stroking his beard with both hands, and exclaiming, "Ameen, Allaho-Akber" (Amen, God is great). All the assembly chimed in with Allaho-Akber, solemnly stroking their beards. This was "grace after meat."

As day dawns, I hear one of them intoning the "Arise and pray, arise and pray, prayer is better than sleep." Yesterday two of the soldiers had their hands tied in front of them, their clothes were stripped from their shoulders, and they were ferociously lashed by one of the officers with his whip, till they were covered with blood. My servants, who saw this, asked the reason; they were told it was because the men did not get up early to say their prayers. The same evening one of these two men was singing Toorkee songs, to which accompaniment two others were dancing before the fire. I joined the party, and was fed with Yârkand walnuts by one of the officers. The two dancers wound in and out, keeping time with a beat of the feet and a *chassé*, and slowly waving their arms. When tired, they bowed to the assembly and sat down.

Meanwhile, you don't know whether I have been taken prisoner in a foray by Yakoob Beg's soldiers, or how I came to find myself shut up in a fort with a dozen of them; so I must begin again from where I left off.

After a wearisome march of six days, altogether, down the same valley, without any incidents worth notice, on the morning of the sixth day, shortly after leaving our camp (which was in a fine meadow of really luxuriant

grass, produced by the numerous arms into which the stream branched), we came upon a spot where a large flock of sheep had evidently been penned. This sign of the former presence of men put us all on the *qui vive*, as we were utterly ignorant what reception we might meet with should we come across any of the wandering tribes of shepherds that frequent these mountains. All we knew was that certain nomads, calling themselves Kirghiz, had formerly rendered the more westerly road to Yârkand unsafe by their depredations (the name of Kirghiz Jungle is still retained by the spot which they haunted), and that tribes of the same name occasionally brought their sheep up the valley of the Karakash. However, the sheepfold was of last year, and did not denote any recent visit.

But later in the day, as I rode on before the caravan, the fresh print of a man's foot struck my eye. It was on a soft piece of earth, after which the path was hard and stony. I was thus unable at once to verify my impression, and thought I must have been deceived. A little farther on, however, the footmark was again visible by the side of a horse's track. I could not help laughing as I thought of Robinson Crusoe and *his* footprint. Mine, however, was not such a portentous sign, although it was sufficient to inspire caution; for there was every possibility that, if the Kirghiz were in force, they might attempt to plunder us, and on none of my servants could I depend in a scrimmage, even to load for me; at the least, our journey might be interrupted. Therefore, when we came to the end of the open plain in which we were travelling, and the valley narrowed at a projecting point, I halted the caravan, and went on myself on foot to spy. Scrambling over the hill, I soon came to a ridge which commanded a view down the valley. Carefully, as when stalking game, I raised my head, and a minute's inspection through my glass showed me a grassy

plain, sprinkled with bushes, and in the middle a Kirghiz *yourt*. There was no mistaking it after reading Atkinson's books. A circular structure, with a low dome-shaped roof, covered with a dirty-white material, evidently felt. Around it were tethered four or five horses and yaks, while the glass showed a man in a long tunic and high boots, busied in attendance on the cattle. From the centre of the roof a light cloud of smoke was escaping.

I can't describe to you my sensations at beholding this novel scene. I felt that I had now indeed begun my travels. Now, at length, my dreams of Toorks and Kirghiz were realized, and I was coming into contact with tribes and nations hitherto entirely cut off from intercourse with Europeans. I drew carefully back and rejoined my caravan. After a short consultation, we determined to go and encamp alongside of the yourt; as we must pass the Kirghiz, and our halting short of them, though so near, would be ascribed to fear if they discovered our camp. Loading all the rifles, four in number, we set out again. I was amused to see my Hindostanee table-servant Kabeer, who had hitherto caused endless trouble by lagging behind, now, with scared face, keep himself close to my horse's tail, as I rode on in advance of the caravan. The Kirghiz was so busy at his occupation that he did not see me till I was within twenty yards of his yourt. At the sound of my voice, he turned round, and, apparently without astonishment, came forward smilingly to meet me. A second man now came out of the yourt. We could only at first say "salâm," and smile at one another; but he told me that he was a Kirghiz, and we thought we understood from him that there were some soldiers of the King waiting for me at Shahidoolla. This would account for his non-surprise at what must have been our strange appearance to him.

Both the Kirghiz were quite young fellows, apparently brothers, with fine rosy complexions, about as dark as a bronzed Englishman. A woman presently appeared, but kept in the background. She was rather pretty, and wore a strip of white cotton cloth wound round her head, quite evenly, to a considerable thickness, like a roll of white tape. A long streamer of the same cloth, ornamented with a colored pattern, hung down her back. Her dress was a long tunic, girt round the waist like the men's, and reaching nearly to the ankles, which displayed a pair of high red leather boots. The men's tunics or robes were shorter, and their head-dress a fur cap with ear-lappets.

Here I encamped; the Kirghiz good-humoredly assisting in the erection of the tent, lighting a fire for me, etc. Presently arrived a large flock of sheep, with another Kirghiz, in a long sheep and ibex skin robe. My Guddee servants, themselves shepherds by birth, estimated the flock at over a thousand. The sheep resemble those of parts of Afghanistan, having large flat tails. When the lambs had been brought out, and given to their mothers, the three Kirghiz retired into the yourt. Thence they emerged again, and came up to me bringing a present of a sheep and a huge skinful of butter. These were most thankfully accepted, and the sheep immediately killed; the butter was excellent. I gave them, in return, some English powder, with a looking-glass for the young lady, at which they were delighted.

[The traveller was detained at the fort of Shahidoolla until permission could be obtained to enter the country. It came at length, brought by the Yoozbashee (the Vizier's brother), who in the end proved to be a very pleasant companion.]

I had now the leisure to examine the appearance of the Yoozbashee. He was a young man of apparently little

more than thirty years, with a bright intelligent face and energetic manners. His head-dress was a green turban. A sober-colored outer robe covered the richer clothes beneath, and was fastened round the waist by two separate blue belts ornamented with numerous silver clasps and bars. To these belts were attached a silver-hilted sabre much curved, and a series of nondescript articles, including pouches of embroidered leather, a priming-flask of peculiar shape, etc. The ends of a pair of very wide trousers of soft yellow leather covered with embroidery were just visible below his robe, and his feet were enclosed in boots, or rather high moccasins, of the same, with a row of silver nail-heads round the soles. He rode a small but handsome gray with an almost Arab look about the head, but a heavier neck, and his seat on horseback was perfection.

We rode about a mile, and then reached a little flat covered with small trees. Here was an encampment of Kirghiz, together with the followers of the Yoozbashee and their horses. I was taken into a Kirghiz akooee that had been prepared for me, and led to the place of honor, viz., a carpet spread over the sheets of felt directly opposite the door; this carpet I was left to occupy alone in my glory, while the Yoozbashee seated himself on the side carpet to my right, with my former Mihmandâr below him; two of his principal attendants were seated near the door, outside which the remainder, armed with matchlocks, were drawn up as a guard of honor. Now I must explain to you the Toorkish manner of sitting on state occasions; it is a mode of torture unknown to Western nations. Natives of India, as a rule, squat down with their feet still on the ground, and their knees just below their chins. Others cross their legs in front of them, and sit like a tailor. But in Toorkistân the ceremonious man-

ner is to kneel down with your robes well tucked in, and then sit back on to your heels. When your toes are by these means nearly dislocated, you have the option of turning them inward, and sitting on the inside flat of the feet. By this means the dislocation is transferred from your toes to your ankles and knees.

The sword is a further source of difficulty. If, when first kneeling down, you forget to keep the point in front of you, so as to lay it across your knees, you can never bring it round afterwards, and it remains fixed behind you, hitching up the left side of your belt in the most uncomfortable manner, and forming a stumbling-block to all the attendants who bring tea, etc. I must tell you that swords are here worn in a frog, like a French policeman's, and not loosely attached by straps, like those of English officers. After thus seating yourself, you spread out both arms, and then bring your hands to your face, solemnly stroking your beard (if you have one), and saying, "Allaho-akber,"—"God is great."

Thus seated, a conversation was carried on through Jooma as interpreter. The Yoozbashee asked whether I had suffered any discomfort by the way, and apologized for my detention at Shahidoolla, saying it was caused by the arrival of the other Englishman regarding whom they were obliged to get the King's orders. He asked me who he was, and what he wanted. In reply I repeated the old story of our meeting while on a shooting excursion, of his desiring to accompany me to Yârkand, and of my refusal without the King's orders. The Yoozbashee then took his leave, after giving me a short note from his Majesty, giving me a military salute which I fancy they must have taken from the Russians, as it is in continental style.

Immediately afterwards the procession appeared, headed by my former Mihmandâr, whom I now learned to call the

Panjâbashee (which is his real title, meaning "captain of fifty"). They laid before me a cloth, and covered it with trays of fruits of all sorts, eggs, sugar, bread, etc. This I found was a regular institution; it is called a *dastar-khân*, and during the remainder of my journey the ceremony took place every morning and evening on the part of the Yoozbashee; beside which, dastar-khâns were presented by other officials. I generally ate one or two of the fruit, and offered some to the person who was in charge; for the giver did not himself accompany it as a rule, but sent his highest subordinate. Presently a sheep was brought to the door, and a cold fowl on a dish. From that day to this a fresh sheep has appeared daily at my door, and though all my servants are feasted on mutton, and I constantly give away whole sheep, yet my flock keeps on increasing. . . .

Later in the afternoon I paid a visit of ceremony to the Yoozbashee in his own akooee, attended by my two Guddee servants (arrayed in the gorgeous cotton silk khilats sent by the Moonshee from Yârkand), and preceded by the Panjâbashee. I went to his door. He put me on the carpet of honor, and ordered in a dastar-khân and tea. He had now taken off his outer robe, and was dressed in a Yârkand silk *khilat*, loose and shining; beneath it a *kamsole*, or inner robe of English printed muslin fastened by a scarf round the waist. On his head, instead of a turban, was a tall cap of dark-green velvet turned up with a fur lining. I am always looking out for something Scythian in Toorkistân; for it is pretty well agreed, I believe, that the Asiatic Scythians at any rate were the progenitors of the modern Tartars, under which very vague title the Toorkees are certainly included. Sir H. Rawlinson indeed thinks that the ancient Sakae or "Amyrgian Scythians" of Herodotus inhabited Yârkand and Kâshghar. Now

their characteristic dress was a tall pointed cap and trousers. Here I saw them before me on the first Toork of rank that I had met! The head-dress is probably peculiar to Central Asia. . . .

Towards afternoon of the second day the valley began to widen, and the hilly sides to become lower. Numberless red-legged partridges were calling all around. I was made to load my gun, but told to come along on horseback. Instead of allowing me to walk up to the birds, no sooner was a covey seen than our whole cavalcade scattered wildly in chase. Some of the party even crossed the stream after them, yelling with excitement. I and my Guddee servants roared with laughter at seeing these people galloping after the partridges, as if they wished to put salt on their tails instead of shooting them, or letting me do so. I watched my opportunity, and, when they were out of the way, I dismounted and went after a covey which I heard in another direction. Returning with a bird I had shot, I was met by the Yoozbashee holding five live ones in his hand, and shouting for Shaw Sahib to come and look. I was astounded, but soon discovered that this apparently childish amusement of galloping after partridges was really a most effectual way of catching them. Several were afterwards caught in my sight. The birds fly from one side of the valley to the other. If put up again immediately, they soon get tired, and after two or three flights begin running on the ground. Then the men gallop up, and strike at them with their whips. It is a most exciting amusement over rough country. I had heard of quails being caught in this way when tired by a long flight during their annual migrations, but did not imagine a partridge could be taken so.

When the partridges ceased my companions began skylarking among themselves, displaying the most perfect

horsemanship in so doing. . . . While amusing ourselves thus, we reached the first cultivation. The valley was no different from before, but we crossed several fields of fallow ground, and several dry irrigation channels; while on the other side of the stream there was a clump of leafless trees, and two or three mud-built houses with flat roofs. Presently a flock of sheep appeared, and then a lot of donkeys grazing. I hailed all these signs of inhabited lands with delight, to the great amusement of the Yoozbashee, who, however, seemed quite to understand what the pleasure must be of leaving behind us the deserts where we had been so long. He called my attention to each fresh object that presented itself, saying with a smile, "Here, Shaw Sahib, here is a tree, and there is a heap of straw earthed over to keep for the cattle, and look, there are cocks and hens, and a peasant's house!"

[Mr. Shaw's narrative of his journey to the cities of Yârkand and Kâshgar, his observation of the country, and dealings with the ruler, are full of interest, but too extended to permit of further extracts. His residence in Kâshgar was almost an imprisonment, as he was given no liberty to traverse the city, though otherwise well treated. Finally, after a long delay, he was given permission to depart. The Yoozbashee accompanied him to the frontier, and bade him adieu, almost with tears, at the Karakash River, and near the beginning of the dreaded Karakoram Pass, Shaw's description of which we give in another selection. In 1870, after his return to England, he was appointed on a commission sent to visit the ruler of Yârkand. He was subsequently appointed British commissioner in Little Tibet.]

LITTLE TIBET.

G. T. VIGNE.

[Vigne's visit to Cashmere was followed by a journey over the mountains to Iskardo, on the Upper Indus, in the district of Ladakh, or Little Tibet. At the foot of the mountain pass which it was necessary to traverse, the traveller was visited by a messenger from Ahmed Shah, of Iskardo, a singular-looking person, dressed in a black velvet frock, with silver buttons, and wearing a leather belt profusely ornamented with little knobs of silver. He had been sent to welcome and attend upon the traveller, and brought him a good pony for his journey to Iskardo. He looked with doubt and suspicion on the Sikh guards of Mr. Vigne.]

WHEN we had commenced the ascent, and his fears and suspicions were over, his tongue was rarely at rest, and I listened with avidity and delight to the recital of his own adventures, his stories of Great and Little Tibet, and the countries on the north of us, including Yârkand and its Chinese masters: how they were always at war with the people of Khokand; how they had labored for months to cut through a glacier, in order to form a passage for their army; how the general of the Kokokandees had loaded several wagons with the pig-tails of the Chinese soldiers slain in action; and how, in return, his celestial majesty had sent back the same number of wagons laden with millet-seed, by way of intimating the countless numbers of his troops; how a Chinese general, to prove his powers of ubiquity, would start off his whole army in carriages overnight to a distant post, the vehicles being sometimes drawn across the country by paper kites; how the walls of one of their strongholds were of loadstone, and the advancing forces were aghast, when their side-arms flew

from their scabbards, and their matchlocks struggled in their hands!

It took half a day to reach the halting-station, a small open lawn surrounded by a pine forest. Here we slept on the ground without pitching tents, in order to be ready to ascend to the summit, and cross the snow before sunrise, while it was yet hard with the night's frost. The table-land in summer-time is covered with a fine greensward, and at the distance of a mile and a half rises a small eminence on the left, towards which, on our approach, Nasim Khan suddenly started off in a gallop, calling on me to follow, and loudly exclaiming that he would show me a view worth a *lac* of rupees. I quickly followed him, and the stupendous peak of Diarmul, more than forty miles distant in a straight line, but appearing to be much nearer, burst upon my sight, rising far above every other around it, and entirely cased in snow, excepting where its scarps were too precipitous for snow to remain upon them. It was partially encircled by a broad belt of cloud, and its finely-pointed summit, glistening in the full blaze of the morning sun, relieved by the clear blue sky beyond it, presented, on account of its isolated situation, an appearance of extreme altitude, equalled by few of the Himalaya range, though their actual height be greater.

This peak is called Diarmul by the Tibetans, and Nunga Purbut, or the naked mountain, by the Cashmerians. I should estimate its elevation at nearly nineteen thousand feet above the sea.* The pass on which we stood has a height of twelve thousand feet; on the south we saw two-thirds of the Vale of Cashmere, with the snowy range of the Panjal behind it.

"On the north side, the valley of Gurys is suddenly

* It is now known to be much higher than this.

exposed to view, at a depth of about three thousand feet below the pass. The entrance into this valley is exceedingly picturesque, as the river comes dashing along through a rich meadow, partly covered with linden-, walnut-, and willow-trees, while the mountains on either side present nothing but a succession of abrupt precipices, and Alpine ledges, covered with fir-trees. . . .

The Kishengunga River contains a great many fish, and some of my coolies, as we approached a particular spot where there was a little smooth water and quiet lying for them in a nook, apart from the violence of the torrent, took off their sashes, fastened them together, and then let them drop like a net into the water, while another so placed himself as to drive the fish gently towards and over them: they then lifted the cloth and caught at one haul at least one hundred fish, of about half or quarter of a pound each. Some of them were cooked for dinner, but I abstained from eating the roes, as I was cautioned not to do so, as they are considered poisonous. One of my servants, a Hindoo, who disregarded the warning, became so alarmingly ill that for a time I thought he would have died.

The way now led aloft upon a table-land called Burzil, or the Birches, where the limestone of the valleys gives way to a granite formation. These regions present as wild and gray a scene as any painter could wish for, made up of a confusion of snowy summits and hoary precipices, broadly relieved in one place by the deep rust color of the ironstone rock; the chaotic masses with which the whole valley was thickly covered; the streams of the infant Kishengunga dashing over and among them, with the milk-white and delicate stems of the birch-trees, in full leaf, trembling amidst their descending violence.

As we were approaching Burzil we met a Little-Tibetan

who had been sent on some errand by Ahmed Shah, and from whom my servants learned that there were robbers in the vicinity, and that Ahmed Shah himself was near at hand, with a large force, for the purpose of destroying them on the following day. Towards nightfall, while sitting by a fire near my tent-door, another Balti native showed himself for an instant on the crest of the rocky eminence below which we were encamped, and then hastened away with the intelligence of my arrival. In about an hour afterwards the loud, distant, and discordant blasts of the Tibetan music were heard echoing along the glen: the sound grew louder and louder, and we were all on the tiptoe of expectation. At length the band, which was the foremost of the procession, made its appearance above us, consisting of fifes, clarionets, and five or six huge brazen trumpets, about six feet in length, shaped like the classic instruments which are usually put to the mouth of Fame. After these came a group of thirty or forty soldiers, the wildest-looking figures imaginable, wearing large, loosely-tied turbans, and armed with matchlocks, swords, and shields. After them came one of Ahmed Shah's sons, preceded by a few small red horses, and surrounded by more soldiers.

Ahmed Ali Khan, for so the young prince was named, had been sent by his father to welcome me and give me honorable escort. He was a young man, of short and slender make, walking with a lame and somewhat awkward gait, in consequence of his having broken both his legs by a fall, when he was a child. They were cured, by the bye, by his swallowing pills of rock asphaltum, and living upon milk at the same time. His handsome features and fine expanse of forehead derived a somewhat effeminate expression from his back hair (the front of the head was shaved) being gathered into two large massive curls, hang-

ing down, one behind each ear. All the young men of Little Tibet follow this fashion, and leave the moustaches, but shave the beard until it begins to grow strongly. The long curls are then doffed or neglected, and the beard is allowed to luxuriate.

[The young prince stated that a large band of robbers had been raiding his father's territory, who had placed his soldiers in ambush to cut them off on their retreat.]

Accordingly, at an early hour the next morning we all moved forward towards the place of the ambuscade. The whole country was, on account of its elevation, quite free from trees, but the ground was blind, rocky, and covered with coarse herbage nearly up to the summit of the mountains among which our path lay. After a few miles we came in sight of the Rajah's tent, on the opposite side of the mouth of the defile through which the marauders were expected to arrive, and near it were several hundred men, visible to us, but concealed from their approaching victims by a small eminence. The young Khan ordered a halt within one mile and a half of his father's tent, and we sat down for half an hour, quietly awaiting the preconcerted signal. He said that he had particular orders from his father to give me escort and protection; and when I expressed a wish to proceed to the side of a hill opposite to the end of the defile, where I could without any danger to myself have seen the whole *cortége* of the robbers moving unconsciously along into the very jaws of the ambuscade, he said that I must not go, as they would probably see me, and all his father's plans would be spoiled.

From the spot where we remained I could distinguish several parties lying in ambush in different parts of the mountains, but all was as silent as the place was desolate, although so many human beings were in sight. Suddenly,

and I shall never forget the excitement of a scene so new and so savage, the band advanced rapidly into the open part of the defile, striking up one of its wildest and loudest strains, and the mountains echoed again with the clangor of their huge trumpets, and the laugh-like cheers of the Baltis, as every man left his place of concealment and sprang forward upon the astonished marauders. Our party were instantly mounted, and we pushed forward to the top of the hill in advance of us; but the work had been speedily finished, and was nearly over when we arrived. The bodies of five or six men who had attempted to escape towards us were lying on our right. They had been intercepted and killed, and stripped in an instant. At a short distance lay a wounded wretch, who had raised himself on his hand, and by his side was an old Tibetan soldier, coolly loading his matchlock, from which he gave him the *coup-de-grâce*. Around another was a circle of the victors, from which one more ferocious than the rest would now and then step forward, to inflict a fresh wound with his sword. Others were busied in stripping the slain and securing part of the spoil to themselves. Among the latter were my brave Cashmerian coolies, who, watching their opportunity, abandoned their loads in the mêlée, and contrived to seize upon several sheep, which they killed and buried, on the same principle that a dog buries a bone, to be dug up on their return.

While I was surveying the extraordinary scene around me, my attention was attracted by a large crowd, and I was told that the Rajah was approaching. He and all around him dismounted as he drew near to me, and I, of course, followed the example. Of two who were taller than the rest I did not immediately know which was Ahmed Shah, but I afterwards found that the second was his brother, Gholám Shah. Ahmed Shah approached me

bareheaded, and when near he frequently stopped and salaamed by bowing low and touching the ground with the back of his hand, and then carrying it to his forehead. I advanced quickly, took his hand, and shook it *à l'Anglaise*, bidding my interpreter inform him that it was the English custom to do so, with which piece of information he seemed much pleased. We then all sat down upon some tent rugs which had been brought for the occasion, and after mutual inquiries after each other's health, I congratulated him on the success of the expedition. He replied that these very marauders had pillaged part of his country two or three times before, and that he had determined to come in person and destroy them; that he had all his life prayed that he might set eyes upon a Frank before he died, and that now his wish was granted.

I must have appeared an odd figure to him, being dressed in a white duck shooting-jacket and a broad-brimmed white cotton hat. I had come, he remarked, from a long distance to visit him, and had arrived at a very fortunate hour: he said that he would do all he could to make me welcome; and added, that what with my arrival and his having killed the thieves, he was really so happy that he knew not what to do. During this conversation the soldiers came in from different quarters, showing their wounds, some of them being very severe ones, and displaying the spoils, consisting of swords which the robbers had scarcely time to draw, and old matchlocks for which they had not been allowed the opportunity of striking a light.

My friend, Nasim Khan, who had joined the ambuscades, came up without his cap, which he said he had lost in the conflict. Out of the whole number of the marauders, three or four only had contrived to make their escape; the rest were killed, or so severely wounded as to be supposed dead. About one hundred men, women, and children, and a very

large flock of sheep, were rescued from their hands, and some of them came up to thank the Rajah for what he had done for them.

[They soon began their journey to Iskardo, ascending to the table-land of Deotsuh, about twelve thousand feet above sea-level.]

We wound in long array across the elevated plain. I was eager to arrive at Iskardo, and was always for moving forward; but the Rajah, whose yesterday's victory was a great feat, seemed determined to take it more coolly, and was perpetually calling for a fresh pipe, and stopping to enjoy it, I, of course, being obliged, out of respect, to dismount and sit down with him. At length, after a march of sixteen miles, we arrived at our camp-ground, near a large but fordable stream. As night drew near, the air became extremely cold, and my Hindoo servants were in a state of despair. A quantity of dead dwarf juniper roots was collected by the Tibetans, and a large and cheery fire was soon kindled, which added much to their comfort. I contented myself with partaking of their supper, and, while my bed was preparing, was keeping myself warm by walking to and fro with my hands in my pockets, having previously, as I thought, taken leave of the Rajah for the night, when he suddenly joined me and exclaimed, "I'll walk with you." Then, sticking his hands into his sash, he forthwith began stalking up and down by my side, at a pace that his dignity had not often permitted before.

[Towards sunset they reached the foot of a steep ridge, and prepared for a farther ascent of about four hundred feet.]

The *cortége* commenced the ascent of the zigzag; the coolies toiled up the path, and were obliged to halt and take breath at every twenty paces; then they advanced again, encouraging each other by loudly cheering, in a

tone that might have been taken for the wild and discordant laughter of maniacs. I pressed forward with cagerness in advance of Ahmed Shah, riding as far as I could; but finding I should attain the summit faster on foot, I left my horse with a groom, and soon stood at the upper edge of a glacis of snow, and thence—through a long, sloping vista, formed of barren peaks, of savage shapes and various colors, in which the milky whiteness of the gypsum rock was contrasted with the deeply-red tint of those that contained iron—I, the first European who had ever beheld them, gazed downward from a height of six or seven thousand feet upon the sandy plains and green orchards of the valley of the Indus at Iskardo, with a sensation of mingled pride and pleasure, of which no one but a traveller can form a just conception. The rock of the same name, with the Rajah's stronghold at the east end of it, was a very conspicuous object. The stream from the valley of Shighur, which joins the Indus at its foot, was visible from the spot where I stood, while to the north, and wherever the eye could rove, arose, with surpassing grandeur, a vast assemblage of the enormous summits that compose the Tibetan Himalaya. . . .

We did not reach the rock of Iskardo until the afternoon of the next day, and upon my arrival I found that a good house at its foot, in which some of the Rajah's family usually resided, had been emptied for my reception. I followed the Rajah up the steps to the upper room, where one of his attendants immediately presented me with a plate of small, thin, fancifully stamped pieces of gold, made from the gold-dust collected on the banks of the Indus, and another plateful of similar silver pieces, which I showered down from the balcony upon the crowd below. After these were exhausted we threw down several bits of cloth for turbans, etc., and all laughed heartily at

the furious scrambling and vociferations which took place even before the articles fell.

The Indus was visible from my window, and I then turned to enjoy the view of it for the first time. It approached through a sandy plain, from the eastern end of the valley, and here, nine miles from the entrance, it washed the end of the rock within musket-shot of me, in a noble stream of more than one hundred and fifty yards in width. The Rock is about two miles in length, and the peak over the east end rises some eight hundred feet above the river. The whole of this superb natural fortress, situated in the middle of the valley of Iskardo, which is nineteen miles long and seven wide, rises with mural sides from a buttress of sand, except at the western end, where it slopes steeply to the plain.

The valley of the Indus at Iskardo is about seven thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. Enormous mountains, rising eight thousand feet or more above it, surround it on every side, bare, rugged, and apparently inaccessible, with long, ascending defiles between them. The surface of the valley, but for the verdure supplied by partial irrigation, would be almost a sandy plain; but water may be found anywhere, I was informed, at the depth of ten yards.

[Mr. Vigne next made a journey up the valley of Shighur, lying at right angles to that of Iskardo, and visited the glacier at its head.]

The glory of the valley up which we travelled is the magnificent glacier at the end of it. Its lower extremity is a short distance from the village of Arindo, and the natives say that it is slowly but perceptibly advancing. It occupies the entire valley as far as the eye can reach; and a place that looks more like the extremity of the world does not exist. Vast mountains, alike bare, precipitous,

and rugged, appear to form a channel for it, and in the extreme distance their sides are colored with the red and white tints of iron and gypsum. The width of the lofty wall of ice, in which it terminates towards Arindo, is about a quarter of a mile; its height is nearly one hundred feet. I have never seen any spectacle of the same nature so truly grand as the debouchure of the waters from beneath this glacier. The ice is clear and green as an emerald, the archway lofty, gloomy, and Avernus-like. The stream that emerges from it is no incipient brook, but a large and ready-formed river, whose color is that of the soil which it has collected in its course, whose violence and velocity betoken a very long descent, and whose force is best explained by saying that it rolls along with it enormous masses of ice, which are whirled against the rocks in its bed with a concussion producing a sound resembling that of a distant cannon.

[Mr. Vigne afterwards visited Leh, the capital of Ladakh, and attempted to make explorations still deeper into the mountain regions, but without success.]

THROUGH TIBET TO LHASSA.

ÉVARISTE R. HUC.

[Abbé Huc, a French missionary and traveller, was born at Toulouse in 1813, and made his celebrated journey to Tibet in 1845. He published "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China," "The Chinese Empire," and "Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet." In his attempt to penetrate Tibet he and his companions joined the Tibetan embassy from China, which swelled by the addition of caravans till it became an immense troop, of oxen, horses, camels, and pilgrims. From the more fertile region they came to a land of desert and diffi-

cult mountains. After describing the crossing of an arid district, whose soil was impregnated with salt and borax, the author continues as follows:]

We rested two days in this country in order to collect all the strength possible for the ascent of the dreaded Bourhan-Bota,—our long-haired oxen and camels enjoying themselves on the nitre and salt, and we feasting on Tsamba and some goats which we got from the herdsmen in exchange for brick tea; and then, setting out about three o'clock in the morning, we arrived at nine at the foot of the mountain. The caravan stopped for a moment, and we gazed with anxiety upward at the steep and rough paths, on which we perceived with anxiety a light vapor resting, which was said to be the noxious gas before mentioned [poisonous exhalations which affect this mountain]. We adopted the precautionary measure, recommended by tradition, of chewing some cloves of garlic, and then commenced the ascent.

In a short time the horses appeared to be incapable of bearing their riders; every one slackened his pace, all faces turned pale, the heart beat faintly, the limbs refused their office; many lay down, then got up again, made a few steps, then lay down again, and in this deplorable manner toiled up the side of the famous Bourhan-Bota. A part of our troop stopped in a deep hollow of the mountain, where it was said the pestilential vapor was less thick; the rest exerted their utmost energies to reach the top, where, at least, the lungs could play freely, relieved from the murderous carbonic acid gas that had so long oppressed them.

To descend on the other side was mere play, for there the air was pure and easily respirable. The people told us that when there was a strong wind the pernicious effect was less felt; but that it was very dangerous in calm

weather, for then, being heavier than the atmospheric air, it remains near the surface of the ground, instead of being in some measure dispersed.

[They found much higher and more rugged mountains before them, and the cold so great that in a lake which they passed they saw a number of dead wild oxen which had been frozen in while attempting to swim across.]

By the time we were approaching the most elevated point of Central Asia a terrible wind had set in from the north, which lasted fifteen days, and increased the rigor of the cold to a degree that threatened us with great misfortunes. The sky was still clear, but the cold was so terrible that even at mid-day the influence of the sun was barely perceptible. Even during the day, and of course still more during the night, we were under the continued apprehension of being frozen to death.

I may mention one circumstance that will give an idea of the extremity of the cold. Every morning before setting off the caravan used to take a meal, and then not again until they encamped; but as the Tsamba was a kind of food so little agreeable that it was difficult to take enough of it at once to support us during the day, we used to soak in tea two or three balls of it to keep in reserve for the day's journey. We wrapped up this boiling paste in very warm linen, and placed it on our breasts; and over this we had our clothing, namely, a garment of sheep-skin, then a waistcoat of lamb's-skin, then a short garment of fox's-skin, and over all a great woollen coat. Now during this fortnight we constantly found the balls of Tsamba frozen, and when we drew them from our bosoms, they were so hard that we almost broke our teeth in attempting to eat them. The cattle suffered terribly, especially the mules and horses, which are not so strong as the

oxen. We had to dress them in felt carpets, and tie camels'-skin round their heads; and in any other circumstances their appearance would certainly have excited our hilarity, but now we were in no humor for laughing, for, notwithstanding all precautions, the cattle of the caravan were decimated by death.

[As they advanced more deeply into Tibet the country became more inhabitable, and they found themselves, after fifteen days, in a beautiful plain known as Pampou, in the vicinity of Lhassa, the capital of Tibet, and the goal of their journey. This country was watered by a large river, was fertile, and appeared to the wearied travellers, after three months of desert travel, the most beautiful country in the world.]

This long and painful journey had brought us so near the savage state that we were in ecstasy with everything that belonged to civilization. The houses, the agricultural implements, even a simple furrow, attracted our attention. But what struck us most was the prodigious elevation of temperature which we noticed in the cultivated country. Although we were still in the month of January, the river and the canals were merely bordered by a light covering of ice, and we met no one clothed in furs.

We were now only separated from Lha-Ssa by a mountain; but it was one extremely steep and difficult of ascent. The Thibetans and Mongols, however, climb it with great devotion; as they believe that those who have the happiness to arrive at its summit receive a complete remission of their sins; and certainly, if the mountain have not the power to remit sins, it has that of imposing a pretty severe penance. We had set off an hour after midnight, and we did not arrive until ten o'clock in the morning; having been compelled, on account of the steep and rocky character of the paths, which makes it nearly impossible for a horse to keep his footing, to walk almost the whole way.

The sun was just about to set when, issuing from a defile in the mountain, we saw lying before us the renowned Lha-Ssa, the metropolis of the Buddhist world, encircled by a multitude of grand old trees, which form with their foliage a girdle of verdure around it; its white houses, with their terraces and turrets; its numerous temples with their gilded roofs; and high above all, the majestic palace of the Talé Lama. At the entrance of the town some Mongols with whom we had made acquaintance on the road had come to meet us, and invite us to a lodging which they had prepared for us. It was the 13th of January, 1846; just eighteen months after we had quitted the valley of the Black Waters.

The day following that of our arrival in Lha-Ssa, we took a guide and traversed the different quarters of the town, in quest of a lodging. The houses of Lha-Ssa are generally large, several stories high, and terminated by a terrace, slightly inclined, to facilitate the running off of the water; they are whitewashed all over, with the exception of some borders, and the door and window-frames, which are painted red or yellow. The reformed Buddhists are particularly fond of these two colors; they are in some sort sacred in their eyes, and are called lamanesque colors. The houses of Lha-Ssa are painted every year, and have, consequently, an admirable appearance of freshness; but the inside is far from being in harmony with the out. The rooms are smoky, dirty, and foul-smelling, and generally encumbered with all sorts of utensils, in most disgusting disorder. Thibetan houses are so many whited sepulchres, true images of all false religions, which veil corruption and falsehood by a certain number of dogmatic truths, and some principles of morality.

After a long search we found a small lodging in a large house already containing fifty lodgers. Our humble abode

was in the upper story, ascended by twenty-six stairs, unfurnished with any kind of balustrade, and so steep and narrow that, to avoid the risk of breaking our necks every time we mounted them, it was necessary to make use of both hands and feet. Our apartment was composed of one large square room and a small corridor; the latter lighted by a narrow window, garnished by three thick wooden bars, and a round skylight. The latter hole served a variety of purposes: it admitted the light, the rain, the wind, and the snow; and also afforded egress to the smoke from our hearth. In order to protect themselves in some measure from the winter's cold, the Thibetans place in the middle of their chambers a basin of baked clay, in which argol may be burned. As this kind of fuel gives more smoke than heat, the advantage of a hole in the roof is obvious; and this inestimable aperture in our chamber enabled us to make a little fire without being quite stifled. It is true this good had its attendant evil in admitting, at times, the rain and snow upon our backs, but when we have had led a nomadic life for some time we cease to be disturbed by trifles.

As soon as we had organized our household, we began to make acquaintance with Lha-Ssa and its inhabitants. Lha-Ssa is not more than two leagues in circumference, and is not shut within ramparts like the Chinese towns. In the suburbs the number of gardens planted with large trees afford a magnificent girdle of verdure to the town. The principal streets are very wide, straight, and tolerably clean; the suburbs most disgustingly filthy. In the latter there is a quarter where the houses are built entirely of ox- and ram's horns; these bizarre edifices have not an unpleasant aspect, and are of great solidity. The ox-horns being smooth and white, and those of the sheep black and rough, form a multitude of singular combinations; the in-

terstices are filled with mortar; these houses are never whitened,—the Thibetans have the good taste to leave them in their savage and fantastic beauty, without attempting to improve them.

The palace of the Talé Lama well deserves the celebrity it enjoys. Towards the northern part of the town, at a small distance from it, there rises a rocky mountain of no great elevation, and conical in form, bearing the name of Buddha-La, that is, the Divine Mountain, and on this grand site the adorers of the Talé Buddha have reared a palace to their living and incarnate divinity. This palace consists of a cluster of temples, varying in size and beauty; the centre temple has an elevation of four stories; the dome is entirely covered with plates of gold, and is surrounded by a peristyle, of which the columns are likewise gilded. Here the Talé Lama has fixed his residence, and from the height of his sanctuary can contemplate, on days of high solemnities, his countless worshippers, thronging the plain and prostrating themselves at the base of the Sacred Mountain. The secondary palaces grouped around accommodate a crowd of lamas, whose continued occupation is to serve and wait on the living Buddha. Two fine avenues, bordered with magnificent trees, lead from Lha-Ssa to this temple, and there may be seen a multitude of pilgrims unrolling between their fingers the long Buddhist rosaries, and the lamas of the court splendidly dressed, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned. There is continual motion in the vicinity of Buddha-La, but the multitude is generally silent and serious.

The Thibetan women adopt a custom, or rather submit to a regulation, certainly unique in the world. Before going out of their houses, they rub their faces with a sort of black sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes. As the object is to render themselves hideous,

they daub their faces with this disgusting cosmetic till they scarcely resemble human creatures. The following was, we are told, the origin of this monstrous practice:

About two hundred years ago, the Nomekhan, or Lama King of anterior Thibet, was a man of the austerest character. At that period, the Thibetan women were not more in the habit of trying to make themselves look ugly than the women of other countries; on the contrary, they were extravagantly addicted to dress and luxury. By degrees the contagion spread even to the holy families of the lamas; and the Buddhist convents relaxed their discipline in a manner that threatened a complete dissolution.

In order to arrest the progress of this alarming libertinism, the Nomekhan published an edict forbidding women to appear in public unless disfigured in the fashion above mentioned; the severest punishments and the heaviest displeasure of Buddha were threatened to the refractory. It must have required no ordinary courage to publish such an edict; but that the women obeyed it was still more extraordinary. Tradition makes no mention of the slightest revolt on their part. The fair Thibetans vie with each other in making themselves frightful, and she who is most offensively besmeared passes for the most pious; the custom appears to be considered as a dogma to be accepted. In the country the law is most rigorously observed; but at Lha-Ssa, women are to be met with who venture to appear with their faces as nature made them; but those who permit themselves this license are considered as women of bad reputation, and they never fail to hide themselves when they catch sight of an agent of the police.

[It was only by virtue of their disguise, and their knowledge of the language and the customs of the people, that the travellers had succeeded in entering this jealously-guarded sacred city of the Buddhists, which but one other European had visited during the century. Sus-

picion was soon aroused regarding their character and errand, and they were finally summoned before the regent and the Chinese ambassador. On examination they stated frankly who they were. In consequence of this their baggage was sealed, and they held captive during the night. The next day their trunks were opened in the presence of these high officials.]

We took off the seal of the Talé Lama, and the two trunks that everybody had long been devouring with their eyes were at last laid open. We took out the contents, one after another, and displayed them on a large table. First appeared some volumes in French and Latin; then some Tartar and Chinese books, church linen and ornaments, sacred vases, rosaries, crosses, medals, and a magnificent collection of lithographs. Everybody was lost in admiration at sight of this little European museum. They stared, jogged each other with the elbow, and clucked with their tongues in sign of approbation. No one had ever seen anything so wonderful or so beautiful. Every shining white object was silver, everything that shone yellow was gold. Every countenance expanded, and it seemed to be quite forgotten what dangerous people we were. The Thibetans put out their tongues and scratched their ears; the Chinese made us the most sentimental reverences. The bag of medals made all eyes turn in their sockets. They hoped, probably, that we should make a public distribution of these brilliant pieces of gold on leaving the hall of judgment. . . .

The good-natured regent looked quite radiant and triumphant when, after all, there appeared nothing among our effects to compromise us. "You see," said he to the ambassador, "these men are ministers of the Lord of heaven, and honest men; what would you have of them? Let them go in peace!" These flattering words were received in the hall with a murmur of approbation; and we responded from the bottom of our hearts, *Deo gratias.* Our

baggage was again shouldered by the people pressed into the service, and we returned to our home with much greater briskness than when we had quitted it; the people flocked from all sides to salute us, and the French name was in every mouth.

[The regent extended his favor so far as to give the missionaries a splendid house, and to permit them to enter upon the work of proselytism,—a remarkable permission to be given in the central city of Buddhism. They erected a chapel in their dwelling, and received many visitors, to whom they explained the tenets of Christianity. Their popularity, however, aroused the jealousy of the ambassador, who endeavored to persuade the regent to expel them as enemies of the Talé Lama. He refused.]

The quarrel grew more bitter every day, and matters came to such a pass that prudence compelled us to resolve on yielding to circumstances, and no longer maintain a resistance that might compromise the regent our protector, and even become, perhaps, the cause of serious dissensions between China and Thibet. We decided, then, that it would be better to bow the head, and accept our persecution with resignation. Our conduct would at least prove to the Thibetans that we had come among them with pacific intentions, and had no intention of establishing ourselves in the country by violence. Having adopted this resolution, we went to the palace of the regent, who, hearing that we had decided upon quitting Lha-Ssa, looked sorry and embarrassed. He told us that it was his warmest wish to assure us a free and tranquil abode in Thibet, but that alone, and deprived of the support of his sovereign, he was too feeble to repress the tyranny of the Chinese, who, profiting by the infancy of the Talé Lama, arrogated to themselves rights before unheard of in the country.

[They proposed to proceed from Lhassa to Calcutta, but the ambassador would not consent to this, but required that they should trav-

erse the whole breadth of the Chinese Empire to Canton, sending them off with an escort of two mandarins and fifteen soldiers. The regent and other Tibetan officials bade them adieu with much friendship.]

Outside of the town, a number of the inhabitants with whom we had been on terms of friendship, and many of whom appeared sincerely disposed to embrace our holy religion, had assembled to salute us once more. Among them was a young physician, still wearing on his breast the cross that we had given him. We alighted from our horses to give them some parting words of consolation, to exhort them to abandon courageously the superstitious worship of Buddha, and adore the God of the Christians, confiding always in his infinite goodness and mercy. When we had remounted our horses, we cast a long last look on the city of Lha-Ssa, still visible in the distance, and said in the depths of our hearts, "God's will be done." It was the 15th of March, 1846.

[Thus ended this bold attempt to teach Christianity in the metropolis of Buddhism. The courage of the missionaries is to be commended, though their purpose was hopeless from the start.]

CROSSING THE KARAKORAM PASS.

ROBERT SHAW.

[After his journey to Yârkand, Mr. Shaw made his way back to India *via* the Karakoram Pass of the Himalayas. His account of this dreaded pass is here appended.]

I HAVE mentioned the parallel ridges of mountains about the Karakoram Pass, which are like an army in column. As you progress through them by the broad valleys which separate them, you find that they diminish in height, and

gradually sink below the lines of perpetual snow, with the exception of isolated peaks which rise above it. The valleys keep on rising, but never at a steeper gradient than you could drive a carriage up. At last you come to a ridge barring the way, and looking no higher than a railway embankment, though it may perhaps be a couple of hundred feet high. This ridge constitutes the Karakoram Pass, which seems rather like a *lip* by which some ancient lake may have discharged itself, than what we understand by a mountain-pass.

The so-called Karakoram *Range* might better be described as the raised edge of a basin, or the culminating part of an irregular plateau, than as a chain of mountains. The descent on the south side is greater, but you can hardly believe yourself to be on the water-shed between the great river-system which flows into the Indian Ocean and that which runs eastward towards China. The heights on either side nowhere rise beyond the dignity of hills, and there is no perpetual snow at hand, though the Karakoram is eighteen thousand feet above the sea. The road is marked with skeletons of horses; the rarity of the atmosphere and the absence of grass for many days' journey causing a mortality among the beasts of burden which hardly seems to be justified by the amount of inconvenience which the traveller himself experiences.

At the distance of a day's march south of the pass you come in sight of a range of real glacier mountains. The Shayoh River, one of the sources of the Indus, rises in a perfect ocean of ice, far more worthy of that name than the Mer de Glace of Chamounix, which is rather an ice *river* than a *sea*. Two glaciers, coming down from stupendous peaks, unite and overflow a large plain with their blue waves. It is worth a journey from England merely to see this place. The plain, barren as it seems, is frequented

by Tibetan antelopes, with their slender lyre-shaped horns, the most elegant of their species. Terraces and other marks of the former existence of a lake extend to a height of two hundred feet up the sides of this plain and of the gorge by which the stream escapes. There are the marks of a lake which has repeatedly been formed here by the glaciers blocking up the ravine below, and which caused such devastation by the cataclysm of 1841. But I think the marks are too considerable to have been formed during the short existence of recent lakes, and rather point to repeated phenomena of the same sort in earlier times. This, if true, is very interesting.

But directly after this you leave the high plateaux and rounded downs which are the characteristics of the country, and follow the river down into the narrow gorges of the mountains. You have reached the broken edge of the table-land. So narrow was the ravine we entered that the river had to be forded and reforded at every turn, the way being constantly closed by its windings.

The most difficult of these fords was caused by a huge glacier called Koomdan, whose nose protruded from a side valley, with pinnacles and seracs, some of which were quite two hundred feet high, glistening like sugar. I had ridden half across the stream when my horse seemed to fall, as if he had broken through a sheet of ice. I was soon on my legs in the bitterly cold water, and on looking round saw all the horses floundering for their lives, like a shoal of fish in shallow water. We had got into a quicksand! Most of us reached the shore with a little difficulty, but two of the horses had got more involved; their loads were washed loose by the torrent, and they themselves lay exhausted and panting on their sides (for the actual water was here not more than two feet deep), with their heads gradually sinking below the stream. The sand which engulfed a horse

was firm enough to support a man, and we were able with some trouble to hold the horses' heads above water, while they were being released from their loads and dragged ashore. Even when on dry land, they still lay exhausted on their sides, with their teeth firmly closed, blood oozing from their noses, and trembling in every limb. I have frequently noticed the presence of quicksands in proximity to glaciers which reach a low level, and of the ice-beds described above.

Some three miles below this, another glacier blocked the way. After careful examination we discovered that the passage was entirely closed for horses, as the ice had in the last three months advanced as far as the opposite cliffs, tremendous limestone precipices, while the river forced its way under it through a kind of tunnel. To make matters worse, it began to snow, and my servants, already wet through in fording the ice-cold water, sat down like natives to bemoan their fate and die. Moreover, night was coming on; so there was nothing for it but to halt. No grass could be discovered, and our supply of grain for the horses would only hold out another day, by which time we had hoped to reach a pasture ground. Now, however, this was impossible. The baggage had all to be left on this spot to be fetched hereafter, and the next day horses were sent round by a five days' *détour* over the mountains, dependent on a little of the men's rice for food. Being anxious to reach an inhabited place, so as to send off news of my safety after eight months' silence, I started with two men to cross the obstacle, leaving tents, bedding, cooking things, and everything else behind.

After passing the glacier, we had again to ford the river, but this time on foot. It was coming down full of huge blocks of ice, which fell from the roof of the glacier-tunnel, alternately blocking it up, and again being swept away

by its force. Choosing a moment when the tunnel was blocked, and the water shallow, we pushed into the water. Before we were half-way across a rushing sound made us look round, and we saw a mighty ice-laden flood sweeping down upon us. A rock in mid-water formed our only refuge. We scrambled on to it and were but just in time, for Tashee was knocked on to his knees by one of the foremost blocks as I was helping him out of the water.

The rock was but a low one, and as the waters raged around us, piling up blocks of ice on each side and gradually rising higher and higher, I foresaw the moment when it would be sweeping clear over our place of refuge! We spent a *mauvais quart-d'heure!* When the level of the stream was not more than a foot lower than the highest part of our rock its rise was stayed, and presently it began to abate, the ice-blocks ceasing. I roused my companions, and we hurried through the remaining stream. Before we had left the spot another flood came down, and this time we saw our friendly rock hidden under a surging tide of huge ice-blocks. Some of them must have been over a ton in weight!

Drenched in the icy waters, we had to spend the night lying on the least windy side of a large stone, under the shadow, as it were, of the huge glacier cliffs, whose pinnacles and "seracs" shot up two hundred feet against the sky. The next night, at an elevation of over sixteen thousand feet, I found a hole in the rock in which I could curl myself up, while a water-proof sheet spread across the entrance kept out the falling snow. The next day we crossed the Sasser Pass over vast fields of yielding snow, in which one sank up to the thigh at every fifth or sixth step. Here my guide gave in, being struck with snow blindness, and I had to lead the way by compass. We had eight hours of this work through snow, and the night was

falling as we left it behind us. Misled by the guide, and hoping to reach an inhabited place, we held on till midnight, when we had again to lie down on the leeward side of a stone not three feet high. But this time we had no food at all.

Starting again at dawn with our throats feeling like iron, and our feet like lead, we reached a Tibetan shepherd's hut after ten miles' walk, and thought the milk and barley-meal which he gave us the finest food in the world.

We had here arrived in the British dependencies, having crossed the Karakoram and Sasser Passes, first explored by Dr. Thomson. The country beyond this is known to our surveyors and our sportsmen, though the latter seldom penetrate to the Karakoram. I will now, therefore, close this account of my journey, for I considered that I had almost reached home when I crossed that imaginary *red line*, which, after at first modestly surrounding a few factories on the coast, has now reached its farthest extension among the snows and high plateaux of the Karakoram, the water-shed between India and Central Asia.

THE SOURCE OF THE OXUS.

JOHN WOOD.

[After the survey of the Indus and adjoining countries in 1830, and the forming of treaties of navigation and commerce with several of those countries in 1832, the Indian Government despatched Sir Alexander Burnes, with Lieutenants Wood and Leech, in 1836, on a commercial mission to Afghanistan. Subsequently Captain Burnes sent Lieutenant Wood and Dr. Lord on a mission to Turkestan. This journey has been interestingly described by Lieutenant Wood, who made an independent excursion from Koondooz, where Dr. Lord

was detained. Learning, January 30, 1838, that the upper Oxus was frozen, he set out to visit the ruby mines in that region. Failing in this, he attempted to discover the source of the Oxus River.]

PROCEEDING up the valley of the Oxus, with the mountains of Shekh Durah on our left hand, and those of Chitral on our right, both rising to a vast height, and bearing, far below their summits, the snows of ages, we arrived early in the afternoon at the hamlet of Ishtrakh. We reached the village in the middle of a heavy snow-fall; and its houses, built among fractured pieces of the neighboring mountains, must have been passed unnoticed but for a yak, or kash-gaw, as the animal is here called, standing before a door with its bridle in the hand of a Kirghiz boy.

There was something so novel in its appearance, that I could not resist the impulse of mounting so strange a steed; but in doing so I met with stout resistance from the little fellow who had it in charge. In the midst of our dispute the boy's mother made her appearance, and very kindly permitted me to try the animal's paces. It stood about three feet and a half high, was very hairy and powerful. Its belly reached within six inches of the ground, which was swept by its bushy tail. The long hair streamed down from its dewlap and forelegs, giving it, but for the horns, the appearance of a huge Newfoundland dog. It bore a light saddle with horn stirrups; and a cord let through the cartilage of the nose served for a bridle.

The good Kirghiz matron was not a less interesting object than her steed. She was diminutive in stature, but active and strong, and wore some half-dozen petticoats under a showy blue-striped gown, the whole sitting close to her person, and held there, not by ribbons, but by a stout leather belt about the waist. Her rosy cheeks and Chinese countenance were seen from under a high white starched tiara, while broad bands of the same color pro-

tected the ears, mouth, and chin. Worsted gloves covered the hands, and the feet were equally well taken care of. She chid her son for not permitting me to mount the kash-gaw, and I quite won the good woman's heart by praising the lad's spirit, and hanging a string of beads around his neck. Strutting up to her steed with the air of an Amazon, she took the bridle out of her son's hand, and vaulted astride into the saddle. The sight appeared to be new not only to us, but to the inhabitants of Wakhan; for the villagers had thronged round to see her depart. They inquired if she would not take the boy up behind her. "Oh, no!" was her answer; "he can walk." As the mother and son left us, a droll-looking calf leisurely trod after its dam; and when the party disappeared amid the falling snow-flakes, the rugged half-clad Wakhanis exclaimed, as if taken by surprise, "None but a Kirghiz boy could thrive under such rough treatment."

The yak is to the inhabitants of Tibet and Pamir what the reindeer is to the Laplander in northern Europe. Where a man can walk a kash-gaw may be ridden. Like the elephant he possesses a wonderful knowledge of what will bear his weight. If travellers are at fault, one of these animals is driven before them, and it is said he avoids the hidden depths and chasms with admirable sagacity. His footing is sure. Should a fall of snow close a mountain-pass to a man and horse, a score of yaks driven ahead answer the purpose of pioneers, and make, as my informant expresses it, "*a King's highway.*" In this case, however, the snow must have recently fallen; for when once its surface is frozen and its depth considerable, no animal can force its way through it.

Other cattle require the provident care of man to subsist them through the winter. The most hardy sheep would fare but badly without its human protection, but the kash-

gaw is left entirely to itself. He frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits. Wherever the mercury does not rise above zero is a climate for the yak. If the snow on the elevated flats lies too deep for him to crop the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again. When arrived at the top, he performs a second summerset, and completes his meal as he displaces another groove of snow in his second ascent. The heat of summer sends the animal to what is termed the old ice, that is, to the regions of eternal snow; the calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's returning, in which she never fails.

The first yaks we saw were grazing among the snow on the very summit of the rugged pass of Ish Kashm, and at the village of this name I procured one for Dr. Lord, and despatched it to Koondooz in the charge of two trusty men. But so cold a climate do these singular animals require, that though winter still reigned in the Koondooz plain, the heat was too great, and the yak died within a march or two of the town. In fact, it began to droop as soon as it had passed Jerm. Some years back, an Afghan noble succeeded in bringing two or three of these animals to Cabul, but even the temperature of that city, though situated six thousand feet above sea-level, is not sufficiently cold to suit their constitutions. They declined as the snow left the ground, and died early in the spring.

[Pursuing the course of the stream, a point was reached, ten thousand feet high, where it divided into two branches. They followed the northerly branch, up the narrow valley of Sir-i-kol, to a height of thir teen thousand five hundred feet. The cold here was intense. Leaving a portion of the party, Lieutenant Wood pushed forward with four men, and on the second day achieved the object of his journey.]

We had no occasion to remark the absence of the snow this day, for every step we advanced it lay deeper and

deeper; and near as we had now approached to the source of the Oxus, we should not have succeeded in reaching it had not the river been frozen. We were fully two hours in forcing our way through a field of snow not five hundred yards in extent. Each individual of the party by turns took the lead, and forced his horse to struggle onward until exhaustion brought it down in the snow, where it was allowed to lie and recruit while the next was urged forward. It was so great a relief when we again got upon the river, that in the elasticity of my spirits I pushed my pony to a trot. This a Wakhanni perceiving, seized hold of the bridle, and cautioned me against the *wind of the mountain*. We had, indeed, felt the effects of a highly rarefied atmosphere ever since leaving Wakhan; but the ascent being gradual, they were less than would be experienced in climbing an abrupt mountain of much less altitude.

As we neared the head-waters of the Oxus the ice became weak and brittle. The sudden disappearance of a yabu gave us the first warning of this. Though the water was deep where the accident occurred, there fortunately was little current, and as the animal was secured by his halter to a companion, he was extricated, but his furniture and lading were lost. The kind-hearted Khirakush to whom the animal belonged wrapped him in felts, took off his own warm posteen, and bound it round the shivering brute. Had it been his son instead of his yabu he could not have passed a more anxious night as to the effects of this ducking. The next morning, however, the yabu was alive and well, and the good mule-driver was most eloquent in his thanks to Providence for its preservation.

Shortly after this accident we came in sight of a rough-looking building, decked out with horns of the wild sheep, and all but buried among the snow. It was a Khirgiz burial-ground. On coming abreast of it, the leading horse-

man, who chanced to be of that tribe, pulled up and dismounted. His companion followed his example, and wading through the deep drift they reached a tombstone, the top of which was uncovered. Before this they knelt, all cumbered as they were and with their huge forked matchlocks strapped to their backs, and offered up prayers to the ever-present Jehovah. The whole of the party involuntarily reined in their horses till the two men had concluded their devotions.

After quitting the surface of the river, we travelled about an hour along its right bank, and then ascended a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward; on surmounting this, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of February, 1838, we stood, to use a native expression, upon the *Bam-i-Dúniah*, or "Roof of the World," while beneath us lay a noble but frozen sheet of water, from whose western end issued the infant river of the Oxus. This fine lake lies in the form of a crescent, about fourteen miles long from east to west, by an average breadth of one mile. On three sides it is bordered by swelling hills, about five hundred feet high, while along its southern bank they rise into mountains three thousand five hundred feet above the lake, or nineteen thousand feet above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, from which never-failing source the lake is supplied. From observations at the western end I found the latitude to be 37° 27′ north, and longitude 73° 41′ east; its elevation, measured by the temperature of boiling water, is fifteen thousand six hundred feet, as my thermometer marked 184° of Fahrenheit. The temperature of the water below the ice was 32°,—the freezing-point.

This, then, is the position of the sources of this celebrated river, which, after a course of upward of a thousand miles in a direction generally northwest, falls into the

southern end of the Sea of Aral. As I had the good fortune to be the first European who in later times had succeeded in reaching the source of this river, and as, shortly before setting out on my journey, we had received the news of her gracious Majesty's accession to the throne, I was much tempted to apply the name of Victoria to this, if I may so term it, newly-discovered lake; but on considering that by thus introducing a new name, however honored, into our maps, great confusion in geography might arise, I deemed it better to retain the name of Sir-i-kol, the appellation given to it by our guides. The description of this spot given by that good old traveller Marco Polo, nearly six centuries ago, is correct in all its leading points.

The aspect of the landscape was wintry in the extreme. Wherever the eye fell one dazzling sheet of snow carpeted the ground, while the sky overhead was everywhere of a dark and angry hue. Clouds would have been a relief to the eye, but they were wanting. Not a breath moved along the surface of the lake; not a beast, nor even a bird, was visible. The sound of a human voice would have been music to the ear, but no one at this inhospitable season thinks of invading these gelid domains. Silence lay around, —silence so profound that it impressed the heart,—and as I contemplated the hoary summits of the everlasting mountains, where human foot had never trod, and where lay piled the snows of ages, my own dear country and all the social blessings it contains passed across my mind with a vividness of recollection that I had never felt before. . . .

How strange and how interesting a group would be formed if an individual from each nation whose rivers have their first source in Pamir were to meet upon its summit! What varieties there would be in person, language, and manners! what contrasts between the rough, untamed, and fierce mountaineer and the more civilized and effeminate

dweller on the plain! How much of virtue and of vice, under a thousand different aspects, would be met with among them all! and how strongly would the conviction press upon the mind that the amelioration of the whole could result only from the diffusion of early education and a purer religion!

Pamir is not only a radiating point in the hydrographical system of Central Asia, but it is the focus from which originate its principal mountain-chains. The Wakhannis name this plain Bam-i-Dúniah, or "Roof of the World," and it would indeed appear to be the highest table-land in Asia, and probably in any part of our globe. From Pamir the ground sinks in every direction except to the southeast, where similar plateaux extend along the northern face of the Himalayas into Tibet. An individual who had seen the region between Wakhan and Cashmere informed me that the Kuner River had its principal source in a lake resembling that in which the Oxus had its rise, and that the whole of this country, comprehending the districts of Gilgit, Gungit, and Chitral, is a series of mountain-defiles that act as watercourses to drain Pamir.

As early in the morning of Tuesday, the 20th of February, as the cold permitted, we walked out about six hundred yards upon the lake, and, having cleared the snow from a portion of its surface, commenced breaking the ice to ascertain its depth. This was a matter of greater difficulty than it at first sight appeared, for the water was frozen to the depth of two feet and a half, and, owing to the great rarity of the atmosphere, a few strokes of the pickaxe produced an exhaustion that stretched us upon the snow to recruit our breath. The sounding-lead struck bottom at nine feet. The water emitted a slightly fetid smell, and was of a reddish tinge. The bottom was oozy and tangled with grassy weeds.

I tried to measure the breadth of the lake by sound, but was baffled by the rarity of the air. A musket, loaded with blank cartridge, sounded as if the charge had been poured into the barrel and neither wads nor ramrod used. When ball was introduced the report was louder, but possessed none of the sharpness that marks a similar charge in denser atmospheres. The ball, however, could be distinctly heard whizzing through the air. The human voice was sensibly affected, and conversation, especially if in a loud tone, could not be kept up without exhaustion; the slightest muscular exertion was attended with a similar result. Half a dozen strokes with an axe brought the workman to the ground, and, though a few minutes' respite sufficed to restore the breath, anything like continued exertion was impossible. A run of fifty yards at full speed made the runner gasp for breath. Indeed, this exercise produced a pain in the lungs and a general prostration of strength that was not got rid of for many hours. Some of the party complained of dizziness and headache; but, except the effect thus described, I neither felt myself, nor perceived in others, any of those painful results of great elevation which travellers have suffered in ascending Mont Blanc. This might have been anticipated, for where the transition from a dense to a highly rarefied atmosphere is so sudden, as in the case of ascending that mountain, the circulation cannot be expected to accommodate itself at once to the difference of pressure, and violence must accrue to some of the more sensitive organs of the body. The ascent to Pamir was, on the contrary, so gradual that some extrinsic circumstances were necessary to remind us of the altitude we had attained. The effect of great elevation upon the general system had, indeed, been proved to me some time before in a manner for which I was not prepared. One evening at Badakhshan, while sitting in a

brown-study over the fire, I chanced to touch my pulse, and the galloping rate at which it was throbbing roused my attention. I at once took it for granted that I was in a raging fever, and, after perusing some hints on the preservation of health which Dr. Lord, at parting, had kindly drawn out for me, I forthwith prescribed for myself most liberally. Next morning my pulse was as brisk as ever, but still my feelings denoted health. I now thought of examining the wrists of all our party, and, to my surprise, found the pulses of my companions beat yet faster than my own. The cause of this increased circulation immediately occurred to me; and when we afterwards commenced marching towards Wakhan I felt the pulses of the party whenever I registered the boiling-point of water. The motion of the blood is, in fact, a sort of living barometer by which a man acquainted with his own habit of body can, in great altitudes, roughly calculate his height above the sea.

After getting a clear and beautiful meridian altitude of the sun on the 20th, we saddled, and, casting a last look at Lake Sir-i-kol, entered the defile leading to Wakhan. On arriving at the station where we had left the hunters, we were agreeably surprised to find they had been successful in the chase, and had slaughtered a *Kutch-kar*, or wild sheep. It was a noble animal, standing as high as a two-year-old colt, with a venerable beard and two splendid curling horns, which, with the head, were so heavy as to require a considerable exertion to lift them. Though in poor condition, the carcass was a load for a baggage-pony. Its flesh was tough and ill-tasted; but we were told that in autumn, when the animal is in prime condition, no venison is better flavored.

[Lieutenant Wood reached Koondooz on his return March 11, having been absent just three months. He and Dr. Lord soon after returned to Cabul, their starting-point.]

THE TEA DISTRICTS OF CHINA.

ROBERT FORTUNE.

[Robert Fortune, an English botanist and horticulturist, was born at Berwick in 1813. In 1843 he went to China in the interest of the London Horticultural Society to collect new varieties of ornamental plants. He was very successful in this, procuring specimens of the tea and other plants. He made two other visits to China, and wrote several works on the subject. The extracts given are from "Three Years' Wandering in the Northern Provinces of China." He was particularly desirous to obtain examples of the seeds and shrubs of the tea plant, and for this purpose made his way to the celebrated hill of Sung-lo, in the Hwuy-chow district, where the very finest green teas are grown. No Europeans, except Jesuit missionaries, had ever before entered this district. To do so Mr. Fortune adopted the Chinese costume, had his head shaved, and a tail fastened on to his hair.]

ON the evening of the 22d of October I approached the suburbs of Hang-chow-foo, one of the largest and most flourishing cities in the richest district of the Chinese Empire. The Chinese authorities have always been most jealous of foreigners approaching or entering this town. As I drew nearer the city, everything which came under my observation marked it as a place of great importance. The Grand Canal was deep and wide, and bore on its waters many hundreds of boats of different sizes, all engaged in an active bustling trade. Many of these were sailing in the same direction as ourselves, while others were leaving the city and hurrying onward in the direction of Soo-chow, Hoo-chow, Kea-king, and other towns. Canals were seen branching off from the Grand Canal in all directions, and forming the high-roads of the country. . . .

The slow progress which we necessarily made [after

passing through the city and embarking on the Green River] suited my purposes exactly, and enabled me to explore the botanical riches of the country with convenience and ease. I used to rise at break of day, and spend the morning inspecting the hills and valleys near the sides of the river, and then return to the boat in time for breakfast. Breakfast over, I generally went on shore again, accompanied by my men, who carried the seeds, plants, or flowers we might discover during our rambles. The first thing we did on these occasions was to ascend the nearest hill and take a survey of the windings of the river, with the number of rapids, in order that we might form some idea of the progress our boat would make during our absence.

[He discovered here a new variety of palm-tree, which furnishes a fibre of which ropes, hats, and cloaks are made.]

But the most beautiful tree found in this district is a species of weeping cypress, which I had never met with in any other part of China, and which was quite new to me. It was during one of my daily rambles that I saw the first specimen. About half a mile distant from where I was I observed a noble-looking fir-tree, about sixty feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine, and weeping branches like the willow of St. Helena. Its branches grew at first at right angles to the main stem, then described a graceful curve upward, and bent again at their points. From these main branches others long and slender hung down perpendicularly, and gave the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It reminded me of some of those long and gorgeous chandeliers sometimes seen in theatres and public halls in Europe.

On the evening of the 31st of October we reached Waeping. It is a city of considerable size, walled and fortified,

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

and probably contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. This place is just on the borders of the district of Hwuy-chow. Soon after leaving Wae-ping, one of my guides informed me that we were now on the borders of another province, and that here I had better not go much out of the boat. I found that this advice was good and worth attending to. The river here is considered the highway or passage from the one district to the other, and this pass is well guarded by soldiers. Each province has its own guard-town. On the Che-kiang side we passed a long straggling town on the river's banks, chiefly inhabited by troops, who were the guards of the pass, and under the orders of the Hang-chow mandarins. As soon as the boundary-line was passed, we came to another place of like size and appearance, also filled with soldiers, who were under the orders of the authorities of Hwuy-chow-foo, in the province of Kiang-nan. These two parties formed a sort of border guard, and bore each other, I believe, little good-will. They reminded me of our own border clans in ancient feudal times. Boats passing up and down the river were generally boarded, and had their papers examined by one of the officers.

[This fact does not look well for the consolidation of the Chinese Empire. Several days more of travel brought Mr. Fortune to the famous Sung-lo-shan, the hill where green tea is said to have been first discovered. He says:]

Sung-lo-shan appears to be between two and three thousand feet above the level of the plains. It is very barren, and whatever may have formerly been the case, it certainly produces but little tea now; indeed, from all I could learn, the tea that grows upon it is quite neglected, as far as any cultivation is concerned, and is only gathered to supply the wants of the priests of Fo, who have many temples

among these rugged wilds. Nevertheless, it is a place of great interest to every Chinaman, and has afforded a subject to many of their writers.

When we reached the Sung-lo country I took up my quarters in a house which belonged to the father of my servant Wang. . . . Sung-lo Mountain, which in ordinary circumstances I could have seen from the windows, was now enveloped in a cloak of mist, and every tree and bush was bent down with heavy drops of rain. At last, on the fourth day, the clouds cleared away, the sun shone out again with his usual brilliancy, and the whole face of nature wore a cheerful and smiling aspect. I was now out every day, from morning until evening, busily employed in collecting seeds, in examining the vegetation of the hills, and in obtaining information regarding the culture and manufacture of green tea. By this means I obtained a good collection of those tea-seeds and young plants from which the finest green teas of commerce are prepared, and much information of a useful kind.

[After returning to the coast with his collections, Mr. Fortune shipped them to India, and then penetrated the country again to Ning-po, where he took up his residence in the temple of Tien-tung, and resumed his botanical researches. He describes the fine bamboo woods in the vicinity, and speaks thus of the usefulness of the bamboo.]

The bamboo is one of the most valuable trees in China, and is used for almost every conceivable purpose. It is employed in making soldiers' hats and shields, umbrellas, soles of shoes, scaffolding-poles, measures, baskets, ropes, paper, pencil-holders, brooms, sedan-chairs, pipes, flower-stakes, and trellis-work in gardens; pillows are made of the shavings; a kind of rush cloak for wet weather is made from the leaves, and is called a *So-e*, or "garment of leaves." On the water it is used for making sails and

covers for boats, for fishing-rods and fish-baskets, fishing-stakes and buoys; catamarans are rude boats, or rather floats, formed of a few logs of bamboo lashed firmly together.

In agriculture the bamboo is used in making aqueducts for conveying water to the land; it forms part of the celebrated water-wheel, as well as of the plough, the harrow, and other implements of husbandry. Excellent water-pipes are made of it for conveying springs from the hills to supply houses and temples in the valleys with pure water. Its roots are often cut into the most grotesque figures, and its stems finely carved into ornaments for the curious, or into incense-burners for the temples. The Ning-po furniture, the most beautiful in China, is often inlaid with figures of people, houses, temples, and pagodas in bamboo, which form most correct and striking pictures of China and the Chinese. The young shoots are boiled and eaten, and sweetmeats are also made of them. A substance found in the joints, called tabasheer, is used in medicine. In the manufacture of tea it helps to form the rolling-tables, drying-baskets, and sieves; and last, though not least, the celebrated chop-sticks—the most important articles in domestic use—are made of it.

However incredulous the reader may be, I must still carry him a step farther, and tell him that I have not enumerated one-half of the uses to which bamboo is applied in China. Indeed, it would be nearly as difficult to say what it is *not* used for as what it is. It is in universal demand, in the houses and in the fields, on water and on land, in peace and in war. Through life the Chinaman is almost dependent upon it for his support, nor does it leave him until it carries him to his last resting-place on the hill-side, and even then, in company with the cypress, juniper, and pine, it waves over and marks his tomb.

I was not quite satisfied [he continues] with the result of my journey up the river Min. Although one of my men had brought me a fine collection of tea-plants and seeds from the celebrated black-tea country, and although the expedition was planned so that he scarcely could have procured them elsewhere, had he wished to deceive me, I confess I felt that it would be much more satisfactory if I could visit the district myself. I did not like the idea of returning to Europe without being perfectly certain that I had introduced the tea-plant from the best black-tea districts of China into the government plantations in the northwestern provinces of India. There may also have been a lingering desire to cross the Bohea Mountains, and to visit the far-famed Woo-e-shan. At all events, I made up my mind to make another attempt, and determined to start from Ning-po, where the people are not so greatly prejudiced against foreigners as they are farther to the south, about Foo-chow and Canton.

[He left Ning-po on May 15, 1849, completely disguised as a Chinaman, while his servant bore a green, triangular-shaped mandarin flag, which proved very serviceable on several occasions. He again boated up the Green River.]

There were several passengers on board our boat besides ourselves. They were all country people from the westward, knew little of foreigners, and seemed to have no idea that I was one. My servant, I believe, told them that I came from some distant province beyond the Great Wall, and with this information, indefinite as it was, they seemed to be perfectly satisfied. Besides, I was now well acquainted with their habits and manners. I could eat with the chop-sticks as well as any of them, and my dress was, I believe, scrupulously correct, even to the glossy black tail, which had been grafted on my own hair, and which hung gracefully down nearly to my knees.

[He continued his journey without hinderance until he reached the black-tea country.]

For some time past I had been, as it were, among a sea of mountains, but now the far-famed Bohea ranges lay before me in all their grandeur, with their tops piercing through the lower clouds, and showing themselves far above them. They seemed to be broken up into thousands of fragments, some of which had most remarkable and striking outlines. It is difficult to form an estimate of their height, but, comparing them with other mountains known to me, the highest here may be six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are some spots on the sides of the lower hills under cultivation, but all above these is rugged and wild.

We arrived at last at the celebrated gates or huge doors which divide the provinces of Fokien and Kiang-see. The pillars of these gates have been formed by nature, and are nothing less than the "everlasting hills" themselves. The arched door-ways of the place bore a great resemblance to the gates of a Chinese city. As we passed through the archway I observed a guard of soldiers lounging about, but they did not take any notice of us, or attempt to examine our baggage. We were soon through the pass, and in another province. The province of Kiang-see had been shut out and left behind us, and our view now opened on Fokien. Never in my life had I seen such a view as this, so grand, so sublime. High ranges of mountains were towering on my right and on my left, while before me, as far as the eye could reach, the whole country seemed broken up into mountains and hills of all heights, with peaks of every form. . . .

I was now on the outskirts of the great black-tea country of Fokien. I observed large quantities of tea-plants under cultivation. They were generally to be found on the

lower sides of the hills, and also in the gardens of the villagers. About ten o'clock in the forenoon we arrived at Tsong-gan-hien, a large town in the midst of the black-tea country, where nearly all the teas of this district are packed and prepared for exportation. As soon as I was fairly out of the suburbs of the town, I had my first glimpse of the far-famed Woo-e-shan. It stands in the midst of the plain, and is a collection of little hills, none of which appear to be more than a thousand feet high. They have a singular appearance. Their faces are nearly all perpendicular rock. It appears as if they had been thrown up by some great convulsion of nature to a certain height, and as if some other force had then drawn the tops of the whole mass slightly backward, breaking it up into a thousand hills. By some agency of this kind it might have assumed the strange forms which were now before me.

Woo-e-shan is considered by the Chinese to be one of the most wonderful, as well as one of the most sacred, spots in the empire. One of their manuscripts, quoted by Mr. Ball, thus describes it: "Of all the mountains of Fokien those of Woo-e are the finest, and its water the best. They are awfully high and rugged, surrounded by water, and seem as if excavated by spirits; nothing more wonderful can be seen. From the dynasty of Csin and Han, down to the present time, a succession of hermits and priests, of the sects of Tao-eze and Fo, have here risen up like the clouds of the air and the grass of the field, too numerous to enumerate. Its chief renown, however, is derived from its productions, and of these tea is the most celebrated." . . .

We now proceeded across the hills in the direction of the small town of Tsin-tsun, another great mart for black tea. Our road was a very rough one. It was merely a foot-

path, and sometimes merely narrow steps cut out of the rock. When we had gone about two miles we came to a solitary temple on the banks of a small river, which here winds among the hills. This stream is called by the Chinese the river or stream of nine windings, from the circuitous turns which it makes among the hills of Woo-e-shan. It divides the range into two districts,—the north and south; the north range is said to produce the best teas. Here the finest souchongs and pekoes are produced, but I believe these rarely find their way to Europe, or only in very small quantities. . . .

Having given the old man [the Buddhist priest at the temple] some money to purchase a dinner for myself and my men, I made a hasty meal and went out to explore the hills. I visited many of the tea farms, and was successful in procuring about four hundred young tea-plants. These were taken to Shanghai in good order, and many of them are now growing vigorously in the government tea plantation in the Himalayas.

I remained two days under the roof of the hospitable Taouist, and saw a great part of the Woo-e hills and their productions. On the evening of the second day, having entered into a fresh agreement with my chair-bearers and coolies, I intimated to the old priest that I intended to proceed on my journey early next morning. He kindly pressed me to stay a little longer, but, when he saw I was in earnest, he went out to his tea plantations and brought me some young plants, which he begged me to accept.

I felt highly pleased with his gratitude for the small present I had given him, and gladly accepted the plants, which increased my store very considerably; these, with the other plants, were carefully packed with their roots in damp moss, and the whole package was then covered with oil-paper. The latter precaution was taken to screen them

from the sun, and also from the prying eyes of the Chinese, who, although they did not seem to show any great jealousy on the point, yet might have annoyed us with impertinent questions. Early in the morning, our arrangements being completed, we bade adieu to our kind host and hostess, and set out across the hills in the direction of Tsin-tsun.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT CANTON.

JOHN M. KEATING.

[The following selection is taken from Dr. Keating's "With General Grant in the East." It gives a picturesque account of the ceremonious customs of China, with street scenes in Canton,—the whole seen under conditions more favorable than travellers often possess. The travellers had landed at Hong-Kong, and made their way thence to Canton.]

WE steamed up along the Hong-Kong coast; saw the magnificent granite quarries, then crossed over to the China shore, and cruised in and out of the little islands, watching the fishermen dragging in their nets for the night. As we turned homeward towards and faced the west, the sun was fast setting behind the mountains of the China coast. For many miles one ridge of mountains beyond the other would blaze with a most intense and brilliant red, until the last faint outline that lay to the west seemed to be on fire, all the peaks glowing. It was like an evening on Lake Maggiore. In fact, this time of year the surroundings of Hong-Kong are much like the Italian lake scenes, particularly at night, when the atmosphere is hazy and the shadows take the place of vegetation on the hills of either side of the bay.

The most striking feature throughout the place certainly is the great number of Chinese and their varied occupations. At every turn you come upon these fellows working like galley-slaves, seldom if ever idle, carrying loads swinging on a pole that would be a credit to a pack-horse groaning under the burden, or you meet the chair coolie trotting along as unconscious as if nature had originally placed him in life as a beast of burden. From early morn till late at night these fellows are ready at any moment to start off on a dog-trot, and carry you where you will, complaining never, tiring never, always in the best of humor. You get from them your first impression of the Chinese character. Certainly it is a most favorable one. . . .

Our visit to Canton certainly in many ways far eclipsed anything that this very active party has yet accomplished in the way of sight-seeing. Captain Perkins having kindly placed the "Ashuelot" at the disposal of the general, it was arranged that she should take the party up the Canton River to visit the City of Rams. So, bright and early on Monday morning the advanced guard of the party were seen straggling down the hill from the Government House, taking advantage of the numerous *sampans* and with bags and baggage shooting out towards the "Ashuelot," that lay in deeper water anxiously awaiting her passengers to catch the up-tide in the Canton River. Shortly before eight o'clock General and Mrs. Grant arrived at Murray pier, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Hennessy, and the government steam-launch being in attendance, the party soon boarded the "Ashuelot," and were received with the thunder of twenty-one guns. . . .

On the gun-deck a charming little dining-hall had been arranged by draping all the bunting from the ship's locker; one long table had been erected, and a few flowers, the remains of a bouquet that Mrs. Grant had received in the

morning, decorated the centre of it. At mid-day the whole ship's company sat down to a delicious tiffin to pass away the time which the stormy head tide was calculated to make heavy on our hands. On the arrival of the steamer off Chuenkee she was met by a Chinese gunboat specially sent to meet the "Ashuelot" and escort her up the river, the Chinese admiral at Canton sending his card down to General Grant. At certain points in the river salutes were fired as the vessel passed the forts; the sight was indeed a queer one, as the guns blazed away and hundreds of different colored flags on lances or staves suddenly appeared above the forts, either stuck in the ground or guarded by a Chinese soldier in full uniform. . . .

But as nothing can be counted on as a certainty in this world, a great disappointment was about to fall upon the good people of Canton. Delay at starting, the strong head tide which runs at a rate in these Chinese rivers that seems impossible, and frequent stoppages to receive the various officials from the war junks, all ended in our failing to reach the city before sundown.

It was not till after nine o'clock that the moorings of Shameen were reached, and the tired-out population, both Chinese and foreign, had abandoned all hope of seeing the distinguished visitor that night. All the military had turned out, armed to the throat with all the paraphernalia of war, calculated to do honor to China's guest, with their flags and banners, forming a line that extended the whole length of the foreign settlement of Shameen.

At the landing-place a bamboo arch covered with matting had been raised, wreathed with evergreens and decorated with rare plants and a great display of bunting. All to no purpose. The "Ashuelot" failing to appear, the soldiers were marched back to await orders, the crowd slowly dispersed, one by one, and when at last we did come, only

a great display of lanterns, sky-rockets, and signal-lights, with deafening salutes from all the war junks, awaited us. . . .

The day following our arrival, after the guns had ceased firing and the town seemed to have quieted down from its momentary excitement, it was arranged that the General and party should call officially upon the viceroy, whose yamun, or palace, was at the other end of the city of Canton. It may be interesting to those who have not been posted in the geography of this part of the world to know that the island of Shameen, separated from the mainland by a bridge of rather small pretensions, is what is called the Foreign Concession. Here live all the foreign merchants; the consulates are here situated, and the place itself looks more like a Long Island village very prettily laid out in quite an American style. Zealously guarded night and day is the narrow bridge that separates this from China-town proper, with its three gates, the side ones for coolies, the centre for the distinguished, and only such, to pass through. A sleepy-looking policeman, covered with tea-box characters, both on his back and chest, with smooth, boyish face, expressionless, his pigtail neatly curled up beneath his inverted-bowl hat, is the Cerberus that guards the way,—a small sword by his side and a big stick in his hand.

If it were only possible for me to describe to you the scene that presented itself that morning as we were started in full dress to pay our respects to the viceroy! In China everything is etiquette, everything has to be done in a certain way, from the number of coolies that carry the most distinguished of the party, down to the color of the chairs in which they are carried. The procession, headed by a body of Chinese troops, wound its way at a quick gait across the bridge, along the river front, and suddenly

wheeling off to the left, plunged into the thick jungle of a Chinese town. Our party numbered about twelve, the officers of the "Ashuelot" and the consuls in full dress uniform, the rest in evening dress, each armed with a fan, the sole occupant of a chair of state, and towering above the crowd on the shoulders of from four to eight men.

The chair, which is usually covered, is a most imposing affair, made somewhat on the plan of a pagoda, closed in by glass windows on three sides, shaded by blinds of bamboo matting; the door is a curtain of the same material, hiding the occupants from the gaze of the profane. At the risk of sacrificing Chinese etiquette, but gaining a breath of fresh (?) air, we left our curtained doors open, much to the edification of the crowd, who, in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the distinguished strangers, made us all feel much like a travelling menagerie. The whole route to the viceroy's yamun led through the most thickly populated and most fashionable quarter of the city of Canton.

On we went for over an hour, up one street, down another, through one mass of individuals, solidly packed in every available corner, as far as the eye could reach. You can imagine the most hideous nightmare, where thousands of the strangest of beings are gazing intently at you, a sea of eyes within a few feet of your face and extending on all sides far and near, one constant stare, noiseless and immovable. Not a sound could be heard but the cry or grunt of the chair coolies as they warned the line of stoppers ahead of uneven ground or sudden corners.

The streets through which we passed were almost narrow enough to touch the houses on both sides; the stores with all open fronts, a counter, leaving room for a door-way, cutting the interior off from the main street; the roofs overlapping their eaves like umbrellas, forming a protection from

the weather to the passers beneath; huge signs—great boards with hieroglyphics painted in red or black—hanging down in front of each habitation; lanterns and strange notices of all sorts, on paper of various colors, or on wood, swung in the middle of the street. Though we had bright sunshine when we started, the streets were darkened by their narrowness, now and then a hazy ray of sunshine appearing through a cross street. The scene was more like that of a theatre stage behind the scenes during a performance. It was estimated that at least one hundred thousand people witnessed the procession. The party was headed by a body of troops, the traffic in the streets had been stopped, and each crossing was kept clear by a line of soldiers, who, forming a bulwark, kept back the eager, surging crowd that pressed forward in all directions.

Such an orderly mass of human beings I never saw. Now and then a luckless individual, from the pressure that came from behind, would step beyond the line, but the strong lash of the policeman coming upon his bare back would remind him quite forcibly of his delinquency, and amid the titter of the crowd he would sneak to a place of more security. Onward we went, until the number of soldiers appeared to increase, and soon the narrow passage through which we were carried was lined on either side by troops. Have you ever seen a Chinese soldier? He is really worth carefully examining. The first thing that strikes you is the extraordinary combination of colors he wears,—orange, yellow, blue, red, and green seem strangely arrayed in contrast. A loose sack, with wide sleeves, fitting closely to the neck, stamped with some strange characters on the back and breast, which we all concluded were his name and regiment, with trousers to match in color, and a hat usually of red and yellow color, resembling an inverted soup-bowl.

Armed with a gun, which seems to be a cross between an old-fashioned blunderbuss and a cannon, and which predicts danger to both parties in case of explosion, he seems every inch a soldier, if muscle and determination of purpose count for anything in bloody warfare. These troops are Tartars, and such they look. On arriving at the Ti Ping gate, the General was saluted in Chinese fashion. At the gate of the viceroy's yamun a salute of twenty-one guns was given, and the party filed through two lines of Tartar troops, armed with rifles. These presented arms in English fashion as the word of command was given in English.

What a strange sight awaited us as we turned into the court-yard of the viceroy's yamun, after the smoke had cleared away with the echo of the last deafening gun! A line of four or five hundred soldiers, extending on either side in triangular shape, lined the way up to the steps of the yamun. A continuation up to where the viceroy waited was formed by as many mandarins in full court dress. Most of these troops were armed with spears, or swords, and shields. From a small house, built for the purpose, a Chinese band cracked and squeaked what I presume was Wagner's "Lohengrin," and amidst the noise of guns and the exquisite music we were all carried, in a state more dead than alive, up the stairs and deposited at the foot of Lin Kwan Yu, the Viceroy of Canton, who, with Chang Tsein, the Tartar general, came forward to "chin-chin" the General, and welcome him to Canton.

The viceroy led General Grant to a seat, and the officials distributed themselves among the foreigners, the whole party sitting in a semicircle, which extended nearly the width of the room. The chairs upon which we sat were massive ones of that beautiful black carved wood made in Canton, and by the side of each guest, on massive tea-poys

of black wood also, were the most delicate Chinese cups, containing tea the like of which is unknown across the great Pacific. But however tempting (without cream or sugar), it is only to be tasted at parting, according to Chinese etiquette. A pair of silver-mounted ivory chop-sticks are passed around, and a paper napkin, neatly folded, is placed beside each guest, and after a long pause the interpreter steps forward, and a spirited conversation upon the prognostications of the weather, the pleasures and discomforts of travelling, starts up between the viceroy, General Grant, and Mr. Borie. . . . The whole room, which is more like a throne, is finished in black wood, with a rich red carpet, and walls tapestried in silk of beautiful colors. Hanging down from the great rafters that are above us are long jet-black boards, with inscriptions in red, on which I read (with the aid of an intepreter, after I got home) the titles of the viceroy and those of his ancestors. Hanging near the same, and arranged with wonderful taste, alternated rows of lanterns, some made of carved black wood, with plates of carved, figured glass, others most beautifully painted and shaped like pagodas.

In the second room, separated by only a few pillars and some steps, stood all the mandarins of lower grade, numbering hundreds, with all their attendants, dressed in silks and satins, with their scarlet bowl-shaped hats, and topped by the colored button, the evidence of their rank, each with a fan. The high officials who sat in the row with us all wore the red buttons of their rank, had their servants behind them, their pipe-bearers, etc.

[The visitors were soon after led into a room in which was a table containing refreshments.]

A number of plates and open dishes placed in rows were tastefully filled with all sorts of confectionery, and looked

for all the world like Whitman's counter during Christmas week. Seats had been found for the exact number of guests, whose cards had been sent early in the morning. When all had settled down, the scene presented was a fine spectacle,—the naval and consular uniforms contrasting with the rich dresses of the Chinese, the throng of some three hundred servants and attendants forming an appropriate background.

The chop-sticks were abandoned as hopeless, and, I must confess, the dishes also after a few attempts; so after a short time most delicious tea was served, pipes and cigars brought in, each guest presented with his hat and fan, and the procession re-formed, the officials bidding good-by to their visitors, each one in turn, in the room in which we were previously received. The line of chairs was once more formed and the party returned by the same route, the guns firing, the soldiers presenting arms, the same seemingly petrified crowd, the constant stare of the thousands of little black eyes for three miles, and we reached our comfortable quarters after seeing one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable.

The morning after our visit to the viceroy,—and a most fatiguing day it had been, for the excitement of novelty is always tiring,—the day's programme had been put into action before many of the actors were ready to appear in it. I had seen somewhere in early youth a graphic illustration representing a venerable dame from Banbury Cross, whose display of agility under trying circumstances on horseback made an impression upon me which was easily renewed. Hearing a slight disturbance the morning in question, in the street fronting my room, I sought my window just in time to catch a view of the aforesaid dame, with skirts flying in the breeze, actively engaged in controlling a lively white China pony that plunged and kicked

and endeavored to throw its rider, which seemed to be no easy task. Could this be some venerable Chinese lady who, after her morning ride, was calling upon Mrs. Grant? Another, and then another, soon appeared; finally a procession on foot, then a chair, closely covered, carried by uniformed coolies. Upon inquiry I learned that it was the Tartar general, who came to return General Grant's call, and that the beings upon horses were his aides-de-camp, who alone have the privilege of riding.

The guard of honor of Tartar soldiers drew up in line facing the houses, and when their general reappeared the line re-formed and the aides galloped ahead. Soon after ten o'clock, the shouts of the crowd outside, a visible uneasiness among the guard that surrounded our quarters day and night, the beating of gongs and firing of salutes, announced to us that something of unusual importance was occurring. Mr. Young and the author stepped outside the gate, and, looking towards the east, saw the advancing procession. In front marched two fellows carrying enormous gongs, which they struck in unison at every step. Following them, in double file, were a large number of banner-carriers; the banners of wood, with various inscriptions, gave to the world the titles of the viceroy. Then came an armed guard, those in advance carrying before them huge shields, across which was held a sword, the very look of which, together with the arm that carried it, was calculated to awe the miserable bystander. The rest carried spears and flags, each company with a characteristic uniform of its own. The enormous red umbrella, the evidence of rank, immediately preceded the state chair, then another guard and the rabble followed. Solemn indeed was the reception, as the guard divided and the viceroy was carried up the path to where the general awaited him to conduct him and his aides-de-camp to the dining-

room, where sweetmeats and tea were awaiting. The dressing of these high mandarins is, of course, of the richest kind, consisting of a wide-sleeved sack, fitting without collar to the neck, and extending down almost to the knees, of a dark color and, of course, of the finest silk, underneath which is a skirt which reaches to the feet, of the same material, but lighter in shade.

On the centre of the back and directly in front is the embroidered bird, in red and white. Around the neck a string of coral beads. The hats are of the inverted soup-bowl variety, fringed with red silk, and directly on top the button of rank. The viceroy, who is about sixty-five years of age, wears a moustache which has long since lost its color, and his queue, no doubt once long and handsome, is mostly composed of plaited silk. But his dignity of manner, his extreme politeness, and his whole behavior stamp him as a man who has risen by merit, and who, like all rulers in China, knows what he is about. Clasping his hands before him, with a low bow, a ceremony that we all go through, one would little think that upon his will alone a million and a half of Chinamen hold their heads upon their shoulders! The weather subject having been carefully and thoroughly discussed, the teacups were emptied, the party rose, and the viceroy departed.

[The reception was concluded the same day with a dinner at the viceroy's.]

It was getting dusk when the party arrived at the viceroy's residence, and as the chairs were set down in the reception-hall, a crowd of servants were lighting up the yamun. The effect of the many thousand tiny lamps, interspersed with the larger and many-colored lanterns, the great vaulted roof, and the gorgeous dressing of the attendants, was like a scene from the "Arabian Nights." We

all went through the same kow-towing as before, each being presented in turn, and were finally ushered into the larger apartment, with the semicircular row of chairs, had a most refreshing cup of tea, were cooled off by the fan-bearer placed behind each chair, and were then marched in a slow, stately procession through several courts and corridors, crossed a garden, and entered the dining-hall, which was ablaze with many-colored lights.

[The dinner, a wearisomely elaborate one, consisted of *eighty-six* courses.]

At the outset of the dinner roasted peach-kernels and watermelon-seeds were served as an appetizer, and then followed every variety of sweetmeats, alternating with delicate squares of the fattest pork or the daintiest morsel of choice bird. After about a dozen courses, pipes and cigars were introduced, a whiff from the former being taken between each course, and then were passed over to an attendant.

The smaller courses being finished, a small soup-ladle was now handed to each guest, and a silver tureen, holding about a quart, was placed in the centre of each table. This contained the famous birds'-nest soup. Our Chinese hosts then dipped their ladles into the dish, and each one of us holding forward ours, was helped,—no plates, of course, being used. Having drank the contents of the ladle, it was again replenished. Birds'-nest soup tastes like the most delicate glue, flavored with garlic. Upon inquiry, I learned that the small dishful at our table cost about forty dollars. I must confess its taste was disappointing, to say nothing of the manner in which it was eaten.

Then came some soup of *sharks' fins*, served in the same way, and finally a dish which was said to be a great delicacy,—pigeon's eggs, which, if I was rightly informed, had

undergone the process of partial hatching! Certain it is, that to thoroughly relish a Chinese dinner you require previous training, and, in my opinion, thorough ignorance of the bill of fare. The dinner having occupied a long time, it was suggested that we should abandon the remaining *forty-six* courses; so, requesting our farewell cup of tea, and bidding farewell to our kind host, we took our places in our chairs and departed, nothing loath, I assure you, hoping that a good cigar and some fresh air might preserve the lives we had so endangered.

Although it was so late, almost reaching the midnight hour, a surprisingly large number of people still lined the streets, and many of the shops were still open. Far in the recesses of these habitations were men hard at work. Shoemakers, tailors, millers, weavers, and occasionally the bright light from a blast-furnace would assist the many lanterns of the shops, those hanging in the streets, or those carried by each chair coolie, making the scene like a view of the infernal regions.

It is rather a novel sight to see the streets of a Chinese city at night, particularly Canton, and I doubt whether many of my readers who have been in China have done so; for the regulations are strict in closing the city gates at dusk, and all the foreign population reside outside. At night the Chinaman seeks his pipe, surrounded by his friends or family, as we saw him, sitting by the light of a few tapers or lanterns in the best room, an offshoot from his store, or else, with a passion that nothing will ever eradicate, spends his day's earnings in opium and gambling. . . .

I have been much impressed with the Chinese as I saw them during this visit to Canton,—no street rows, no drunkenness, nothing even offensive meeting the eye during our whole sojourn. For industry and sobriety they cer-

tainly cannot be excelled. You cannot but respect such a people, and you blush for nations who pride themselves upon their superior civilization.

PEKING, AS SEEN FROM ITS WALLS.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

[The Chinese capital is abundantly provided with walls, enormous walls, walls within walls in fact, for Peking is composed of city within city, each of its several sections being densely walled in. We cannot do better than to take from Cumming's "Wanderings in China" some descriptive passages concerning this great city, both as seen from the walls and as experienced in the streets.]

To begin with, the Tartar city and Chinese city are totally distinct, the former being a great square city, and the latter forming a long oblong immediately to the south. Each city is enclosed by a mighty wall, but the south wall of the Tartar city forms the north wall of the Chinese city. The two together form twenty-five miles of this masonry for giants. The Tartar city has nine gates,—two to the north, two to the east, two to the west, three to the south. These three last consequently open into the Chinese city, which has seven gates of its own besides,—not gates such as we understand in Britain, but stupendous masses of masonry, like some fine old Border keep greatly magnified.

Within the Tartar city lies another great walled square. This is the Imperial city, in the heart of which (as a jewel in its setting) another great square district is enclosed, within very high pale-pink walls.

This inner space is the Forbidden City,—in other words,

the private space around the palace, wherein, guarded even from the reverential gaze of his people, dwells the Imperial Son of Heaven. To this palace the city owes its name, Pe-king (or, as the Chinese pronounce it, Pai-ching), meaning literally "North Palace," just as Nan-king was the southern palace.

Within these sacred precincts no foreigners have ever been allowed to set foot, though they may gaze from beyond a wide canal at the very ornamental archways, and the double and triple curved roofs of many buildings, rising above the masses of cool dark foliage. Every one of these archways and buildings is roofed with brilliant golden-yellow tiles of porcelain, which are positively dazzling in the sunlight. The tall buildings on the opposite side of the canal are similarly roofed, denoting that they, too, are specially Imperial property (yellow emphatically being the Imperial color, the use of which is prohibited to all save Buddhist priests). . . .

There is just one way by which to obtain quite an illusive impression of Peking, namely, by looking down on the city from its majestic walls. Then all the squalor, and dirt, and dust which are so painfully prominent at all other times seem to disappear, and, as if by magic, you find yourself overlooking rich bowers of greenery, tree-tops innumerable, from which here and there rise quaint ornamental roofs of temples, or mandarins' houses, with roofs of harmonious gray tiles, or of bright glazed porcelain which gleams in the sunlight. Then you realize how many cool pleasant homes wealthy citizens contrive to reserve in the midst of these dingy, gray, densely-crowded streets, of which you only catch a glimpse here and there, just enough to give a suggestion of life to the whole scene.

Such a glimpse I first obtained one morning at early dawn, ere the dust-clouds had begun to rise with the day's

busy traffic, and the peaceful beauty of the scene struck me the more forcibly from the contrast between the bird's-eye view and the reality when seen on the level. In truth, when standing on the south wall which divides the Tartar city from the Chinese, it is scarcely possible to realize that one is looking down on the dwellings of about one million three hundred thousand human beings. Of these, nine hundred thousand inhabit the Tartar city, which seen from the walls is apparently a beautiful park, richly wooded, and now clothed in its densest midsummer foliage. Only from certain points do you catch even a glimpse of a broad dusty street. And yet so effectually do high walls enclose these many shady gardens, that an enormous majority of the toiling multitude never see a tree, probably scarcely know that such exist,—as the people never dream of coming on to the walls, from which alone these are visible.

Looking over the wall on the other side into the Chinese city is certainly more suggestive of human beings, as there are fewer trees, for here the luxurious folk who dwell in palaces with shady courts are all Tartars, whereas the Chinese are the working bees, and their poor mud huts are densely packed all along the Grain-Tribute Canal, which here approaches from Tung-Chow, and is led quite round the square of the Tartar city, and almost quite round the Chinese city. Happily, from this height one does not discern the unutterable filth of its stagnant waters. But in the distance the houses again lose themselves in tree-tops, for we are looking towards the great parks of the Temples of Agriculture and of Heaven, and the lovely blue porcelain roofs of the latter are plainly visible.

Beyond these again, to the south of the city wall, stretches a vast enclosure called the Hai-tsz, or "Great Sea-like Plain," which is the Emperor's private hunting-grounds, enclosed by a high brick wall, forty miles in

circumference. Although emphatically a deer-forest, it can certainly not be accused of depopulating the country, as no less than sixteen hundred men are said to be employed in connection with this place. . . .

Now turning to the opposite direction, and looking into the Tartar city from this elevation of about fifty feet, the brilliant yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial Palace are most conspicuous and very beautiful, as they rise above the masses of dark-green foliage. A considerable number of ornamental buildings, all yellow-roofed and gleaming like burnished gold, are scattered in every direction through the Imperial pleasure-grounds, and with the aid of good opera-glasses one can distinguish details very fairly; but, of course, when winter has stripped the trees, the view must be far more distinct.

The green-tiled roofs of the British Embassy are also conspicuous, and some important gray roofs also tower above the trees, and far away on the horizon lie a range of distant hills on whose slopes nestle beautifully-situated temples and monasteries, some of which mercifully open their doors to foreigners, and allow them to rent summer quarters in a cooler region than this.

Of course, as you travel right round the walls, the view changes considerably, one lot of roofs giving place to another, so that you obtain a bird's-eye view of the situation of most of the points of interest in the city. It would, however, take a really good walker to go the whole round of the walls, as the Tartar city forms a square four miles in every direction, adjoining the Chinese city, which is an oblong, thirteen miles in circumference.

It does not, however, follow that there are twenty-nine miles of outer wall, as three miles and a half of the south Tartar wall does double duty. (Is it not a strange turning

of the tables to think how of old the Chinese built their Great Wall to shut out the Tartars, and now the Tartar city wall excludes the Chinese from their own capital?)

[The walls of Peking, it may be said, are eighty-eight feet in thickness at base, and fifty feet wide at top,—thirty feet on the west. Above their fifty feet of height rise many lofty watch-towers, and six-feet-high parapets run along the inner and outer edges. They are built of large gray bricks, twenty inches long by nine wide.]

Only when thus seen from above is the actual width of any main street of Peking visible. The street [one extending from the great gate-way] is really about ninety feet wide, and right down the centre runs a slightly raised causeway, which is the Imperial highway, all of which sounds as if it should be handsome, but this is by no means the fact. The houses on either side are mean-looking one-storied brick buildings, and though some have handsomely carved and much gilded wooden fronts, even these are so begrimed with the mud of many winters and the dust of many summers that they do little to enliven the general dreariness, unless you are close to them.

On the other hand, the great width of the street defeats its own object, for the people, nowise appreciating such magnificent distances, establish rows of locomotive shops and booths on each side of the central causeway, while another row of similarly temporary booths is erected facing the permanent shops. Consequently no one on the street ever sees more than one side of it at a time.

The true street has a moderately ornamental wooden frontage, and a close inspection shows some of the shops to be really highly decorated with very elaborate designs; but though, as I have said, these were once resplendent with gold and scarlet, they are now so dingy and dirty as scarcely to look out of keeping with the rag-fair opposite.

[The shops are entirely open to the street, glass windows being unknown luxuries. From their fronts project long poles or gilded dragons with sign-boards. The booths are usually a framework covered with mattings, and in them are sold a great variety of articles. In summer the Chinese wear a very meagre allowance of clothing, and every one, from the beggar upward, carries a fan.]

The central roadway is reserved for cart-traffic, which plies ceaselessly summer and winter on the paved road. This, being never repaired from one year's end to the other, is all in the same atrocious condition as the road from Tung-Chow, and all others, both within and without the city.

But occasionally it is announced that on a given day the Emperor will come forth from his seclusion and pass along certain streets. Then the whole of the extemporized shops disappear as if by magic. A squad of men are put on,—not really to repair the road, but just to shovel all the dust into the holes and ruts, till the whole is perfectly level, so as to allow of one procession passing over it without a jolt (and till it has passed, not a foot is permitted to tread the Imperial carriage-road). Then every shop along the street thus honored is closed, and all access from side streets is carefully barricaded. Sometimes even a high screen of yellow cloth is fastened on poles all along the road on each side, lest any rash subject should venture to look upon the "Son of Heaven," who is thus deprived of the interest of even seeing his own people in his own streets. . . .

Some of the street names are very nice. One near the Legation is "Happy Sparrow Street," for these ubiquitous birds hop about in Peking as cheerily as in London. There is also a "Monkey Street," near the Observatory, which is not so easily accounted for, as the monkey tribe do not haunt these parts. I am much struck by the Chinese expressions to describe a thoroughfare, or a *cul-de-sac*. The

former is said to be "a live street," the latter is "a dead street." One street is distinguished as the "Immeasurably Great Street," another is the "Stone Tiger Street." There are "Obedience Street," "Barbarian Street," and the noisiest and busiest of all, thronged with all manner of vociferous peddlers, is misnamed the "Street of Perpetual Repose." More to the point is the name of the Confucian Hall, which is well described as "The Hall of Intense Mental Exercise." From such glimpses as we outsiders can obtain of the shady secluded grounds of the Imperial Palace, there seems considerable fitness in naming it "The Tranquil Palace of Heaven;" while the Empress's house is "The Palace of Earth's Repose," and a certain white marble gate-way is known as "The Gate of Everlasting Peace." Another is "The Great Pure Gate," and a third is "The Gate of Steadfast Purity."

[We must revert to the story of Peking dust, "the curse of Peking."]

You will think I tell you enough and to spare concerning Peking dust,—but no wonder! Only be thankful you have not to inhale it by throat or nostril, to find your hair and clothes all powdered with it! For it is no ordinary dust to be classified as clean dirt! Very much the reverse, —it is the sun-dried pulverized filth of the whole city, which day by day, as the centuries roll on, becomes more and more unclean, and is never purified. It is not a nice subject to touch, but I cannot give an adequate idea of this capital of the North without just saying that, as there is no provision for household sewerage, the open streets are the receptacle for the most horrible filth, and scavengers go round the town with buckets on their shoulders, carrying small shovels with which to collect manure for their fields.

I do not mean to say that the city is without drainage.

On the contrary, there is a very elaborate and complete system of underground drains, built of large bricks, and covered with large stone slabs. These are opened and cleared every spring, after the winter frosts break up, and before the violent summer rains are due, otherwise the city would be flooded, and when once they are opened, they are allowed to remain so for weeks, forming a very unnecessary addition to the dangers of locomotion in the streets.

[The municipal street-watering is on a very limited scale, and though each householder waters the street before his own door at sunset, yet, as pure water is scarce, he uses for this purpose the house slops, or water from sewers, drains, or pools, without regard to the foul odors with which the air is thereby filled.]

Talk of eating a peck of dirt! those luckless Europeans whose lot is cast in Peking must get a good deal more than their share, for, happily, never have I seen any other city whose filth and foul smells equalled those of this great capital.

The miracle is to see how these people thrive on the poisonous atmosphere which they must forever inhale, and which makes us positively sick. In the narrowest, most crowded streets, where the air is most pestilential, these people look just as fat and healthy as in the open country, even where there are foul open drains under their windows. They are at least spared the danger of subtle drain poisons, for their ugly Giant Stink stalks unrebuked in open day. And yet, though these people have been inured to this condition of things since the hour of their birth, and therefore do not appear conscious of it, there is no doubt that the prevalence of sore eyes and disgusting skin-diseases, to say nothing of small-pox and typhoid epidemics, must be greatly due to the general dirt and all the foul smells which pervade every corner.

Of course the dirt which is so apparent in the streets reigns rampant in the houses, the habits of the people being intrinsically unclean. At meals they throw their bones and scraps of food on the floor, and spill grease, but never dream of sweeping out the room, except perhaps just the middle, while the accumulated filth finds safe quarters in the corners and under the furniture. Even in the houses of the rich, the annual cleaning is limited to rubbing up dingy furniture and pasting clean paper over dirty windows. Then all through the long winter personal washing is limited to rubbing the face and neck with a flannel wrung out in hot water, but as to clothes, they are never changed day or night. A succession of thick wadded garments are heaped on one above the other as the weather grows colder, and they are cast off one by one with the return of spring. . . .

Noise and din and incessant chatter are marked features of all street life here,—every one volunteers his opinion as to whatever business his neighbor has on hand, and the voices of the crowd are neither sweet, gentle, nor low. Very much the contrary, especially when, as is usually the case, their loud, shrill wrangling has reference to some infinitesimal sum of money; for here, just as in India, a squabble over a few farthings seems a source of positive enjoyment.

Then there is the incessant din of street cries, while, as a deep base to these, comes the grunting chorus of the coolies who, in the middle road, are urging on their heavily-laden carts, and the lighter rattle of a never-ceasing stream of the terrible springless carts which take the place of cabs and carriages for great mandarins as for humbler folk; the very highest nobles, however, prefer the slower dignity of sedan-chairs. Riders on mules and donkeys go jingling along to the music of their own bells. Clearer and most

melodious is the tinkling of the square bells which hang from the neck of the last camel in those long files which now and then move slowly up the street, with soft, silent tread and gliding movement. Some are laden with tea, others bring fuel to the city,—a compound of clay and coal-dust made up into balls, which, being burnt in common portable stoves made of clay, iron, or brass, give out much heat.

But strange to say, though there are vast seams of coal in the mountains within fifty miles of Peking, it is so expensive here, on account of the carriage on camel- or donkey-back, that it is almost cheaper to burn coal brought from England, Australia, or Japan.

As we slowly made our way along the crowded street we noticed various amusing incidents. At one place we passed some mountebanks whose buffoonery called forth loud laughter; at another, a denser crowd tempted us to press forward to see the object of special interest, and lo! it was a Chinese "Punch and Judy," of much the same character as our own. From one street-hawker I bought a number of fans for some incredibly small sum, not for their beauty, but for their oddity, some having printed maps of Peking, to me incomprehensible, and others most intricate illustrations of ancient Tartar history, without any color,—simply designs.

But at this hour [the evening] the open-air cook-shops plied the busiest trade. Some are shaded by huge umbrellas, beneath which are spread the dressed dishes, to which a thick sprinkling of dust does duty in lieu of pepper. There are street ovens wherein all manner of pies are baked,—strange compounds of unknown animal and vegetable substances, which nevertheless really smell rather inviting; at least, they would do so were it not for the ever-present, all-pervading fumes of tobacco and opium,—

the one coarse, the other faint and sickly. These, mingling with all the other smells, do not produce an appetizing atmosphere.

Bean pudding in a crust of mashed potatoes, fried in oil, seemed to be in great demand, as also little pies of vegetables, and nicely boiled sweet potatoes. We watched the owner of a portable oven dispensing these to a hungry circle, on receipt of some absurdly small coin, while many other men supplied them with hot tea. Various preparations of Indian corn flour were also in favor, especially when baked in the form of tarts, with a little dab of treacle; there was also an enormous consumption of cakes of ground millet, and of flour cakes sprinkled with scorched sesamum seed. Instead of the invariable rice of the Southern Provinces, wheat-flour and maize are largely used,—also sorghum, a grain which grows to a height of ten feet. As to what we understand by bread, it does not exist, the substitute being heavy dumplings of flour, which are steamed instead of being baked. They are not bad, however, when toasted.

But the favorite food here is a cake made of bean curd. Common small beans are ground between two granite millstones like a hand quern. As the upper stone is turned water is poured on, and a creamy, white fluid oozes out, which flows into a tub, and is boiled with salt. The froth is skimmed off, and the curd is tied up in a cloth, put under pressure, and so formed into square cakes, which really taste rather like our own curds. . . . There is also an immense consumption of macaroni. . . . This is eaten hot with chillies, and you see men swallowing yards of it, very much like the Neapolitan beggars, except that they use chop-sticks instead of fingers.

THE LAMA FEAST OF FLOWERS.

EVARISTE RÉGIS HUC.

[Abbé Huc, on his journey from Tartary to Tibet, paused for a time on his way at the Lamaserai, or Lama settlement, of Kounboum, one of the most renowned centres of Tartar Buddhism. While there the curious and interesting Feast of Flowers took place, a festival so unique in character that we cannot resist the temptation to describe it.]

THE situation of the Lamaserai of Kounboum is enchanting. Imagine a mountain intersected by a broad, deep ravine, whence spring up large trees, filled with a numerous population of ravens, magpies, and yellow-beaked crows. On either side the ravine, and up the sides of the mountain, rise, in amphitheatrical form, the white dwellings of the Lamas, each with its little terrace and wall of enclosure, adorned only by cleanliness, while here and there tower far above them the Buddhist temples, with their gilt roofs glittering with a thousand colors, and surrounded by elegant peristyles. The houses of the superiors are distinguished by pennants, floating above small hexagonal turrets, and on all sides the eye is struck by mystical sentences, in the Thibetan character, in red and black, on the doors, on the walls, and the stones, on pieces of linen fixed, like flags, on masts reared above the houses.

Almost at every step you meet with conical niches, in which incense and odoriferous wood are burning; and through the streets of the Lamaserai circulates the population of Lamas, in their red and yellow dresses, grave in their deportment, and, although under no obligation to silence, speaking little, and that little in a low voice. It is only, however, at the commencement and the close of the public prayers and the schools that many of them are to

be met in the streets, for during the rest of the day they generally keep their cells, unless when they are seen descending, by winding paths, to the bottom of the ravine to fetch water.

This Lamascrai enjoys such a great reputation, that the worshippers of Buddha make pilgrimages to it from all parts of Tartary and Thibet, and at the festival the confluence of strangers is immense. There are four grand fêtes in the year, but the most famous is that which occurs on the fifteenth day of the first moon, and which is called the Feast of Flowers. It was the sixth of the first moon when we took up our abode at Kounboum, and already numerous caravans of pilgrims were arriving by all the roads leading to it, and every one was talking of the fête. The flowers this year, it was said, would be enchanting; the council of the Fine Arts had examined them, and declared them superior to all that had been seen in preceding years. Of course we were very eager for information concerning these marvellous productions and a festival so unknown to us, and we were greatly surprised at the details communicated to us.

The *Flowers* of the fifteenth of the first month consist of certain representations, secular and religious, in which all Asiatic nations appear in their appropriate costume, and in which the characters, dresses, landscapes, and decorations are all made out of *fresh butter!* Three months are employed in preparation for this singular spectacle. Twenty Lamas, chosen from among the first artists that can be found, are employed all day in working at the butter, plunging their hands continually in water, lest the heat of their fingers should injure the work; and as this is during the most rigorous cold of winter, they have much to suffer.

They begin by mixing and kneading the butter well in water, to make it firm; and when the material has been

sufficiently prepared, every one devotes himself to the part which has been confided to him. All work is under the direction of a chief, who has furnished the design for the flowers of the year, and who presides over its execution. When the modellers have finished their work, they give it over to another company of artists, who undertake the coloring, but still under the direction of the same chief.

On the evening before the fête the concourse of strangers was immense. Kounboum was no longer the calm and silent retreat, where all breathed the gravity and earnestness of a religious life,—but a worldly city, full of tumult and agitation. In all quarters we heard the piercing cries of camels and the lowing of the long-haired oxen, which had brought the pilgrims. On the higher parts of the mountain rose numerous tents, where were encamped those who had not been able to find a lodging in the houses of the Lamas, and during the whole of the fourteenth an immense number of pilgrims were engaged in performing a pilgrimage round the Lamaserai, in which the pilgrim is required to prostrate himself at every step!

Among these zealous Buddhists were a great number of Mongol Tartars, who came from a great distance, and who were remarkable for their heavy, stupid look, as well as for the scrupulous accomplishment of the ordinances of this kind of devotion. The long-haired ones were there also, not looking at all more engaging than at Tang-Keou-Eul, walking proudly as usual, and with the right arm bare, their long swords and guns slung in their belts. The most numerous of all, however, were the *Si-Fan*, whose faces expressed neither the rudeness of the long-haired nor the simple good faith of the Tartars, but they performed their pilgrimage with a sort of nonchalance, as if they would say, "We understand all that sort of thing; we belong to the parish."

Among the crowd of pilgrims we were surprised to find some Chinese, with chaplets in their hands, making all the customary prostrations. They were, as Sandara the Bearded informed us, dealers in khatas, who did not believe in Buddha, but who performed all these ceremonies to get custom and sell their wares better. Whether this were truth or calumny we had no means of ascertaining; but, as far as we knew, it perfectly harmonized with the Chinese character. On the fifteenth the pilgrims making the tour of the Lamaserai were not so numerous as on the preceding days, for curiosity carried most of them in the direction where the preparations for the feast of flowers were going on. In the evening we all went out, leaving nobody but old Akayé to keep house for us. The *flowers* were placed in the open air before the Buddhist temples, on light scaffoldings of various designs, interspersed with innumerable vases of red and yellow copper, and the whole most beautifully and tastefully illuminated.

The flowers really astonished us; we should never have imagined that in the midst of these deserts, and among a half-civilized people, there could have been found artists of such merit. They were bas-reliefs, in colossal proportions, representing various subjects taken from the history of Buddhism. The figures were animated, the attitudes natural, the costumes easy and graceful, and at the first glance you could distinguish the kind and quality of texture meant to be represented. The furs, especially, were admirable. The skins of the sheep, tiger, wolf, and other animals were so well executed that one was tempted to touch them with the hand, to assure one's self that they were not real.

In all the reliefs it was easy to recognize Buddha, for his noble and majestic face belonged quite to the Caucasian type, and this agrees with the Buddhist tradi-

tions, which always point to the sky of the west as his place of birth. The complexion was fair, and delicately tinged with red, the eyes and nose large, the hair long, waving, and soft to the touch. The other personages showed the Mongol type, with the various Thibetan-Chinese and Tartar varieties, all clearly distinguishable. We saw also some heads of Hindoos and negroes, all equally well represented, and the latter especially greatly exciting the curiosity of the spectators. These grand reliefs were framed in by decorations with animals, birds, and flowers, all, of course, in butter, and exquisite in their form and color.

In the street leading from one temple to another we found at intervals reliefs in miniature, representing battles, hunts, scenes of nomadic life, and views of the principal Lamaserais of Thibet and Tartary. The work which excited most enthusiasm among the spectators, though we could not ourselves feel much inspired by it, was a sort of puppet theatre, erected before the principal temple, and in which the *dramatis personæ*, scenery, and decorations were all of butter. The whole performance consisted of two processions of Lamas, coming out of two little doors, remaining for a few moments on the stage, and then going back again.

As we did not find this very interesting, we soon went away to examine some groups of devils, as grotesque mostly as those of Callot; and while we were so engaged we suddenly heard a great burst of trumpets and marine shells. The Grand Lama, we were told, was just issuing from his sanctuary, to visit the flowers. We asked nothing better, for we had a great curiosity to see him, and he soon reached the spot where we were standing. This living Buddha was about forty years of age, of ordinary figure, commonplace physiognomy, and swarthy complexion; and

if he noticed the fine face of the first Buddha, as here represented, he must certainly have thought he had strangely degenerated from his original type.

He was on foot, surrounded by the principal dignitaries of the Lamaserai, and preceded by a crowd of Lamas, who cleared the way for him with great whips. If we were but little struck with the person of the Grand Lama, we were much so with his dress, which was precisely that of a bishop, for he had on his head a yellow mitre, a long staff in the form of a crozier in his right hand, and on his shoulders a mantle of violet-colored taffeta, fastened in front with a clasp, and exactly resembling a cope. We had, indeed, subsequently often occasion to remark the analogies between the Catholic and Buddhist costume and ceremonial.

The spectators appeared to pay but little attention to their living Buddha, being much more occupied with the Buddhas in fresh butter, which were certainly much prettier. The only ones who showed any signs of devotion were the Tartars, who joined their hands and bowed their heads in token of respect, and even seemed afflicted that the crowd in the streets prevented their prostrating themselves.

The Grand Lama, after he had completed his tour, returned to his sanctuary; and this was the signal for the people abandoning themselves to the wildest transports of joy. They sang till they were fairly out of breath; they danced; they pushed each other about; they tumbled head over heels, and shouted till one might have thought they had all gone crazy. As, in the midst of this disorder, it would have been easy for the butter decorations to have been destroyed, the Lamas were armed with lighted torches to keep off the mob, which was roaring around them like a tempestuous sea.

We returned home at a late hour, and by sunrise there was no longer a trace of the grand Feast of Flowers. All had disappeared;—the bas-reliefs had been demolished, and the enormous quantity of butter thrown down into the ravine, to serve as food for the crows. These grand works that had cost so much time, so much labor, and one may say so much genius, had served but for the spectacle of a single night. With the flowers the pilgrims also had disappeared. We saw them in the morning, slowly climbing the sides of the mountain, to return each to his own wild country. They walked in silence, with their heads cast down; for the mind of man can, in this world, support so little joy, that the day after a gay festival is commonly one of bitterness and melancholy.

A CAPTIVE IN JAPAN.

WASSILI GOLOWNIN.

[In 1803 a Russian vessel attacked and destroyed several villages in the Japanese Kurile Islands, in revenge for a refusal of the Japanese to permit a landing. In 1811 this unwarranted assault was bitterly repaid upon Captain Wassili Golownin, of the Russian sloop-of-war "Diana," who had been sent to survey the southern Kurile Islands. The Japanese were found to be very distrustful of this expedition, and the captain with some of his officers landed with the purpose of meeting the Japanese officials, and convincing them of the peaceful character of his intentions. The consequence was that he and his officers and men were taken prisoners, and plunged into a cruel captivity that continued for more than two years. We extract some passages from Captain Golownin's interesting narrative.]

We ran to our landing-place; but on arriving there, perceived with dismay that the tide had ebbed above five

fathoms, and left the strand quite dry. As the Japanese saw that it was impossible for us to get the boat afloat, and had previously assured themselves that it contained no arms, they gained confidence, advanced upon us with drawn sabres, which they held in both hands, muskets and spears, and surrounded us. I cast a look upon the boat, and said to myself, "It must be so,—our last refuge is lost, —our fate is inevitable." I surrendered. The Japanese seized me by the arms, and conducted me to the castle, into which my companions were also conveyed.

We were conducted to the same tent in which we had held the conference, but neither of the commanders with whom we had communicated was now there. The first thing done was to tie our hands behind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore. Here we were all, except Makaroff,—whom we had not seen since our separation,—placed on our knees, and bound in the cruellest manner, with cords about the thickness of a finger; and as though this were not enough, another binding with smaller cords followed, which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work; and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There were the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, in the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together; from these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which on the slightest attempt to escape required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact, with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about

the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places, above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took everything, and then proceeded very tranquilly to smoke tobacco.

[After an hour they were led into the country, the cords being removed from their ankles. Golownin continues:]

I was so tightly bound, particularly about the neck, that before we had travelled six or seven versts, I could scarcely breathe. My companions told me that my face was swollen and discolored. I was almost blind, and could not speak without the greatest difficulty. We made signs to the Japanese, and requested them, through the interpretation of Alexei, to loosen the cord a little, but the cannonade [from the ship and fort] so frightened them that they paid no attention to our remonstrances; they only urged us to move faster, and kept constantly looking behind them.

Life now appeared a heavy burden to me, and I resolved, in case we should pass a river, to make a sudden spring into the water, and thus terminate a painful existence. I soon saw, however, that it would not be easy to execute this purpose, as the Japanese always held us fast by the arms when we had occasion to cross even a little brook. I fell at length senseless upon the ground. When I recovered, I found some persons sprinkling me with water, and the blood flowing from my mouth and nose. My companions, Moor and Chlebnikoff, were in deep distress, and imploring some persons to loosen the cords with which I was bound. They at last, with the greatest difficulty, pre-

vailed upon them to comply. I then found myself much eased, and was soon able to make an effort to proceed.

After a journey of about ten versts we arrived at a small village, situated on the straits which divide the island of Kunashier from Matsmai. We were conducted into a house, where boiled rice was offered us, but we felt no desire to partake of food of any kind. On our declining to eat, we were taken into another apartment, in which we were laid down close to the walls, so as not to touch each other. The ropes by which we had been led were attached to iron hooks, driven into the wall for that purpose. Our boots were pulled off, and our legs tied as before in two places. Having secured us in this way, our guards sat down in the middle of the room round a chafing-dish, and drank tea and smoked. Any man might have slept tranquilly beside lions, bound as fast as we were, but it would seem that our guards did not think themselves secure. The cords with which we were tied were inspected every quarter of an hour.

At the approach of twilight our guards began to bestir themselves, and seemed to be preparing for a journey. About midnight a broad plank was brought in, to the four corners of which ropes were attached. These ropes were fastened at the top, and swung across a pole, the ends of which were laid on men's shoulders; and thus the whole was suspended. I was placed upon this plank, and immediately borne away. We now concluded that we were to be separated forever, and that we could entertain no hope of seeing each other again. Our farewell was like the parting of friends at the hour of death.

The sailors wept aloud as they bade me adieu, and my heart was wrung on leaving them. I was conveyed to the sea-side, and placed in a large boat, with a mat beneath me. In a few moments, Mr. Moor was likewise brought

to the shore in the same way as I had been, and was placed in the boat beside me. This was indeed an unexpected happiness. I was so overjoyed that for a few minutes I experienced a diminution of my torments. Moor was soon followed by Mr. Chlebnikoff, and the sailors, Simanoff and Wassiljeff; the rest were placed in another boat. A soldier under arms was placed between each of us. We were then covered over with mats, and the boats were rowed from the shore.

[The journey of the prisoners lasted four weeks, partly by water, but principally by land, the same minute caution being observed, seemingly to prevent them committing suicide. The people of the country, however, seemed to view them with pity, and offered such consolation as was in their power. At the end of this period they reached the city of Hakodadi, before whose gates crowds gathered to see them.]

We at length entered the city, where the concourse of people was so immense that our guards had great difficulty in clearing a passage for us. Having proceeded a distance of half a verst along a narrow street, we turned down a cross-street on our left, which led us into the open fields. [Here they beheld their future prison,] a large, dark building resembling a barn, within which were apartments formed of strong, thick spars of wood, which, but for the difference of size, looked exactly like bird-cages.

I was led into a passage or lobby of the building, where my boots were drawn off, and the ropes with which I was bound removed. I was then directed to enter a small apartment, which was divided from the passage by wooden palisades. I now looked around me in quest of Mr. Moor and Schkajeff; but how great was my dismay to find that I could neither see nor hear them! The Japanese, without saying a word, closed the door of my apartment, and quitted the lobby, the door of which they likewise closed

SUWA TEMPLE, NAGASAKI, JAPAN

after them. I was now alone. The thought of being separated from my companions, and probably forever, completely overpowered me, and, in a paroxysm of despair, I threw myself upon the ground.

I remained for some time in a state of insensibility. At length, raising my eyes, I observed at the window a man, who beckoned me to approach him. I complied with his wish; and extending his hand through the railing, he presented me with two little sweet cakes, at the same time entreating me, by signs, to eat them quickly, as a punishment awaited him if he should be observed. At that moment I loathed the very sight of food; but I made an effort to eat the cakes, lest refusal might give offence to my kind visitor. His countenance now brightened up, and he left the window, with a promise to bring me more at a future time. I thanked him as well as I was able, and was greatly astonished that this man (who from his dress apparently belonged to the very lowest class) should be so far actuated by benevolence as to hazard his own safety for the sake of conveying comfort to an unfortunate stranger.

My guards now brought me some food; but I felt not the least inclination to partake of it, and sent it all away. In this state I remained until evening. I sometimes threw myself on the floor, or upon a bench, and occasionally walked about the apartment, meditating upon the means of effecting my escape. I attentively inspected the construction of my cage. It was six feet in length and breadth, and about eight feet in height. It was divided from the lobby by wooden palisades of tolerable thickness, and the door was fastened by a lock. On one side, near the door, was a small recess fitted up as a water-closet. There were two windows, both secured externally by strong wooden gratings, and in the inside furnished with paper screens, which I could open or shut at pleasure. One

window faced the wall of a building about two feet distant from that in which I was confined, and the other looked to the southern side of the fence which surrounded our prison. From this window I had a view of the neighboring hills and fields, part of the straits of Sangar, and the opposite coast. In the interior of the chamber stood a wooden bench, which, however, was so small that I could not stretch myself upon it, and three or four mats lay in one corner of the floor. The place contained no other furniture.

[After a few days he was given a sailor as companion, and in time his chest of clothing, and the effects of the others, were brought, having been sent ashore from the ship. Gradually the severity of the imprisonment was somewhat relaxed, and after a month or two they were removed to the city of Matsmai, where they were again immured in a cage-like prison. They were better treated, however, and every day for a month were taken before the *bunyo*, or governor, and questioned for hours in succession.]

The number of questions which the bunyo asked was incalculable. If he put an interrogatory concerning any circumstance connected with our case, he asked fifty which were unimportant, and many which were ludicrous. This so puzzled and tormented us that we sometimes made very irritable replies. On one occasion, we stated plainly that we had rather they should put an end to our existence at once than torture us in the way they did. When we were captured I had about me ten or twelve keys belonging to my desk and drawers and to boxes containing the astronomical instruments used on board the ship. The bunyo wished to be informed of the contents of every drawer and every box. When I pointed to my shirt, and told him that my drawers contained such things as those, he asked me how many I had. I replied that I did not know; and that it was my servant's business to keep that reckoning. Upon

this he immediately inquired how many servants I had, and what were their names and ages. I lost all patience, and asked why I was teased with such questions, and what use there could be in answering them since my property was not with me. The governor then, with great mildness, observed that he hoped we were not offended by his curiosity; that he did not intend to force any answers from us, but merely questioned us like a friend. . . .

We had to make ourselves understood to them by means of the half-wild Kurile, who knew scarcely anything of the subjects on which we conversed, and who was acquainted with no words in the Kurile language to express many of the terms which we made use of. The Japanese interrogated us without any kind of regularity, and often jumped from one subject to another. The following is a specimen of one of our examinations:

What kind of dress does the Emperor of Russia wear? What does he wear on his head? What kind of birds are found in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg? How many times do the Russians go to church in one day? What would be the price in Russia of the clothes we were then wearing? How many pieces of cannon are planted around the imperial palace? What wool is made use of in Russia for manufacturing cloth? What quadrupeds, birds, and fish are eaten in Russia? In what manner do the Russians eat? What sort of dresses do the ladies wear? What kind of horses does the Emperor usually ride? [And a host of similar questions.]

But they vexed us most of all by their inquiries respecting barracks. I have already observed that in Hakodadi they insisted on knowing how many men were under our command, according to our rank, when we were ashore. This question was again repeated, together with a request to know where the sailors lived in St. Petersburg. In

barracks, we replied. They then requested Mr. Moor to sketch, from the best of his recollection, a plan of St. Petersburg, and to point out in what part of the town the sailors' barracks were. This demand was no sooner complied with than they made inquiries respecting the length, breadth, and height of the barracks; the number of their gates, windows, and doors; into how many stories they were divided; in what part of the building the sailors lived; how they employed their time; how many men were employed to guard the barracks, etc.

But this was not all: they questioned us about the military barracks; asked how many buildings of that kind there were in St. Petersburg, in what part of the town they were situated, and what number of men they contained. We thought it best to plead ignorance of most of these matters; but this did not exempt us from the continuance of these interrogatories. We were asked in what part of the city our dwellings were situated, how far they were from the palace, and requested to point out the spot on the sketch which Mr. Moor had drawn. At length they wished to know how large our houses were, and how many servants we kept. I frequently thought that the Japanese took a pleasure thus to torment us; for to reply to all the questions which their insatiable curiosity induced them to put to us was a positive martyrdom. We sometimes absolutely refused to answer them, and told them they might, if they pleased, put us to death. The bunyo then would endeavor to soothe us by expressions of regard, and by making inquiries respecting matters relative to our imprisonment, but he would soon resume his trifling. We avoided by every possible manœuvre giving any opportunity for unnecessary questions; we returned short replies, and sometimes only half an answer. But every word brought with it a train of interrogatories.

[Shortly after this the strictness of the prison discipline was relaxed, and the captives were much better treated. They continued imprisoned during the winter, but in the following April were removed from prison and taken to a house expressly prepared for them. Here they received much better food, and were given the privilege of out-door exercise. Their purpose of escape, however, had not been given up.]

In one of our walks in the outskirts of the city we found a piece of steel, which one of the sailors picked up, under pretence of drawing up his boot, and slipped it into his pocket; we likewise found means to provide ourselves with some flints unperceived by our attendants. The fragments of an old shirt, which we threw upon the fire as if by accident, served us for tinder; we besides daily increased our store of provisions by secreting a portion of our allowances. We did not neglect defensive precautions. Having had the good fortune to find among the grass in our yard a large chisel, which had probably been left by the carpenters who repaired the house, we carefully hid it, and resolved on the first favorable opportunity to fasten it to a long pole, so that it might serve as a pike. To a similar service we destined a spade, which had also been left by accident in our yard, and which we appropriated. The proverb, that necessity is the mother of invention, was in our case fully verified, for Mr. Chlebnikoff actually managed to make a compass. We requested our attendants to let us have two needles for mending our clothes, and afterwards pretended that we had lost them. The Japanese sometimes fasten together the beams of their houses with copper; this had been done in our house, although the copper was very rusty. Mr. Chlebnikoff cleaned a piece of this copper, in the middle of which he bored a hole, so that a needle might be placed upon it. By frequently rubbing this needle on a stone, which he selected for the purpose, he succeeded in

magnetizing it, and finally gave it such a degree of polarity that it pointed with tolerable accuracy to the north. The case was composed of a few sheets of paper, pasted together with rice.

[On the 23d of April, 1812, they returned to their house from a walk, and threw themselves on their beds, as if much fatigued.]

During the twilight the sailors entered the kitchen, and carried off two knives, without being perceived. About half an hour before midnight, Simanoff and Schkajeff stole into the yard, and concealed themselves under the steps. When twelve o'clock struck, and the Sangar soldiers had gone their rounds, they began to make a hole under the fence, through which we all (Mr. Moor and Alexei excepted) crept, one after another. I stumbled in going out, slipped down, and struck my knee against a stake which was sunk into the ground close to the gap. The blow was extremely violent, but the pain soon diminished. We found ourselves on a very narrow path between the fence and the hollow, and with great difficulty we succeeded in gaining the high-road. With hasty steps we then passed between the trees, crossed the mound and the cemetery, and, in about half an hour, reached the foot of the first hill which we had to ascend.

Proceeding in our hazardous enterprise, we began, at the distance of about five versts from the shore, to climb the hills, and we endeavored, wherever it was possible, to direct our course northward. The stars served to guide us. While we were ascending the first hill, I felt a very violent pain in my knee, which in a short time swelled prodigiously. When we proceeded along level ground I could, with the aid of a stick, walk without much difficulty; but I experienced severe pain either in ascending or descending, as I was then obliged to tread heavily with the leg

which had been hurt. Being thus unable to make an equal use of both feet, I was quickly overcome with fatigue. My companions were, therefore, under the necessity of stopping every half-hour, to enable me to recover myself and ease my knee by resting.

Our object was to reach, before daybreak, some hills, across which a thick forest extended, so as to conceal us from the observation of the enemy; for we now had reason to regard the Japanese in that character. During our walks in the vicinity of the town, this forest appeared to us to be at no very considerable distance, but we soon found how greatly we had mistaken its situation. We could trace no foot-path leading to it, and we therefore advanced to it in as straight a direction as we could. Owing to the darkness of the night, we could see no farther than a few paces around us, and we sometimes found ourselves unexpectedly at the foot of a steep precipice, which it was impossible to climb. We had then to search for a more practicable road; which, when found, we continued to ascend until new obstacles presented themselves.

[They finally discovered a road that led directly to the forest, and had almost reached it, when they found they were pursued on horseback with lanterns. They took shelter in a deep hollow beside the road, and there crept into an aperture in the rock. The sun rose, the day passed, night came again, and they resumed their journey, though Captain Golownin's knee was exceedingly painful. They continued their course during the following day, on which the captain had a perilous adventure.]

Having ascended to a considerable height, we suddenly found ourselves at the foot of a steep rock, which we could not climb without the greatest difficulty and danger. I had nearly reached the top of the rock, when I found myself under the necessity of loosening my hold of the girdle of Makaroff, who otherwise, overburdened as he was, would

not have been able to gain the summit. I therefore placed the toes of my sound foot firmly against a stone, and throwing my right arm round a young tree, which was so much bent down that it inclined almost horizontally, I resolved to wait until Makaroff should reach the top, and be able to release me from my perilous situation. But powerful and vigorous as Makaroff was, his great exertions had so overcome him, that he no sooner reached the summit than he fell to the ground in almost a lifeless state. At this moment the stone against which I rested my foot detached itself, and rolled to the bottom of a deep hollow which the rock overhung. I was thus left hanging by one hand, without the possibility of obtaining any other support, owing to the excessive smoothness of the rock.

The rest of the sailors were at no great distance, but fatigue rendered them unable to afford me any assistance. Makaroff still lay stretched upon the ground, and Mr. Chlebnikoff was laboring to climb the rock at another point. Having remained in this dreadful position for several minutes, my hand began to smart severely, and I was on the point of ending my sufferings by precipitating myself more than a hundred fathoms beneath me, when Makaroff, suddenly recovering, beheld my situation, and hastened to my assistance. Resting his foot upon a stone which projected from the rock under my breast, he with one hand grasped a branch of the tree. With my hand that was free I then seized his girdle, and by a great effort on his part I was drawn to the top of the rock. We were no sooner both safe than Makaroff again fell down in a state of insensibility.

[They continued to proceed thus for several days, descending to the sea-shore at night, in search of food and a boat, and returning to the hills before day. On the 1st of May, after a week of freedom, they were recaptured and taken back to prison. Meanwhile, the Russians

were making every effort to procure their release, and on the 6th of September they received a letter from Lieutenant Rikord, of the "Diana," which was accompanied with an application to the Japanese government for their release. This effort failed, however, and more than a year passed before the strenuous efforts of their friends were successful. It was not till the 6th of October, 1813, that they were taken before the bunyo, and informed that they were free. They were received on board the "Diana" with enthusiastic joy, and sailed from Hakodadi October 10. Captain Golownin reached St. Petersburg finally on July 14, 1814, after an absence of seven years.]

AMONG STRANGE SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

AIMÉ HUMBERT.

[M. Aimé Humbert, who, in 1862, shortly after the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse, was sent to Yedo by the Republic of Switzerland, as envoy extraordinary to make a treaty of commerce with Japan, published in 1870 a richly illustrated work descriptive of his observations during several years' residence, and of the laws, manners, and customs of the Japanese. He took up his residence at first in Yokohama, where he had as valet a bright little Japanese boy named Tô.]

IT was from Tô that I took my first Japanese lesson. He gave me the key to conversation in three words, and the philosophical character of the method he employed will at once be appreciated. The operations of the mind resolve themselves into three forms,—doubt, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one knows how to express these three operations, the rest is only a matter of the vocabulary,—a charging of the memory with a certain number of the usual words. Thus we will commence with doubt, and say in Japanese *Arimaska?* which signifies, "Is there?" Then we pass to negation, *Arimasi*, "There is not," and

finish with *Arimas*, "There is." After that, the vocabulary will furnish us with the words which we most need, as *Nipon*, Japan, Japanese; *chi*, fire; *cha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *mizu*, water, etc. Add a little mimicry, and we shall be able to comprehend many things without the aid of an interpreter. Thus coming home after a long ride, I order Tô to bring me tea: "*Cha arimaska?*" He answers, "*Arimas*," and soon the refreshing beverage is on my table. By the same process, I tell him to put the water on the fire, or in the tea, to call the betto and have the horse saddled, etc. . . .

Little by little neighborly relations were established between our residence and the quarter of the *yakounins* (guards). In Japan, as elsewhere, little presents create friendly feelings. Some packages of white sugar and Java coffee, sent to those families where we learned that there were recent births, or invalids, were gratefully received.

One day, when I was entirely alone, between four and five in the afternoon, the porter announced to me the arrival of a deputation of native ladies, and asked whether they should be received. These ladies had received from their husbands permission to return their thanks for the presents, but they also wished to examine our European mode of living. I ordered the porter to admit them, and took upon myself the duty of receiving them with all due honor.

I soon heard the sound of wooden shoes on the gravel of the garden-alleys, and saw, at the foot of the steps leading to the veranda, a group of smiling faces, among whom were four married women, two marriageable girls, and children of various ages. The first could be distinguished by the plainness of their toilets, having no ornaments in their hair, nothing fine or brilliantly colored in their clothing, no rouge on the face, but the teeth black as

ebony, in accordance with Japanese usage; the young girls, on the contrary, increase the natural whiteness of the teeth by a coat of carmine on the lips, rouge their cheeks, braid bands of scarlet crape among their black hair, and wear a broad girdle of brilliant colors. As to the children, their costume consisted of gay plaid robes and girdles; their heads were shaved, but, according to age or sex, several tufts of greater or less length were left, some loose, some bound together in a sort of *chignon*.

After the usual salutations and bows, the orators of the deputation—for there were two or three who spoke at once—made me many handsome compliments in Japanese, to which I replied in French, inviting them to enter the *salon*. Certainly I had been understood; for I heard expressions of thanks which I had already learned; and yet, instead of ascending the steps, they appeared to ask some further, unintelligible explanation. Finally the graceful company perceived my ignorance; adding gesture to words, they asked, "Shall we take off our shoes in the garden, or will it answer to do so on the veranda?" I decided in favor of the latter; whereupon they mounted the steps, took off and arranged their sandals, and joyously trod the carpets of the *salon*, the children with bare feet, the grown persons with cotton stockings, divided at the end by a *thumb* for the great toe.

Their first impression was a naïve admiration of what they saw, followed immediately by a general hilarity, for the tall pier-glasses, descending to the floor, reflected and repeated their forms, from head to foot, behind as well as in front. While the younger visitors continued to contemplate this phenomenon, so new and attractive to them, the married women asked me to explain the meaning of the pictures on the walls. I stated that they represented the Tycoon of Holland and wife, together with several

great daimios of the reigning family. They respectfully bowed; but one of them, whose curiosity was not satisfied, timidly expressed the opinion that the portrait of the *betto* of his Dutch Majesty had been included in the royal company. I did not enlighten her, for she could never have comprehended the noble fashion of representing a prince on foot, beside his saddle-horse, and even holding the bridle, like a Japanese groom!

Others, after having carefully examined the velvet of the chairs and sofas, came to me for the decision of a question which had arisen among them, concerning the use of those pieces of furniture. They agreed that the chairs were made to be sat upon; but the sofas? Did we not crouch upon them, with crossed legs, when the meals were served? They heartily commiserated the ladies and gentlemen of the West, who were obliged to use such an inconvenient piece of furniture, always sitting with their feet painfully resting on the floor.

My bedroom, opening from the *salon*, was next invaded. I cannot describe all the subjects of astonishment discovered by the curious troop. Being Japanese, they were none the less daughters of Eve; and the forbidden fruit which tempted them the most was an assortment of uniform buttons with the Swiss cross upon them, according to the military usage of my country. I was obliged to give them a few, although it was impossible to conjecture what use they would make of them, since all Japanese garments, male or female, are simply bound with silk cords. The gift of some articles of Parisian perfumery was well appreciated; but I could not make them understand the merits of *eau de Cologne*, for the cambric handkerchief is unknown to Japanese ladies. They informed me that the poorest girl would never degrade herself by carrying in her pocket an article with which she had wiped her nose.

The little squares of paper which they carry for the purpose are not likely, therefore, to be easily supplanted.

To restore the balance, I exhibited to them a case containing an assortment of sewing-thread, pins, and needles, and asked them to make use of it. They were unanimous in recognizing the imperfection of all their native implements for sewing The needle by no means occupies the same place in their native society as in our family circles at home. Sewing, for example, is never seen during the visits and the long gossips of the Japanese women; even as men, in Europe, have recourse to the cigar, they employ only the pipe to season their hours of conversation. I gave to the children some small pictures of Swiss landscapes and costumes, and showed to the grown persons an album of family photographs, which they examined with an interest, an expression of feeling, truly touching.

[During the ensuing summer M. Humbert, with some other foreign residents, set out on an excursion to Kamakura, the residence of the Tycoons before the removal of the capital to Yedo. They took boat down the bay to the village of Kanasawa, which left them but five miles of overland journey.]

It was nine o'clock in the evening when we embarked. Two Japanese sentinels on the shore, armed with a musket without bayonet, saluted us with a peaceable "good-evening!" From all the barques moored to the quay arose, like a rhythmical moaning, the monotonous prayer of the fishermen to the supreme intercessor and patron of souls, "Amida, have mercy upon us!" The efficacy of this prayer depends on the number of minutes uninterruptedly devoted to it, according to the direction of the *bonzes*, or priests.

Our crew was composed of five boatmen, the constable, two valets, and a Chinese *comprador* (steward). They were all ready on the quarter-deck of the junk, leaving

the cabin at our disposition. We arranged three sleeping-places out of sacks, boxes, and such coverings as we had brought with us, and then mounted to the deck to enjoy the night. The boatmen, who were obliged to row across that part of the harbor occupied by the fleet, stood on their feet, two on each side, leaning on their long, plunging oars, to which they gave a sort of rotary movement in rowing, like the Venetian gondoliers. The fifth stood upon the stern and managed the rudder. The effect of this manner of rowing was like that of a screw-engine.

Afterwards, a light breeze having arisen, our boatmen drew in their oars and hoisted sail. We were soon on the open water, losing sight of the shores and the place of embarkation; the sky was covered with floating vapors, and the moon gave but a misty light. But when we went below to sleep, we found, to our horror, that the mosquitoes were there before us. There was nothing to do but to return to the deck, order our Chinaman to prepare tea, and pass the rest of the night crouched around the fire in his brazier.

In the early dawn the boatmen hauled down the sail and resumed their oars. We began to distinguish, on our right, a steep, picturesque promontory, clothed with beautiful groups of trees, and, directly in front of us, the domes of foliage which crown Webster Island. Skirting its shores, we entered by a narrow channel into the harbor of Kanasawa, passing a number of fishing-boats which were silently pushing out to their day's labor. At the entrance of the port a little temple, surrounded with fruit-trees, occupies the centre of a low island, connected with the market-place by a jetty; farther, on a massive pile of rocks, overlooking some sacred buildings, there is a tea-house with an observatory commanding a panorama of the entire bay.

The Japanese have a lively feeling for the beauty of their country. There is no picturesque point to which they do not call public attention, by building there a chapel, a tea-house, a pavilion, or some sort of an edifice inviting repose. Nowhere is the traveller so frequently invited to delay his journey, and relieve himself of fatigue under some hospitable roof, or cool shade, with a lovely landscape before his eyes.

We entered an hostelry near the port. A spacious gallery, above the level of the street, was put at our disposal. Some planks laid upon trestles, two benches, and empty boxes enabled us to seat ourselves at table in the European manner. We breakfasted on our own provisions, to which the hostess added tea, saki, rice, fried fish, and soy. She was assisted by two young servant-girls neatly dressed, and *coiffées* with even an air of elegance. Towards the close of our meal the children of the house timidly mounted the steps leading to our room; but, on my beckoning the youngest, he set up a loud cry. I drew from my pocket some pictured labels which I was in the habit of carrying about with me, and very soon he came to beg one of me. Then followed his mother, the girls of the inn, and the women of the neighborhood, with their children. An old grandmother expressed a wish to taste some white sugar, for the raw brown sugar brought from Loo-Choo is the only kind known in Japan. We succeeded, finally, in making them understand that we needed rest; whereupon they withdrew as gently and noiselessly as if we were already slumbering.

A sleeping-place was improvised by using a number of double screens, in order to divide the room into a number of separate retreats. I say separate, rather than enclosed, for the paper screens were not without holes; and after I was stretched upon the matting, with my head on a trav-

elling-cushion, I more than once saw a curious eye sparkling through the apertures. Finally I slept, but not for a long time. The matting of these Japanese houses serves as a retreat for multitudes of those insects which Toepffer has designated by the name of "domestic kangaroos." My comrades had the same experience, and we very soon returned to the open gallery. . . .

It was four o'clock in the morning when we left the tea-house. We traversed the deserted streets of Kanasawa in a southern direction, to the last of the chain of hills against which the village leans. There some constructions of a peculiar style announce a seignorial residence. Strong walls surround and support garden terraces; a portal, formed of two pillars and a cross-piece of massive oak, covered with black varnish and adorned with ornaments of copper, gives access to a spacious court-yard. Therein we distinguish a guard-house and other buildings, behind which there are great trees, which give an antique character to the residence. I learned that it belongs to the prince Noné-kura Tango, whose annual revenue is about one hundred and sixty thousand francs.

Farther on, after having crossed a bridge over a rapid river flowing to the west, we approach that chain of wooded mountains which divides the peninsula of Sagami into two opposite slopes. Around us the soil is cultivated; fields of beans have replaced the wheat harvested in June; the rice still rolls in green waves, but already in head. The paths which lead through the fields are so narrow that there is only space to put one foot before the other. Even on the road we followed two horses could scarcely go abreast, yet upon it we encountered a singular obstacle. An old man and his wife had chosen it as an economical lodging-place for the night, and were sleeping upon two bamboo mats, which were probably also their travelling-

cloaks. A little heap of smoking ashes indicated that they had made a fire of reeds to drive away the mosquitoes from their rural couch.

Rising from the foot of the hills, the road winds among rocks of sandstone, sometimes sharply pointed, often pierced with grottoes in which we discover little idols, altars, or votive offerings. On the summit of the ridge there is a cabin of planks and mats, built against a wall of rock, and containing some benches, a hearth, and utensils for preparing tea and rice. At this early morning hour it is uninhabited, and its furniture is intrusted to the honesty of the public. The descent on the other side is rapid. A beautiful golden pheasant looks at us from the border of a grove; one of my companions cannot resist the temptation of discharging his revolver. But the bird, untouched, does not seem to be much concerned by the attempt, and only after some reflection does he judge it prudent to remove to the top of a tall tree, out of reach.

Half-way down the slope we passed a village charmingly situated among trees and flowers, on the borders of a torrent which was dammed to feed some rice-mills. The natives were busy, in and around their houses; and a woman, on seeing us, hastened to summon her children from the pool where they were washing themselves. Little by little the road became filled with pack-horses and foot-travellers. The beautiful undulations of the country around us fell by degrees to the sea; over the rounded azure gulf shone the steep cliffs of the isle of Inosima. The white summit of Fusi-yama rose, in the distance, against the misty background of the landscape. Everywhere there was cultivation; everywhere fields dotted with groves, and threaded by leaping waters, which were spanned by arched bridges. Rustic huts and houses of fine appearance, freshly varnished, and with blooming

flower-gardens, are thickly scattered along the highway or on the declivities of the hills, and there are also frequent chapels, granite idols, and funeral monuments.

The approach to Kamakura is like that to a great city, but the great city no longer exists. A vigorous vegetation shows the traces of a soil slowly overcoming the disturbance of ruins, overthrown walls, and choked canals. Ancient avenues of trees terminate in waste, briery tracts, where they once led to palaces, of which no trace remains. Even palaces, in Japan, are constructed almost wholly of wood, and therefore leave no permanent ruins behind them. . . .

Still, in our days, Kamakura is the pantheon of the ancient glories of Japan. It is composed of a majestic collection of sacred edifices, which have been constantly respected during the fury of the civil wars. They are all placed under the protection of Hatchiman, one of the great national *kamis*. . . . Nearly all the large cities have a temple to Hatchiman; but that of Kamakura is distinguished above all others by its special treasures. Two large buildings are devoted to the display of relics, among which, it is said, are the spoils of Corea and the Mongol invasions, together with the objects plundered from the Portuguese and the native Christians, at the time of the expulsion of the former. No European has yet been allowed to see these treasures. On our approach to the temple it was easy to see that our appearance had been signalled in advance, for the bonzes ran with all speed through the courts to close the buildings containing the relics.

The temple of Hatchiman is approached by long alleys of those grand cypresses which form the noblest decoration of the Japanese places of worship. As we drew nearer in coming from Kanasawa, the chapels and com-

memorative stones on the sacred hills increased in number. After crossing a river on a fine wooden bridge, we found ourselves in the principal avenue, leading directly to the great square in front of the terraces, stairways, and buildings of the temple.

Around the first court are the houses of the bonzes, thrust behind each other like the side-scenes of a theatre, among trees planted around the wall of enclosure; while two great ponds of oval shape occupy the centre of the square. These latter are connected by a broad canal, which is crossed by parallel bridges, each remarkable in its appearance. The one on the right is built of hewn stones of whitish granite, and is so nearly a perfect semicircle in its form, that one involuntarily wonders what gymnastic exercises were intended to be performed on it; but I take it to be the bridge of honor reserved for the gods and other good spirits when they visit the temple. The bridge on the left is level, constructed of wood, covered with red lacquer, and with old copper ornaments on the railings. One pond is filled with the magnificent blossoms of the white lotus; the other is splendid with the red lotus. Gold and crimson fish, and others with pearly fins, swim in the crystal water between the leaves and flowers, and the black tortoise basks on the leaves.

We now reach the second court, elevated above the first, and only to be entered by passing through the lodge appropriated to the divine guardians of the sanctuary. This building, facing the bridges, shelters under its high, peaked roof two monstrous idols, one on each side. They are sculptured of wood, and coated with vermilion lacquer from head to foot. Their grimacing faces and enormous bodies are spotted with innumerable balls of chewed paper, which the native visitors throw at them in passing, with no more scruple than a band of mischievous school-boys.

Nevertheless, this is a very serious act on the part of the pilgrims, for it assures them that the prayer written on the piece of paper which they chew will probably reach its destination. In order to be entirely certain, they are required to purchase and suspend to the grating around the statues a pair of straw sandals large enough for the feet of the latter. Thousands of such sandals are constantly offered, and are allowed to hang on the grating until they drop to pieces from rottenness.

A high terrace, surmounted by a grand staircase, towers over the second court. It is supported by a wall of cyclopean construction, and supports the principal temple, with the habitations of the chief bonzes. The ornamentation of these buildings lacks neither taste nor proportion. It is chiefly applied to the portals, and to the brackets and cornices on which the roofs rest. The beautiful brown tint of the timber, which is almost the only material employed, is relieved by carvings painted red or a brilliant green. To complete the effect of the picture, one must add its frame of immemorial trees and the incomparable brilliancy of the sky. . . .

The avenue to which we were conducted, in leaving the avenue of Hatchiman, has been built in an admirable situation, on the summit of a promontory which commands a view of the whole bay of Kamakura; but it is all the more saddening to find, amid such lovely scenery, a pretended sanctuary which only produces an impression of disgust. The principal building seemed at first to offer nothing remarkable; there are only some insignificant gilded idols on the chief altar. In a lateral chapel one sees the god of wealth, armed with a miner's hammer. The bonzes, however, conducted us behind the altar, and there, in an obscure cage, like a prison, and as high as a tower, they lighted two lanterns, and hoisted them slowly up a kind

of mast. Then, by the wavering light, almost lost in the shadows of the roof, we found ourselves face to face with an enormous idol of gilded wood, thirty-five feet in height, holding in the right hand a sceptre, in the left a lotus, and wearing a triple tiara, composed of the heads of inferior deities. This is one of the means by which the bonzes excite the superstitious imagination of the people, and keep them in a state of perpetual imbecility.

The monument dedicated to Daïboodhs—that is, the Great Boodha—may be considered as the most complete work of the Japanese genius, in regard both to art and to the religious sentiment. The temple of Hatchiman has already given us an example of the profit which native art has learned to draw from nature, in easily producing that impression of religious majesty, which we associate, at home, with Gothic architecture. The temple of Daïboodhs (known to the English and American residents in Japan by the name of *Dyboots*) has, in many respects, a very different character. In place of grand and broad dimensions, of that unbounded space which sinks from gate-way to gate-way to the sea, a solitary, mysterious retreat was sought, such as might dispose the spirit to expect some supernatural revelation. The road, avoiding all habitations, directs itself towards the mountains; it winds, at first, between hedges of tall shrubs; then we see nothing before us but a straight path, ascending through foliage and flowers: then it turns, as if seeking some remote goals, and all at once appears at the bottom of the alley a gigantic seated divinity of bronze, with folded hands, and head gently inclined in an attitude of contemplative ecstasy.

The involuntary shock which one feels, on the first appearance of this grand figure, soon gives place to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the posture of Daïboodhs, in the harmony of his bodily proportions, in

the noble simplicity of his drapery, and in the calmness and serenity of his countenance. A dense belt of foliage, over which tower a few beautiful groups of trees, is the only enclosure of the sacred place, the silence and solitude of which is undisturbed. We hardly distinguish the modest hermitage of the officiating priest, concealed in the foliage. The altar, where a little incense burns at the foot of the divinity, consists of a table of bronze, with two lotus vases of the same metal, and of admirable workmanship. The azure of the sky, the grand gloom of the statue, the austere tint of the bronze, the brilliancy of the flowers, and the varied verdure of the hedges and thickets, fill this retreat with the richest effects of light and colors.

The figure of Daïboodhs, with the base upon which it rests, is a little more than sixty-five feet high. It does not equal in elevation the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, near Arona, on Lake Maggiore; but the latter leaves the spectator as cold as if it were merely a trigonometric signal. The interiors of both colossal statues have been utilized, more or less skilfully. The European tourists seat themselves in the nose of the cardinal; the Japanese descend by a staircase into the foundation of their Daïboodhs, where they find a quiet oratory, the altar of which receives a ray of the sun through an opening in the folds of the god's bronze mantle.

[The story of this visit concludes with the following dissertation on Japanese Buddhism:]

Buddhism is a flexible, conciliating, insinuating faith, accommodating itself to the genius and the usages of the most diverse races. From their very first entrance into Japan, the bonzes succeeded in obtaining the charge of the ancient relics, and even of the chapels of the saints, and preserving them within the bounds of their own sanctu-

aries. They speedily added to their ceremonies symbols borrowed from the ancient national worship; and, finally, in order more thoroughly to confound the two religions, they introduced into their temples both Japanese saints clothed with the titles and attributes of Hindoo divinities, and the Hindoo divinities transformed into Japanese saints. Owing to this combination, which is known under the name of Rioobou-Sintoo, Buddhism became the dominant religion of Japan.

At first it was the great Boodh of India, to whom colossal statues—of which the Daïboodhs of Kamakura furnishes the best type—were erected. Afterwards, the Japanese idea of a supreme divinity was personified in the fantastic image of Amida, who is represented under nine different forms, symbolizing his incarnation and his essential perfections,—one of the latter being expressed in the emblem of a dog's head. Among the auxiliary gods who serve as mediators between men and the supreme being, the favor of the Japanese people is principally bestowed upon Quannon, who possesses the most frequented temple in Yedo, and in Miako the famous temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-three Genii (pronounced in Japanese, *Sanman sansin sanbiak sansin santaï*). This divinity rests on a lotus-flower, the left leg doubled under the body; the head is covered with a veil which falls on the shoulders. The idol has no less than forty-six arms, bearing all sorts of attributes which attest his power.

SCENERY OF JAPAN.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

[The author of the following selection, an English diplomatist, was born in London in 1809. For years he served as an army surgeon, and afterwards became a consul in China. In 1858 he was made consul-general in Japan, and in 1859 British Envoy to that empire. He was appointed Minister to China in 1865. He wrote several works relating to Japan, which have the merit of showing the conditions existing in that empire shortly after its opening to foreign nations (in 1854), and before the influx of ideas and habits from abroad. As a curious relic of antiquity, we precede our selection by Marco Polo's brief description of Zipangu, or Japan, as heard by him at the court of Kublaï Khan, in Peking, at the end of the thirteenth century.]

"ZIPANGU is an island in the Eastern Ocean, situate at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles from the mainland of *Manji* (Manchooria?). It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible; but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other ports. To this circumstance we are to attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have had access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, considerably thick,

and the windows also have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace, that it is impossible to convey an idea of them.

"In this island there are pearls also in large quantities, of a red color, round in shape, and of great size; equal in value to, or even exceeding, that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them. The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

"Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island, that a desire was excited in the breast of the Grand Khan Kublaï, now reigning, to make the conquest of it, and to annex it to his dominions."

[One of the most striking features of Japanese scenery is the great isolated volcanic cone of Fusiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, which rises in imposing grandeur before all eyes in the bay and city of Yedo. This peak, which is sufficiently free from snow to permit ascent only in July and August, was visited by Alcock in 1860. As his was the first trip of foreigners so far inland from the coast, it caused great excitement in town and village. We subjoin his account.]

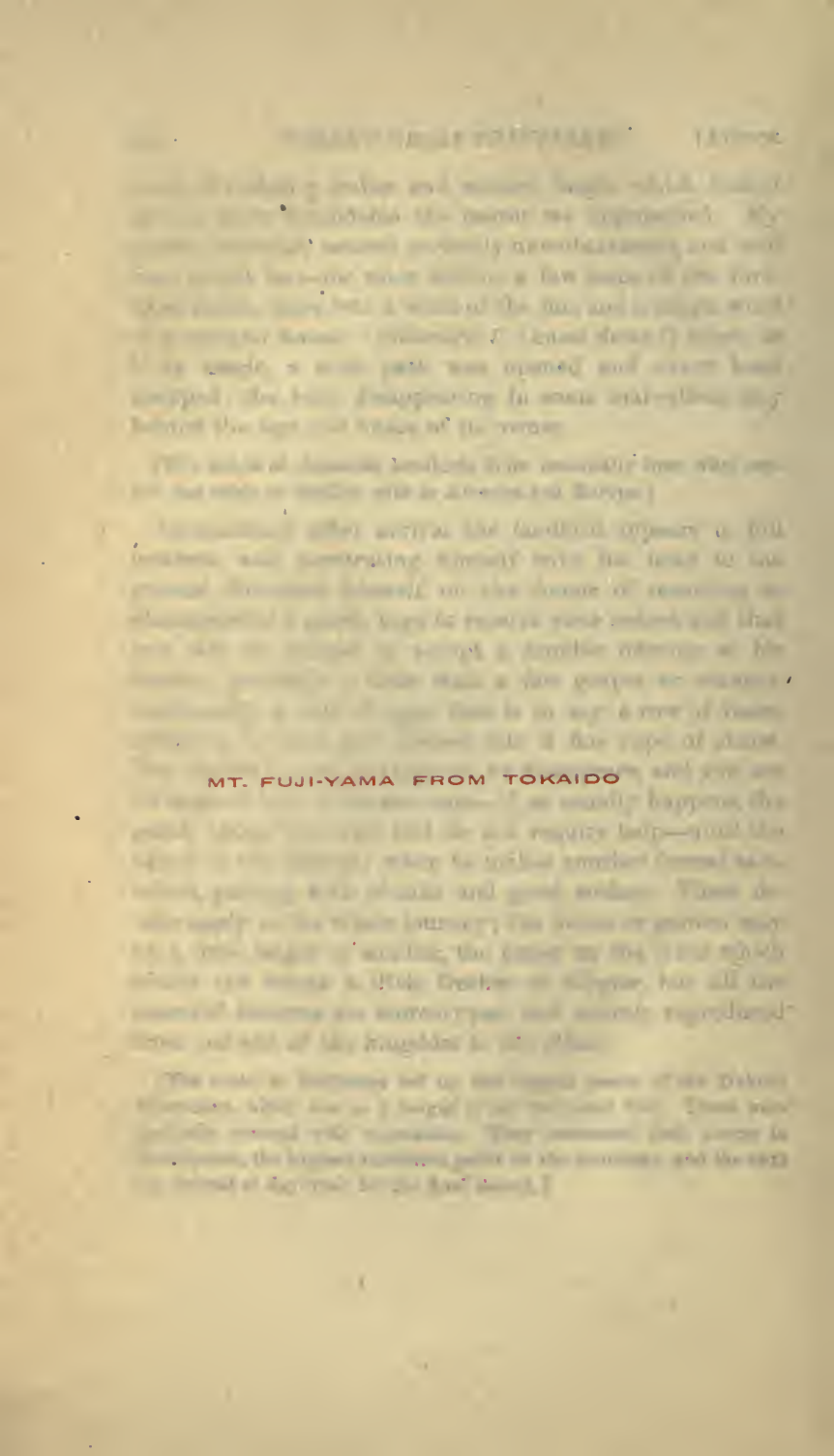
As each roadside village, and even the larger towns, generally consist of one long and seemingly endless street, the news of our approach spread as rapidly and unerringly as the message of an electric telegraph, turning out the whole population as if by a simultaneous shock; men, women, and children,—clothed and nude,—dogs, poultry, and cats! I think at Odowara no living thing could have been left inside. Such a waving sea of heads seemed to bar our passage, that I began to congratulate myself that my unknown friend, the Daimio, had so courteously provided me with an escort. I felt some curiosity as to the mode they would take to open a way through the dense

mass of swaying bodies and excited heads, which looked all the more formidable the nearer we approached. My guides, however, seemed perfectly unembarrassed, and well they might be,—for when within a few steps of the foremost ranks, there was a wave of the fan, and a single word of command issued, "*Shitanirio!*" (kneel down!) when, as if by magic, a wide path was opened and every head dropped; the body disappearing in some marvellous way behind the legs and knees of its owner.

[The habits of Japanese landlords differ essentially from what custom has made us familiar with in America and Europe.]

Immediately after arrival the landlord appears in full costume, and, prostrating himself with his head to the ground, felicitates himself on the honor of receiving so distinguished a guest, begs to receive your orders, and that you will be pleased to accept a humble offering at his hands,—generally a little fruit, a few grapes or oranges, occasionally a rope of eggs, that is to say, a row of them, curiously twisted and plaited into a fine rope of straw. Due thanks having been given, he disappears, and you see no more of him or his servants—if, as usually happens, the guests bring their own and do not require help—until the foot is in the stirrup; when he makes another formal salutation, parting with thanks and good wishes. These details apply to the whole journey; the house or garden may be a little larger or smaller, the paper on the walls which divide the rooms a little fresher or dingier, but all the essential features are stereotyped, and exactly reproduced from one end of the kingdom to the other.

[The route to Fusiyama led up the rugged passes of the Hakoni Mountains, which rise to a height of six thousand feet. These were profusely covered with vegetation. They continued their course to Mouriyama, the highest inhabited point on the mountain, and the next day started at daybreak for the final ascent.]



MT. FUJI-YAMA FROM TOKAIDO

At first our way lay through waving fields of corn, succeeded by a belt of high, rank grass; but soon we entered the mazes of the wood, which clings round the base and creeps high up the sides of the mountain, clothing the shoulders of the towering peak like the shaggy mane of a lion, with increased majesty. At first we found trees of large growth,—good trunks of the oak, the pine, and the beech,—and came upon many traces of the fury with which the typhoon had swept across. Large trees had been broken short off, and others uprooted. One of these broken off had been thrown right across our path, and compelled us either to scramble over or creep under its massive trunk. At Hakimondo we left the horses, and the last trace of permanent habitation or the haunts of men. Soon after the wood became thinner and more stunted in growth, while the beech and birch took the place of the oak and pine.

We speedily lost all traces of life, vegetable or animal; a solitary sparrow or two alone flitted occasionally across our path. In the winding ascent over the rubble and scoriæ of the mountain—which alone is seen after ascending about half-way,—little huts or caves, as these resting-places are called, partly dug out and roofed over to give refuge to the pilgrims, appeared. There are, I think, eleven from Hakimondo to the summit, and they are generally about a couple of miles asunder. In one of these we took up our quarters for the night, and laid down our rugs, too tired to be very delicate. Nevertheless, the cold, and the *occupants* we found former pilgrims had left, precluded much sleep.

Daylight was rather a relief; and after a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit, we commenced the upper half of the ascent. The first part, after we left the horses, had occupied about four hours' steady work, and we reached

our sleeping-station a little before sunset, lava and scoriæ everywhere around us. The clouds were sailing far below our feet, and a vast panorama of hill and plain, bounded by the sea, stretched far away. We looked down on the summits of the Hakoni range, being evidently far above their level, and we could distinctly see the lake lying in one of the hollows. The last half of the ascent is by far the most arduous, growing more steep as each station is passed.

The first rays of the sun just touched, with a line of light, the broad waters of the Pacific as they wash the coast, when we made our start. The first station seemed very near, and was reached within the hour; but each step now became more difficult. The path, if such may be called the zigzag which our guides took, often led directly over fragments of out-jutting rocks, while the loose scoriæ prevented firm footing, and added much to the fatigue. The air became more rarefied, and perceptibly affected the breathing. At last the third station was passed, and a strong effort carried us to the fourth, the whole party by this time straggling at long intervals. This was now the last between us and the summit. It did not seem so far, until a few figures on the edge of the crater furnished a means of measurement, and they looked painfully diminutive.

The last stage, more rough and precipitous than all the preceding, had this further disadvantage, that it came after the fatigue of all the others. More than an hour's toil, with frequent stoppages for breath and rest to aching legs and spine, was needed; and more than one of our number felt very near the end of his strength before the last step placed the happy pilgrim on the topmost stone and enabled him to look down the yawning crater. This is a great oval opening, with jagged lips, estimated by Lieutenant Robin-

son, with such means of measurement as he could command, at about one thousand yards in length, with a mean width of six hundred, and is probably about three hundred and fifty yards in depth. Looking down on the other side, which had a northern aspect, there seemed a total absence of vegetation, even on the lower levels, and the rich country we had left was completely hid by a canopy of clouds drifting far below. The estimated height of the edge of the crater above the level of the sea was thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven feet; and the highest peak, fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-seven feet.

The Japanese, who perform this pilgrimage from religious motives, are generally dressed in white garments, which they are careful to have stamped with various mystic characters and idols' images by the bonzes located there during the season for that purpose. On the sleeves of many of the pilgrims scallop-shells appear,—a strange coincidence, which I have never been able to explain. The origin of the pilgrimage is traced back to an ancient date, when a holy man, the founder of the Sinto religion,—the oldest in Japan,—took up his residence on the mountain. Since his death, his spirit is still believed to have influence to bestow health and various other blessings on those who make the pilgrimage in honor of his memory.

The volcano has long been extinct; the latest eruption recorded was in 1707. The tradition is that the mountain itself appeared in a single night from the bowels of the earth, a lake of equal dimensions making its appearance near Miako at the same hour. The time actually spent in climbing up to the summit was about eight hours, but the descent occupied little more than three. We slept two nights on the mountain, and had greatly to congratulate ourselves on the weather, having fallen upon the only two

fine days out of six. As we descended on the last morning there was a thick Scotch mist, which soon changed into a drenching rain. We only found patches of snow here and there near the summit, but on our return to Yedo, three weeks later, it was completely covered.

[On their return they turned aside from the main highway, in order to visit the mineral springs of Atami, on the shore of the promontory of Idzu. The country was very beautiful, diversified with clumps of trees, hedge-rows, and winding rivulets. Nothing could be richer than the soil, or the variety of its productions. Snug-looking hamlets and homesteads were nestled among the trees, or under the hills, and here and there were park walls, or splendid avenues of cryptomeria, leading to the residences of the native princes. The people had a happy, contented, and prosperous air, quite disproving the accounts of the oppression and exaction imposed upon them by their local rulers. The principal crop was rice, but there were also many fields of tobacco and cotton, arum and sweet potato, with orchards of persimmon- and orange-trees.

In the following spring Alcock made an overland journey from Nagasaki to Yedo, his description of which yields many points worthy of selection.]

During this nine days' journey there was a combination of every kind of scenery. Well-cultivated valleys, winding among the hills, were graced with terraces stretching far up towards their summits, wherever a scanty soil could be found or *carried*, with a favorable aspect for the crops. We traversed some wild-looking passes, too, where hill and rock seemed tumbled in chaotic confusion from their volcanic beds. Frequent glimpses were caught of the sea-coast and bays, from which the road seldom strays very far inland. Pretty hamlets and clumps of fine trees were rarely wanting; and if the villages looked poor, and the peasant's home (bare of furniture at all times) more than usually void of comfort, yet all the people looked as if they had not only a roof to cover them, but rice to eat,

which is more than can always be said of our populations in Europe. As groups of women and children crowded around the doors of the cottages, the whole interior of which the eye could easily take in at a glance, it would sometimes appear a problem how so many living beings could find sleeping room, or what provision there could be for the commonest requirements of decency, much less comfort. They must of necessity herd together very much like cattle; but neither is that, unfortunately, peculiar to Japan.

At Urisino in the morning, and Takciwa in the evening of the third day, we found some hot sulphur baths. The first we visited was open to the street, with merely a shed roof to shelter the bathers from the sun. As we approached, an elderly matron stepped out on the margin, leaving half a dozen of the other sex behind her to continue their soaking process. The freedom of the lady from all self-consciousness or embarrassment was perfect of its kind. The springs are close to the bank of a river, shaded by some noble trees; and the scene is both lively and picturesque, with groups of votaries, nude and undraped, crowding around the various reservoirs, and enjoying alternately the medicinal virtues of the waters and the cool shade of the trees. . . .

On our way to Uzino, on the seventh day, we passed through many scenes worthy of the artist's pencil; indeed, the number of tempting pictures was truly tantalizing, since it was clearly impossible to take even the slightest sketch of all. A little wayside shrine, embosomed in trees, was approached over a ravine, across which nature or art had flung a great boulder of granite. The scene, with a group of Japanese seated in the foreground, proved altogether irresistible. Again, as we descended through a rocky pass into the valley below, and caught the first

glimpse of the cultivated fields and terraced hills, with another range of mountains towering beyond, picturesque Japanese figures filling up the foreground, it was difficult to pass and take no note.

On the eighth day, our way to Koyonoski lay chiefly along the banks of a river, on a high causeway raised some twenty feet above the level of the water. We passed several depots of coal, evidently placed there for embarkation, in some large flat-bottomed boats, a novel sight on the sand-choked rivers of Japan,—certainly in Kiusiu, where boats are to be seen only as exceptions. Kokura, the fortified capital of the province of Bouzen, and one of the keys to the strait between Kiusiu and Nipon, we reached early next morning, fortunately, for the sun beat hot upon our heads and shoulders long before ten o'clock. The roads were sheets of mud, and in places all but impassable with the heavy rains that had recently fallen; and, though the scenery was as beautiful as ever, it was difficult under such conditions to enjoy it. Pleasant country houses, each surrounded by its garden and clumps of trees or orchards, line the road which leads to the provincial capital, for more than a mile. It was holiday time, and all the inhabitants were at their windows, dressed in their best, or grouped on the door-steps to watch the *cortége* pass.

[Sir Rutherford gives the following description of his arrival at Osaca:]

We were nearly an hour in traversing the suburbs of this vast city, before we seemed to gain the great thoroughfare, filled to overflowing with an immense, but very orderly crowd. There was pushing and squeezing, and from time to time a desperate descent was made by the police on some luckless wights in the front rank. Blows

on the bare head were dealt furiously on all; but the weapon was a fan, and although in their hands a very effective one, it could hardly do much mischief. We came at last to the main river, spanned by a bridge three hundred yards long, well and solidly built, below which there is an island, covered with houses, in the midst of the stream, something like the island of St. Louis in the Seine. Not a trace of hostile feeling was to be seen anywhere, though the curiosity was great to see the foreign ministers. Here, indeed, as might be noticed at a glance, was a vast population, with whom trade was the chief occupation; and at every step evidences of the greatest activity were visible.

Piled up near the bridge I noticed glazed tiles for drains, and large earthen jars for coffins,—the Japanese being buried as he lives, with his heels tucked up under him in a sitting posture,—an arrangement which has at least the advantage of saving space in the cemeteries, still further economized by burning the bodies of the poorer classes, and merely burying their ashes in a jar of small dimensions. The Japanese have some strange superstitions about either sleeping or being buried with the head to the north. In every sleeping-room at the resting-places, we found the points of the compass marked on the ceiling; and my Japanese servant would on no account let my bed be made up in any but the right direction.

[Their reception at Nieno was very different, every house being tightly closed, and not a face to be seen. This was due to the hostility of the daimio there resident. Passing through this sealed town, they entered the open country again.]

Our way lay for many days through mountain scenery and fertile valleys, the hills generally clothed to the very summit with trees, chiefly of the pine family. The same

sandy character of the soil, and the formation of the hills already noticed, continued until we approached within sight of Fusi-yama, when it was exchanged for the dark rich mould which alone is to be seen within a hundred miles of Yedo. On the fourth day we had struck into the ordinary route, and had the advantage of the fine sanded roads and park-like avenues of the Tokaido. And now each day we met one or more *cortéges* of daimios coming from the capital. As a general rule we had nothing to complain of; if some of the principal officers and armed retainers scowled at us, and seemed to think our presence on the high-roads an offence, the greater number passed on their way, as we did on ours, without any manifestation of feeling or opinion.

In one case only, I was amused by a somewhat characteristic trait. Mr. De Wit and I were riding abreast and without any escort, having left them far behind, when, seeing a rather large *cortége* filling up the road as we turned an angle, we drew to one side and went in single file. No sooner did the leading officer observe the movement than he instantly began to swagger, and motioned all the train to spread themselves over the whole road; so that all we gained by our consideration and courtesy was to run the risk of being pushed into the ditch by an insolent subordinate. Thus it is ever in the East. To yield the wall is a sign of weakness; to yield to anything spontaneously is to provoke oppression; and they who, from courtesy, step aside are fortunate if they do not get trampled down for cowards and fools.

As we advanced through the country, both men and women were busily employed in planting out their rice. This was the first time I had seen any but isolated cases of women being engaged in field labor in Japan; for the Japanese appear to me to be honorably distinguished among

nations of a higher civilization, in that they leave their women to the lighter work of the house, and perform themselves the harder out-door labor. Indeed, I was at first in some doubt here, for it was by no means easy to distinguish the women from the men at a little distance. To guard the legs probably from leeches, as they paddled in the mud, they all wore gaiters up to the knees and short cotton trousers. When the neck was covered, there was no very distinguishing difference between the sexes, as the men never have any hair about the face. The wheat in Japan never appears to be sown broadcast. All that I have seen has been drilled and planted in rows, much as the rice is, a few stalks together. Labor is cheap, and it is to be presumed they find this the more profitable way.

As we approached Mia, on the bay of Owari, we passed another great castle. And yet this term is very likely, I fear, to mislead the reader. What constitutes a daimio's castle, then, in Japan, is first a moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud intersected with layers of tiles, and plastered over; sometimes with parapets, and loop-holed for musketry; a large gate-way, with massive overhanging roof; a straggling group of ignoble-looking lath and plaster houses inside, rarely more than one story high, and sometimes, if the owner is a daimio of very great pretensions, his walls will be flanked with turrets. In his grounds, something like a two- or three-storied pagoda will rise above the dead level of the other roofs, and look picturesque through the clumps of fine timber, with which the grounds of the owners are always graced, whatever else may be wanting.

WALKS IN YEDO.

AIMÉ HUMBERT.

[To the preceding description of a rural excursion by M. Humbert, we add the following interesting account of civic scenes and customs, as observed by him in the capital city of Yedo (now Tokio) in those early days before the freshness of native Japanese life was in any degree vitiated by the intrusion of foreign ideas. He thus describes the quarter of the city named Takanawa, that in which the foreign legations were situated.]

FROM morning until night the low streets and quays of Takanawa are crowded with people. The stable population of the quarter seemed to me to have no other industry except to raise, in one manner or another, a light tribute from those arriving and departing. Here, tobacco is cut and sold ; there, rice is hulled and made into biscuits ; everywhere saki is sold, tea, dried fish, watermelons, an infinite variety of cheap fruits and other comestibles, spread on tables in the open air, or under sheds and on the shelves of innumerable restaurants. In all directions, coolies, boatmen, and bearers of cargoes offer their services. In some lateral streets, stalls may be hired for pack-horses, and stables for the buffaloes which bring to market the products of the surrounding country. They are harnessed to small rustic carts, the only wheeled vehicles which one meets in Yedo.

The singers, the dancers, the wandering jugglers who come to try their success in the capital, make their first appearance at the doors of the tea-houses of Takanawa. Among the singers there are those who form a privileged class, but subjected to a certain supervision by the police. They may be known by their large flat hats, thrown back

from the temples; they always go in pairs, or in fours when two dancers accompany the two singers.

The favorite jugglers at the Japanese street-corners are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, surmounted by a tuft of cock's feathers and a small scarlet mask representing the muzzle of a dog. These poor children, in bending and curving themselves, one upon the other, to the monotonous sound of the tambourine of their conductor, present the appearance of a really grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals, with monstrous heads and human limbs.

In the deafening sounds of all these diversions in the spaces filled by the public, there was frequently mixed the noise of the cymbals and bells of the mendicant brotherhood. I saw, for the first time, some whose heads were not tonsured, and inquired what the order was to which they belonged. Our interpreter answered that they were laymen, simple citizens of Yedo, making a business of devotion. Although they were all similarly clad in white, in token of mourning or penitence, those who carried a bell, a long stick, some books in a basket, and wore a large white hat with a picture of Fusi-yama on the side, were returning from a pilgrimage to the holy mountain, made by public charity; while the others, with a cymbal at the girdle, an immense black and yellow hat, and a heavy box on the back, were probably small ruined merchants, who had become colporteurs and exhibitors of idols, in the pay of some monastery.

On the heights above the landing-place, a long street leaves the Tokaïdo, cuts obliquely through the chain of hills where the legations are situated, and traverses in a straight line, from south to north, the northern part of Takanawa. We followed this street to the end, and passed, successively, through three very distinct zones of the social

life of Yedo. The first, with its motley crowd of people living in the open air, I have already described.

Behind our monastic hills we found a population entirely sedentary, occupied, within their dwellings, in various manual labors. The workshops were announced, at a distance, by significant signs,—sometimes a board cut in the form of a sandal, sometimes an enormous umbrella of waxed paper, spread open like an awning, over the shop; or a quantity of straw hats of all sizes, dangling from the peak of the roof down to the door. We see, in passing, the armorers and polishers, busy in mounting coats of mail, iron war-fans, and sabres. An old artisan, naked, crouched on a mat, pulls the bellows of the forge with his left heel, and at the same time hammers with his right hand the iron bar which his left hand holds on the anvil. His son, also naked, takes the iron bars with the tongs and passes them to his father as they become red-hot.

Little by little the road which we are following becomes deserted. We enter the vast solitude of a collection of seignorial residences. On our right extend the magnificent shades of the park of the Prince of Satsouma; on our left the wall of enclosure of a palace of the Prince of Arima. When we had turned the northwestern angle of this wall, we found ourselves before the principal front of the building, opposite to which there was a plantation of trees, bathed by the waters of a limpid river which separates the quarter of Takanawa from that of Atakosta.

Mr. Beato set to work to procure a photograph of this peaceful picture, when two officers of the prince hastily approached him, and insisted that he should desist from the operation. M. Metman begged them to go first and ascertain the commands of their master. The officers went to deliver the message; returning in a few minutes, they declared that the prince absolutely refused to permit that

any view whatever of his palace should be taken. Beato bowed respectfully, and ordered the porters to carry away the instrument. The officers withdrew, satisfied, without suspecting that the artist had had time to take two negatives during their brief absence. The yakounins of our escort, impassive witnesses of the scene, were unanimous in applauding the success of the stratagem.

[From the summit of a neighboring hill a general view of the city was obtained.]

At last the moment comes when the whole city is revealed to the view. We will begin with the southern pavilion: at first the eyes are dazzled with the extent and brilliancy of the picture. The sun sinks to the horizon, in a cloudless sky; the transparency of the atmosphere allows us to distinguish the forts on the luminous surface of the bay. But over all the space, extending from the anchorage to the foot of the hill upon which we stand, the vision knows not where to linger: there is a veritable ocean of long streets, of white walls and gray roofs. Nothing interrupts the monotony of the panorama, except, here and there, the dark foliage of clumps of trees, or some temple, the gable of which towers like a wave over the undulating lines of the dwellings. In the nearer neighborhood, a broad cavity drawn across the streets, as if a hurricane had passed that way, marks the course of a recent conflagration, and, still farther off, the sombre mass of the hills consecrated to the sepulchres of the Tycoons presents the appearance of a solitary island rising out of a raging sea.

The panorama furnished by the northern pavilion is still more uniform, if possible. It embraces the quarters specially inhabited by the nobility, and the ramparts and leafy parks of the Imperial Castle bound the view on the horizon. The *daïmio-yaskis*, or seignorial residences, to which

we improperly give the name of palaces, only differ from each other in their extent and dimensions. The most opulent and the most modest present the same type of architecture, the same simple character. The external circuit consists of ranges of buildings reserved for the servants and men-at-arms of the prince: they are but a single story in height, and form a long square which is always surrounded by a ditch. A single roof covers them all, with no other break in it than the front of a portal, generally inserted in the centre of one of the sides of the parallelogram. There is not often any other exit through the outer wall than through this portal. The windows in the buildings are very numerous, low, and broad, regularly set in two parallel rows, and usually closed with wooden gratings.

[From another elevated point of view M. Humbert succeeded in obtaining an outlook over the city, and was able also to gain a view of the palace of the Tycoon.]

By following the road which skirts the terraces of the Regent's palace, we finally reach a plateau on the northeastern side of the castle, the most elevated point being nearly on a level with the top of the interior glacis of the latter. The residence of the Tycoon appears to us to be seated on the southwestern extremity of the long chain of hills and plateaus which constitute the southern, western, and northern quarters of the capital.

The undulating outlines of Yedo, from the southern side, present the image of a vast amphitheatre, the grades of which descend towards the bay. Hollows formed by the windings of three rivers may be traced through it, in the distance, the southernmost between Sinagawa and Takanawa; the second, between the latter quarter and those of Asabon and Atakosta; the nearest and most considerable between Atakosta and Sakourada, the same which fills the

moats of the castle and the navigable canals of the commercial city, between the castle and the sea.

Towards the east we see no summits; the city extends in a continuous plain to the great river Ogawa, beyond which the populous quarters of Hindjo are gradually lost in the mists of the horizon. All that part of Yedo to the eastward of the castle was entirely unknown to us, and, far as the view extended, we could not discover its end.

The immensity of the Japanese capital produces a strange impression. The imagination, as well as the vision, is fatigued in hovering over that boundless agglomeration of human dwellings, all of which, great or little, are marked by the same stamp of uniformity. Each one of our old European cities has its distinctive physiognomy, strongly indicated by the monuments of different ages, and uniting to grand artistic effects the austere charm of ancient memories. But at Yedo, all things are of the same epoch, and in the same style; everything rests on a single fact, on a single political circumstance,—the foundation of the dynasty of the Tycoons. Yedo is a wholly modern city, which seems to be waiting for its history and its monuments.

Even the residence of the Tycoon, viewed from a distance, offers nothing remarkable except its dimensions, its vast circuit of terraces, supported by enormous walls of granite, its parks of magnificent shade, and its moats resembling quiet lakes, where flocks of aquatic birds freely sport in the water. That which chiefly strikes the senses, within the enclosures, is the grand scale to which everything is conformed: walls, avenues of trees, canals, portals, guard-houses, and dwellings of the retainers. The exquisite neatness of the squares and avenues, the profound silence which reigns around the buildings, the noble simplicity of these constructions of cedar upon marble basements,—all

combine to produce a solemn effect, and to provoke those impressions of majesty, mystery, and fear which despotism needs in order to support its prestige.

Here, as in the Japanese temples, one cannot but admire the simplicity of the means employed by the native architects, in realizing their boldest conceptions. They always borrow the most effective of their resources directly from nature. The Tycoon's hall of audience possesses neither columns, nor statues, nor furniture of any kind. It consists of a succession of vast and very lofty chambers, separated one from the other by movable screens, which reach to the ceiling. They are so disposed as to give an effect of perspective, like the side-scenes of a theatre, and the end of the vista opens upon broad lawns and avenues of trees.

The Tycoon's throne is a sort of daïs, raised several steps, and supported against the wall which faces the principal entrance. The resident delegates of the Court of the Mikado, the Ministers of State, and the members of the Representative Council of the Daimios, have their seats on his right or left. Through the whole extent of the hall, as far as the eye can reach, the high court officials, the princes of feudal provinces, the lords of cities, castles, districts of the country, and the chiefs of the military aristocracy, are ranged by hundreds—or at the grand receptions, by thousands—in the places assigned to them by their rank in the hierarchy. No sound is heard in this immense crowd; each one is without arms, and barefooted, his feet concealed in the folds of immense dragging trousers. The daimios are recognized by their high-pointed caps and their long mantles of brocade, ornamented, on the sleeves, with the family coat of arms. The officers of the Tycoon wear an over-dress of silken gauze, spreading out on the shoulders like two large wings.

The assembly, divided into distinct groups, await the

A JAPANESE UMBRELLA-MAKER

arrival of the Tycoon, crouched in silence on the thick bamboo matting which covers the floor. Then they prostrate themselves before the sovereign as soon as he appears, and until, seated on his throne, he has ordered his ministers to receive communications from the audience. Each orator or reporter prostrates himself anew on approaching the throne, and when commanded to speak. The costume of the Tycoon is composed of a robe of brocade with long sleeves, bound around the waist with silken cords, and large puffed trousers which cover his velvet boots. He wears on the top of his head a pointed hat of gold, which somewhat resembles the Doge's bonnet. What more splendid, or more majestic decoration could he give to his audience-hall than this living gallery of the glories of Japan, this august assembly of princes, lords, and high officials, personifying the wealth and power of the Empire?

[It need scarcely be said that the Tycoon has ceased to be, the Mikado, the real emperor, having resumed his long-suppressed functions. Yedo remains the capital, but under another name, that of Tokio. M. Humbert thus describes the swordsmanship of the Japanese:]

Notwithstanding their prompt intelligence of the great progress in the art of war realized by the Western nations, the Japanese have not yet been able to abolish the heavy military apparel of their feudal times. The helmet, the coat of mail, the halberd, the two-handed sword, are still employed in their reviews and grand manœuvres. Bodies of archers still flank infantry columns equipped in the European manner, and chevaliers worthy of the times of the Crusades make their appearance in the dust of artillery trains.

All the young officers are daily exercised, from an early age, in face-to-face combats, with the lance and two-handed sword, the rapier and the knife. The quarter which we

traversed possessed two race-courses and several buildings destined for exercises in equitation and fencing. We saw the masters passing, accompanied by their pupils and followed by servants who bore lances and sabres of wood, as well as gloves, masks, and breastplates, such as are used in the fencing-halls of the German universities. The jousters, still hot from their encounters, had thrown their silk mantles over one shoulder, and opened their close jackets upon the breast. Thus relieved, they walked along at their ease, silent and dignified, as is the manner of gentlemen.

I was several times present at the fencing-matches of the yakounins. The champions salute each other before the attack: sometimes he who is on the defensive drops one knee upon the earth, in order the better to cross weapons and to parry with more force the blows of his adversary. Each pass is accompanied with theatrical poses and expressive gestures; each blow provokes passionate exclamations from one or the other; then the judges intervene and emphatically pronounce their verdict, until finally a cup of tea appears as the interlude. There is even a variety of fencing for the Japanese ladies. Their arm is a lance with a curved blade, something like that of the Polish scythemen. They hold it with the point direct towards the earth, and wield it according to rule in a series of attitudes, poses, and cadenced movements, which would furnish charming subjects for a ballet. I was not allowed to see much of this graceful display, which I happened to get sight of in passing before a half-open court-yard. My yakounins closed the gate, assuring me that the customs of the country do not allow witnesses to see these feminine feats of arms.

In their weapons the Japanese nobles exhibit the greatest luxury, and take the most pride. Especially their sabres,

the temper of which is unrivalled, are generally enriched, at the hilt and on the scabbard, with metal ornaments, graven and cut with great skill. But the principal value of their arms consists in their antiquity and celebrity. Each sword in the old families of the daimios has its history and traditions, the glory of which is measured by the blood which it has shed. A new sword must not long remain virgin in the hands of him who buys it; until an occasion is offered for baptizing it in human blood, the young brave who becomes its owner tries its quality on living animals, or, better still, on the corpses of criminals. When the executioner delivers to him the body, in accordance with higher authority, he fastens it to a cross, or upon trestles, in the court of his dwelling, and sets to work to cut, slash, and pierce, until he has acquired enough strength and skill to divide two bodies, one laid upon the other, at a single blow.

[Our author prefaces his narrative of exploration of the citizens' quarter by the following amusing experience:]

Two attachés of the Prussian Legation at Yokohama came to visit M. Metman, and as they wished to procure both the Almanac of the Mikado's Court and the official Annual of the Tycoon's government, the latter gentleman accompanied them to the shop of a bookseller in the city. I begged him to purchase for me at the same time any literary curiosities or specimens of native art which might fall into his hands.

When the gentlemen, together with their yakounins, were installed in the book-store, the owner at once furnished them with the "Almanac of Miako," which was on hand. He stated that the "Yedo Annual" was also to be had, and, pushing aside a screen, entered the next room. One of the yakounins accompanied him; presently the

two returned, the bookseller stammering out that he had no "Annuals" to sell. "Well," said one of the Prussian secretaries, "send to another shop for them; we will wait here." Thereupon there was a movement among the yakounins, consultations in the street, and prolonged absence of the bookseller. During this time the three strangers lighted their cigars, and asked an employé of the establishment to bring them boxes to sit upon, and to place before them all the illustrated works in the shop. When the owner returned, he bowed to the ground, and sighed out, "The 'Annual' cannot be had in the neighborhood, and it is now too late to send to the castle."

"What of that?" was the reply. "Send your boy for it! For our part, we are going to have our dinner brought here; we shall not leave you until we have the 'Annual.'"

M. Metman thereupon wrote a note, which he sent to the steward of the Legation by one of the men of the escort. The bookseller also gave a commission to one of his employés, and the review of illustrated works was continued until the arrival of four coolies, carrying at the extremity of their bamboo poles the lacquered boxes and wicker baskets containing the dinner.

The meal was spread upon the matting; the yakounins and the bookseller were invited to take part in it, but they politely declined. Nevertheless, when the sound of champagne corks began to be heard, they drew nearer, and the foaming glasses soon circulated around the shop. "Have you anything more to show us by way of dessert?" asked M. Metman.

The bookseller answered, "You already know the contents of my shop. I have nothing more to show except some drawings, sketches on detached sheets, made by two artists of Yedo, lately deceased. It is all which they have left to their families, who have given me the useless legacy

for a small supply of rice. Here are still the old sheets on which they tried their pencils. If you like the sketches, take the package along with the books you have bought."

M. Metman called the coolies, and ordered them to fill their baskets with the dishes, the packages of books and drawings; but to leave the bottles and the remainder of the dinner for the yakounins and the people of the house. Then, turning to the bookseller, he said, "Will it be necessary, do you think, to order our mattresses and quilts, in order to pass the night here? Now is the time to send for them by the coolies."

A general hilarity succeeded this question; then there were whisperings and goings to and fro, between the shop and the street, where an increasing crowd of curious spectators endeavored to find out what strange drama was being enacted. At last the owner and his employé reappeared, bearing some volumes under their arms. He bowed again, and placed in the hands of the strangers, evidently with the consent of the yakounins, two perfectly authentic copies of the official "Annual of Yedo."

I passed the night in examining the precious collection. It was composed of thirty illustrated works and a quantity of sheets, loose or sewed together. Here were old encyclopædias, enriched with plates which seemed to have issued from the German workshops of the Middle Ages; there, albums of sketches in India ink, reproduced on wood, or collections of stories and popular scenes, illustrated with pictures in two tints, produced by a process unknown to us. Numerous paintings on silk and rice paper represented the bridges, the markets, the theatres, all the places of meeting, and all the types of the laboring classes and the burgher society of Yedo.

But nothing of all these equalled in importance the posthumous work of the two poor unknown artists, for

the latter revealed to me both the favorite subjects and the style of the modern school of Japanese painters. These sketches, inspired by the scenes of the streets and public gardens, were a veritable treasure for the study of the people of Yedo. These dusty and spotted bundles, wherein I found a hundred and two finished pictures and a hundred and thirty rough sketches, devoted exclusively to the classes which live outside of the Castle, the aristocratic quarters, the barracks, and the monasteries, were a mine to be worked! Such a collection was for me the surest guide, the most faithful interpreter which I could have consulted, before plunging into the labyrinth of streets, quays, and canals which thread the masses of the dwellings of the *bourgeoise* population, on both sides of the river.

The district of Nipon-bassi, or the Bridge of Nipon, which is the heart of the city, contains in a space of four square kilometres five longitudinal and twenty-two cross streets, cutting the former at right angles, and forming seventy-eight blocks of houses, each being almost the exact model of the other. Navigable canals surround this long parallelogram on the four sides, and fifteen bridges give it communication with the other parts of the city. Although they have a character so completely homogeneous, these quarters of the city do not leave that impression of fastidious monotony which the mansions belonging to the court or the feudal nobility rarely fail to produce. The houses of the citizens, not less than the palaces, do not vary from the type of architecture which is appropriate to them: they are simple constructions of wood, but two stories in height, the upper one bordered by a gallery looking upon the street, with a low roof covered with slate-colored tiles, and having plaster ornaments at the extremities of the ridge-pole. But if the

frame be the same, the pictures which it encloses are delightful in their variety, unexpectedness, and picturesque originality.

Here at the entrance of a street of Nipon-bassi there is a barber's shop, where three citizens, in the simplest apparel, come to make their morning toilette. Seated on stools, they gravely hold up with the left hand the lacquered dish which receives the spoils of the razor or scissors. The artists, on their side, relieved of everything which may restrict the freedom of their movements, bend to the right or left of their customers' heads, which they traverse with hand or instrument, like ancient sculptors modelling caryatides.

A few steps farther we find a shoemaker's shop. It bristles with wooden hooks, from which hang innumerable pairs of straw sandals. The owner, squatted on his counter, reminds me of one of those native idols to which the pilgrims make offerings of shoes. Persons of both sexes stop in front of him, examine the sandals or try them on, exchange some friendly words with him, and lay the proper price at his feet without disturbing him.

Then follow shops for the sale of sea-weed, several varieties of which are cooked and eaten by the people. There is also in Yedo an enormous consumption of shell-fish. Oysters are abundant and fleshy, but not very delicate; the Japanese have no other way of opening them except to break the upper shell with a stone. At Uraga a large species of oyster is dried and exported to all parts of the empire; the trade therein is said to be a royalty of the Tycoon.

The show of the seed-stores of Yedo is very attractive. The quantity and infinite variety of the products offered, the diversity of their forms and colors, the art with which they are arranged on the shelves, all combine to attract

the attention; but we are filled with surprise and admiration on perceiving that each one of the packages already enveloped in paper, each one of the cones ready for sale, bears, with the name of the seed, a sketch in colors of the plant itself. The illustration is often a little masterpiece, which seems to have been stolen from some charming floral album. We soon discover the artist and his studio,—that is, some young workman of the establishment, stretched at full length upon mats sprinkled with flowers and sheets of paper, and in this singular attitude making every touch of his brush produce the true effect.

As we approach the central bridge of the district the crowd increases, and on both sides of the street the shops give place to popular restaurants, to pastry-shops of rice and millet, and the sale of tea and hot saki. Here we are in the neighborhood of the great fish-market. The canal is covered with boats, which land fresh sea-fish and the product of the rivers, the fish of the polar currents and those of the equatorial stream, tortoises of the bay of Nipon, deformed polypi, and fantastic crustacea. Siebold counted, in this market-place, seventy different varieties of fish, crabs, and mollusks, and twenty-six kinds of mussels and other shell-fish.

The stalls, roughly erected near the landing-place, are besieged by purveyors who come to purchase at the auctions. Amid the tumultuous throngs vigorous arms are seen lifting the heavy baskets and emptying them into the lacquered boxes of the coolies; from time to time the crowd gives way to let two coolies pass, carrying a porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark, suspended by cords to a bamboo across their shoulders. The Japanese boil the flesh of these animals; they even salt down the blubber of whales.

Towards the middle of the day, during the hot season, the streets of Yedo become deserted; the shores of the

canals are lined with empty boats, fastened to the piles. No clamor, no noise comes up from the depths of the great city. If we still distinguish, here and there, either a traveller or a couple of pilgrims, hurrying along to reach their mid-day resting place, they walk in silence, with bowed heads and eyes fatigued with the glare of the road. The rays of the sun make broad luminous zones, whereon are drawn the outlines of the shadows which fall from broad roofs upon the flag-stones of the pavements, or from centenary trees upon the turf of the gardens.

The population of the streets and canals is withdrawn within the hostelries or private dwellings, where, in the remote basement-rooms, they enjoy the principal meal of the day, and then give two or three hours to sleep. In pursuing our route from street to street, along the shaded sidewalks, the eye looks through the openings between the screens, detects the household interiors, and catches glimpses of picturesque groups of men, women, and children, squatted around their simple dinner.

The table-cloth, made of woven straw, is spread upon the floor matting. In the centre is placed a great bowl of lacquered wood, containing rice, which is the basis of food with all classes of Japanese society. The usual manner of preparing it is to place it in a small keg of very light wood, which is then dropped into a kettle of boiling water. Each guest attacks the common supply, taking as much rice as will fill and heap a large porcelain bowl, which he sets to his lips, eating without the use of chop-sticks until the supply is nearly exhausted, when he adds to the rice some pieces of fish, crabs, or fowls, taken from the dish appropriated to animal food. The meats are seasoned with sea-salt, pepper, and soy, a very pungent sauce produced by the fermentation of a variety of black beans. Soft or hard eggs, cooked vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, sweet

potatoes, pickles made of sliced bamboo sprouts, and a salad made of the bulbous roots of the lotus, complete the bill of fare of an ordinary Japanese dinner.

Tea and saki are necessary accompaniments, both being generally taken hot and without sugar. I have never examined the beautiful utensils of a Japanese meal,—their bowls, cups, saucers, boxes, wooden plates, their porcelain urns, cups, and flagons, their teapots of glazed porous earthenware; and I have never watched the guests at the table, with the grace of their movements and the dexterity of their small and elegant hands, without fancying them to be a company of large children, playing at housekeeping, and eating for amusement rather than to satisfy their appetites. The diseases resulting from excess at the table or an unwholesome diet are generally unknown; but the immoderate use of their national drink frequently gives rise to serious disorders. I myself saw more than one case of delirium tremens.

LIFE AND SCENERY IN MONGOLIA.

ÉVARISTE R. HUC.

[To the selections already made from the curious and often amusing work of Abbé Huc, we add a third, descriptive of his journey in Mongolia, of which he gives a vivid and interesting account, with numerous significant suggestions concerning the character of the Chinese and Tartars.]

THE day had scarcely dawned when we were again on foot; but, before setting off, we had to effect a metamorphosis in our costume. The missionaries who reside in China all wear the dress of the Chinese merchants, and have nothing in their costume to mark their religious character.

This costume, it appears to us, has been in some measure an obstacle to the success of their missions. For among the Tartars a "*black man*," that is, a secular person, who undertakes to speak of religion, excites only contempt. Religion they consider as an affair belonging exclusively to the Lamas. We resolved, therefore, to adopt the costume worn on ordinary occasions by the Lamas of Tibet; namely, a long yellow robe fastened by a red girdle, and five gilt buttons, with a violet velvet collar, and a yellow cap surmounted by a red rosette. We also thought it expedient from this time to give up the use of wine and tobacco, and when the host brought us a smoking urn full of the hot wine so much in favor among the Chinese, we signified to him that we were about to change our modes of life as well as our dress. "You know," we added, laughing, "that good Lamas abstain from smoking and drinking." But our Chinese friends regarded us with compassion, and evidently thought we were about to perish of privation.

After leaving this inn we may be considered to have fairly commenced our pilgrimage, and the only companion of our wayfaring for the future was to be the camel-driver, Samdadchiemba. This young man was neither a Chinese, a Tartar, nor a Tibetan, but a little of all three, a Dchiahour. At the first glance it was easy to perceive his Mongol origin; he had a deeply-bronzed complexion; a great mouth, cut in a straight line; and a large nose insolently turned up, that gave to his whole physiognomy a disdainful aspect. When he looked at you with his little eyes twinkling between lids entirely without eyelashes, and with the skin of his forehead wrinkled up, the feeling he inspired was something between confidence and fear. His life had been spent in rather a vagabond manner, in rambling, sometimes about the Chinese towns and sometimes

in the deserts of Tartary,—for he had run away at the age of eleven from a Lama college, to escape the excessive corrections of his master. This mode of life had of course not tended much to polish the natural asperity of his character, and his intellect was entirely uncultivated; but his muscular strength was immense, and he was not a little proud of it. After having been instructed and baptized by M. Gabet [Huc's companion on this journey], he had wished to attach himself to the service of the missionaries, and the journey we were about to undertake was precisely in harmony with his rambling and adventurous humor.

[The mountain of Sainoula, which they soon crossed, is infested with robbers, whose peculiar civility Huc thus describes:]

The robbers of these countries are in general remarkable for the politeness with which they flavor their address. They do not put a pistol to your head, and cry, roughly, "Your money or your life!" but they say, in the most courteous tone, "My eldest brother, I am weary of walking on foot. Be so good as to lend me your horse;" or, "I am without money,—will you not lend me your purse?" or, "It is very cold to-day,—be kind enough to lend me your coat." If the eldest brother be charitable enough to comply, he receives thanks; if not, the request is enforced by two or three blows of the cudgel, or, if that is not sufficient, recourse is had to the sabre.

The sun was about to set, and we were still on the immense plateau which forms the summit of the mountain, and whence you can obtain an extensive view over the plains of Tartary, and the tents of the Mongols ranged in the form of an amphitheatre on the declivities of the hills. The imperial forest extends from north to south for three hundred miles, and nearly eighty from east to west, and it has been used as a hunting-ground by many successive

emperors of China; but, for about twenty-seven years past, these huntings have been discontinued, and not only stags and wild boars, but also bears, panthers, wolves, and tigers, abound in it. Woe to the wood-cutter or the hunter who should venture alone into its recesses. Those who have done so have disappeared without leaving a vestige behind them.

[Huc tells an amusing story of some Mongol horsemen, who, taking them to be Lamas, dismounted and prostrated themselves at the entrance to their tent.]

"Men of prayer," said they, with much apparent emotion, "we come to beg you to draw a horoscope. Two horses have been stolen from us to-day, and we have vainly sought to discover the thieves. O men, whose power and knowledge are without bounds, teach us how we may find them!" "My brethren," we replied, "we are not Lamas of Buddha; we do not believe in horoscopes; to pretend to such knowledge is false and deceitful!" The poor Tartars redoubled their solicitations; but when they saw that our resolution could not be shaken, they remounted their horses and returned to the mountains.

Samdadchiemba, during this conversation, had remained crouched in a corner by the fire, holding in both hands a bowl of tea, which he never once took from his lips. At length, as they were taking their departure, he knitted his brows, rose from his seat abruptly, and went to the door of the tent. The Tartars were already at a considerable distance; but he uttered a loud shout, and made gestures with his hands to induce them to come back. Thinking, probably, that we had changed our minds, and would consent to draw the horoscope, they returned; but as soon as they came within hail, Samdadchiemba addressed them:

"My Mongol brothers," he said, "in future be more pru-

dent; take better care of your animals and they will not be stolen. Remember these words, for they are worth more than all the horoscopes in the world." After having finished this speech, he marched gravely back to his tent, and sat down again to his tea. At first we were vexed with him; but, as the Tartars did not appear angry, we ended with laughing.

On the following day the numerous Tartars and Chinese travellers whom we met on the way were a sign to us that we were approaching the large town of Tolon-Noor; and already we could see before us, glittering in the sun, the gilded roofs of the two magnificent lama convents to the north of the town.

Two motives had induced us to visit Tolon-Noor. We wished, in the first place, to complete our stock of travelling utensils; and we also considered it desirable to place ourselves in relation with the lamas of the country, and obtain information concerning some important points in Tartary; and in pursuit of these objects we had to traverse almost every quarter of the town. Tolon-Noor is not a walled town, but a vast agglomeration of ugly and ill-arranged houses, and in the middle of its narrow and tortuous streets you see open mud-holes and sewers; and while the foot passengers walk in single file along the slippery pavement, mules, camels, and carts make their way through the deep, black, foul-smelling mud.

Often enough the wheeled carriages upset; and then it is impossible to describe the confusion that takes place in these miserable streets. Goods are either stolen by the thieves who watch for such opportunities, or lost in the mud, and the animals are not infrequently suffocated. But notwithstanding the few attractions of Tolon-Noor, the sterility of its environs, the extreme cold of its winter, and the suffocating heat of its summers, its population is im-

mense, and its commerce prodigious. Russian goods find their way here by way of Kiakta; the Tartars are constantly bringing vast herds of oxen, camels, and horses, and taking back tobacco, linen, and brick-tea. This perpetual coming and going of strangers; the hawkers running about with their wares; the traders endeavoring to entice customers into their shops; the lamas, in their showy dresses of scarlet and yellow, endeavoring to attract attention by the skill with which they manage their fiery horses in the most difficult passes,—all these things give the streets a very animated appearance. After having maturely considered the information we had obtained, we determined to direct our course towards the west, and quitted Tolon-Noor on the 1st of October.

We had not been more than an hour on our way on the following day when we heard behind us a confused noise as of a number of men and horses, and turning our heads perceived a numerous caravan advancing towards us at a rapid pace. We were soon overtaken by three horsemen, and one of them, whom we recognized by his costume for a Tartar mandarin, roared out to us in a deafening voice, "Lord Lamas, where is your country?"

"We are from the sky of the west."

"Across what countries have you passed your beneficent shadows?"

"We come from the town of Tolon-Noor."

"Has peace accompanied your route?"

"So far we have journeyed happily,—and you—are you at peace? What is your country?"

"We are Khalkas, from the kingdom of Mourguevan."

"Has the rain been abundant? Are your flocks in prosperity?"

"All is at peace in our pastures. Whither is your caravan proceeding?"

"We are going to bow our heads before the Five Towers."

During this short conversation the rest of the troop had come up. We were near a brook, the banks of which were bordered with bushes, and the chief of the caravan gave orders to halt, and immediately the camels arriving in a file described a circle, into the midst of which was drawn a vehicle on four wheels.

"*Sok! Sok!*" cried the camel-drivers, and the camels, obedient to the order, lay down all at once as if struck by the same blow. Then, while a multitude of tents rose suddenly, as if by enchantment, along the banks of the brook, two mandarins, decorated with the blue ball, approached the carriage, opened the door, and immediately we saw descending from it a Tartar woman, clothed in a long robe of green silk.

It was the queen of the country of the Khalkas, who was going on a pilgrimage to the famous lama convent of the Five Towers, in the Chinese province of Chan-Si. Immediately on perceiving us, she saluted us by raising her two hands, and said, "My lord Lamas, we are going to encamp here. Is the place fortunate?" "Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan," we replied, "you can here light the fire of your hearth in peace. For us, we are about to continue our route, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent."

[That evening they were visited by two Tartars in their encampment, from one of whom they received some rather remarkable information.]

While we ate our frugal meal, I observed that one of the Tartars was the object of particular attention to the other; and on inquiry we found that the superior had had two years before the honor of serving in the war against the

"rebels of the South,"—that is, the English,—having marched with the banners of Tchakar. He had, however, never been called upon to fight, for the *Holy Master* (the Emperor of China) had, in his immense mercy, granted peace to the rebels soon after, and the Tartar troops had been sent back to their flocks and herds. He had been told, however, by the Chinese, what kind of people, or monsters rather, these English were; they lived in the water like fish, and when you least expected it they would rise to the surface and cast at you fiery gourds. Then, as soon as you bend your bow to send an arrow at them, they plunge into the water like frogs. . . .

Tchakar, a Mongol word signifying border-country, lies to the north of the great wall of China, and east of Toumet. It is about four hundred and fifty miles in length and three hundred in breadth, and its inhabitants are all soldiers of the Emperor of China, and receive annually a certain sum regulated according to their titles. It is divided in eight banners, distinguished by their color,—blue, red, white, and yellow, and bluish, reddish, whitish, and yellowish. Each banner has a separate territory, and possesses a kind of tribunal which takes cognizance of its affairs, and a chief called *Ou-Gourdha;* and from among these eight ou-gourdhas a governor-general is chosen. Tchakar is, in fact, nothing but a vast camp; and in order that the army shall be at all times in readiness to march, the Tartars are prohibited under severe penalties from cultivating the ground. They are required to live on their pay and the produce of their flocks. . . .

We had gone nearly three days' march when we came to an imposing and majestic antiquity. It was a great forsaken city, with battlement ramparts, watch-towers, four great gates directed to the four cardinal points, all in perfect preservation, but all sunk three parts into the earth,

and covered with thick turf. Since the abandonment of the city, the earth around it has risen to that extent.

We entered the city with solemn emotion; there were no ruins to be seen, but only the form of a large and fine town, half buried and enveloped in grass as in a funeral shroud. The inequalities of the ground still seem to point out the direction of streets and the principal buildings; but the only human being we saw was a young Mongol shepherd, who, seated on a mound, was silently smoking his pipe, while his goats grazed on the deserted ramparts around him. Similar remains of cities are not infrequently to be met with in the deserts of Mongolia, but their history is buried in oblivion. Probably, however, they do not date beyond the thirteenth century; for it is known that at this epoch the Mongols had made themselves masters of the Chinese Empire, and, according to the Chinese historians, numerous and flourishing towns existed at that time in Northern Tartary. The Tartars could give no information concerning this interesting ruin, but merely say that they call it the old town. . . .

In the deserts of Tartary, Mongols are frequently met with carrying on their shoulders the bones of their kindred, and journeying in caravans to the Five Towers, there to purchase, almost at its weight in gold, a few feet of earth whereon to erect a mausoleum. Some of them undertake a journey of a whole year's duration, and of excessive hardship, to reach this holy spot.

The Tartar sovereigns are sometimes interred in a manner which appears the very height of extravagance and barbarism; the royal corpse is placed in an edifice of brick, adorned with stone images of men, lions, tigers, elephants, and divers subjects from the Buddhist mythology. With the illustrious defunct they inter, in a large vault in the centre of the building, considerable sums in gold and sil-

ver, precious stones, and costly habits. These monstrous interments frequently cost the lives of a number of slaves: children of both sexes distinguished for their beauty are taken, and compelled to swallow mercury until they are suffocated; by this means, it is asserted, the color and freshness of the victims is preserved so well that they appear alive. They are then ranged standing round the corpse of their master to serve him as in life. They hold in their hands the pipe, fan, the little vial of snuff, and the other numerous baubles of Tartar royalty.

To guard these buried treasures there is placed in the vault a kind of bow, constructed to discharge a number of arrows one after the other. This bow, or rather these bows, are bound together, and the arrows fixed. This species of infernal machine is so placed that the act of opening the door of the vault discharges the first arrow, the discharge of the first releases the second, and so on to the last. The bow-makers keep these murderous machines all ready prepared, and the Chinese sometimes purchase them to guard their houses in their absence.

[This certainly sounds like one of the veracious tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and it needs some degree of faith to accept it verbatim. M. Huc goes on to describe the country of Western Toumet, which was next reached, and which, unlike Mongolia in general, was an agricultural district, the people comfortable and well-to-do. Here they made a short stay in the city of *Koui-Noa-Tchen*, or the "Blue Town," where they put up at a tavern with the following sign: "Hotel of the Three Perfections; Lodging for Travellers on Horse or Camel; All sorts of business negotiated with unfailing success,"—an example of grandiloquence which has many counterparts in China. Huc thus describes this city:]

The commercial importance enjoyed by the Blue Town arises from the lama convents, whose celebrity attracts hither Mongols from the most distant parts: hence the commerce is almost exclusively Tartar. The Mongols

bring great herds of oxen, horses, camels, and sheep; they also sell here skins, mushrooms, and salt, the only produce of the desert of Tartary; and they take in return brick-tea, clothes, saddles for their horses, sticks of incense to burn before their idols, oatmeal, millet, and some domestic utensils. Koukon-Khoton is also famous for its camel trade. The place of sale is a vast square, into which run all the principal streets of the town. Elevations shelving on one side, from one end of the square to the other, give this market the appearance of a field deeply furrowed. The camels are placed in a line, so that their forefeet rest on these elevations, and this elevation displays, and in a manner increases, the stature of the animals, already so gigantic. It would be difficult to describe the confusion and uproar which prevails in this market. To the cries of the buyers and sellers who are quarrelling or talking, as people talk when a revolt is at its height, are joined the long groans of the poor camels, whose noses are incessantly tweaked to try their address in kneeling or rising.

When we were about to set out, we summoned the master of the hotel, according to custom, to settle our account; and we calculated that, for three men and six animals for four days, we should have to pay at least two ounces of silver. But we had the agreeable surprise of hearing him say, "My lord Lamas, let us not make any reckoning. Put three hundred sapecks (thirty cents) into the chest, and let that suffice. My house," added he, "is recently established, and I wish to obtain for it a good reputation. Since you are from a distant country, I wish you to tell your illustrious compatriots that my hotel is worthy of their confidence." "We will certainly speak of your disinterestedness," we replied, "and our countrymen, when they have occasion to visit the Blue Town, will not fail to stop at the Hotel of the Three Perfections."

[We cannot follow further this entertaining journey through Mongolia, and must conclude with M. Huc's remarks when they finally left that country and entered China proper.]

The general aspect of Mongolia is wild and gloomy; never is the eye relieved by the charm and variety of a landscape. The monotony of the steppes is broken only by ravines, great fissures, and stony, sterile hills. Towards the north, in the country of the Khalkas, nature appears more animated; the summits of the mountains are crowned by forests, and the rich pasturage of the plains is watered by numerous rivers; but during the long season of winter the earth is buried under a thick covering of snow. From the side of the Great Wall, Chinese industry glides like a serpent into the desert. Towns begin to rise on all sides; the "Land of Grass" is being gradually covered by crops, and the Mongol shepherds are by degrees driven back to the north by the encroachments of agriculture.

The sandy plains occupy perhaps the greater part of Mongolia, and in these not a tree is to be seen; short, brittle grass makes its way with difficulty through the barren soil, and creeping thorns and some scanty tufts of heath form the only vegetation, the sole pasturage, of Gobi. Water is extremely scarce, being only found in deep wells dug for the use of travellers who are obliged to cross this miserable region.

SCENES FROM PASTORAL LIFE AMONG THE KIRGHIS NOMADS.

THOMAS W. ATKINSON.

[Whoever would know the characteristic details of life in Siberia and on the steppes must read the works of Thomas Witlam Atkinson, "Oriental and Western Siberia" and "Travels in the Region of the Upper and Lower Amoor." He was one of the first travellers to penetrate these regions, in which he spent seven years, and whose characteristics he has picturesquely described. Mr. Atkinson was of English origin: born in Yorkshire in 1799; died, 1861. We select from "The Upper and Lower Amoor" a spirited description of one of the annual events in the life of the pastoral Kirghis of the Asiatic steppes.]

IN the morning I beheld a scene that can only be witnessed in these pastoral regions. The aoul [nomad encampment] consisted of thirteen yourts [tents], in which there were twenty-nine men, thirty-four women, and twenty-six children. They had encamped here only two days before, and the remainder of the tribe were far to the northward. The yourts were put up in a temporary manner, and the voilocks [felt coverings of the yourts] were hanging in picturesque folds. Near us were several other aouls. At a short distance in front of the yourt Kairan was seated on the ground, with several other chiefs around him, in deep consultation. Not far from them the women were at their morning's occupation, milking their cows, sheep, and goats, and the men were preparing to drive the herds to their pastures. When the latter began to move off, the plain around seemed one mass of living animals; while Kirghis, dressed in their gay costumes, and mounted on spirited horses, were galloping to and fro, separating their

different charges. More than thirty-five thousand animals were in motion.

Having ascended one of the numerous tumuli, that afforded a clear view over the vast steppe, I observed long lines of dark objects extending far into the distance. These were horses, oxen, and camels, belonging to other tribes, now on their march towards the pass. In every direction great herds of cattle could be seen,—some so far away that they appeared like specks on these interminable plains. To the south the snowy peaks of the Ac-tan were glittering in the sun, while the lower ranges of the Ala-tan were lit up, showing their varied colors in all their splendor. My attention was riveted to the scene, as it forcibly suggested the exodus from Egypt.

While thus employed, Kairan and the chiefs broke up their council, ascended the tumulus, and told me that three Kirghis had returned from the mountains, whither they had been to examine the upper passes; a necessary precaution to ascertain if the herds could cross the high ridge and descend into the valleys beyond. They had reported favorably, and the intelligence had already been sent on into the steppe to the other Kirghis, by whom it would be communicated from one tribe to another, and set the whole on the march.

[What was in view was the annual summer migration of the nomad tribes to the high mountain valleys, to take advantage of the short season of pasturage in that elevated region. Atkinson and his attendants set out in advance.]

My old guide through the great gorge was in ecstasies as we bounded over the plain. He obtained a long lance from one of the men, and showed me how well he could wield it. Having pushed his horse in advance, he put him into a gallop, turning the lance round his head on his

fingers; in an instant he brought it down to the side of his horse, placing the butt in the stirrup, and levelling the weapon for a charge. Giving a wild shriek, he bent low in his saddle and went off at full speed. He had his horse in perfect command, and, throwing him on his haunches, turned suddenly round, and, with lance levelled, charged towards me, passing close by my side. My Cossacks, who could use the weapon well, were delighted with his dexterity. It was evident that his leader, Kinsara, had not failed to drill his men. Indeed, I was assured that it was their proficiency in the use of the lance and battle-axe that had made them so formidable among the Asiatic tribes. If these men are ever trained under good officers, they will become some of the best irregular cavalry in the world, unequalled for long and rapid marches. They possess all the qualities that made the reputation of the wild hordes led on by Genghis Khan.

As we travelled along vast herds of cattle were seen in every direction, all drawing towards the mountains, and after a ride of nearly six hours we reached the aoul of our friends. When my people saw us they were greatly delighted, and my host Djani-bek seemed pleased to see me again.

[On the next day Atkinson rode on over the plain, and reached an aoul whose chief was seated at the door of his tent, listening to his family bard, who was singing the great deeds of his race.]

The family group, the glowing sky, and the vast plain with the thousands of animals scattered over it, formed a charming picture. Homer was never listened to with more attention than was this shepherd-poet, while singing the traditions of the ancestors of his tribe. Whatever power the old Greek possessed over the minds of his audience was equalled by that of the bard before me. When he sang of

the mountain scenes around, the pastoral habits of the people, their flocks and herds, the faces of his hearers were calm, and they sat unmoved. But when he began to recite the warlike deeds of their race their eyes flashed with delight; as he proceeded they were worked up into a passion, and some grasped their battle-axes and sprang to their feet in a state of frenzy. Then followed a mournful strain, telling of the death of a chief, when all excitement ceased, and every one listened with deep attention. Such was the sway this unlettered bard had over the minds of his wild comrades.

As I sat watching the group, I saw there were many sturdy fellows sitting round their aged chief, all of whom appeared quiet and calm; but a word from him would rouse their passions and change the scene into one of the wildest excitement. The uplifting of his battle-axe would send them on a plundering expedition, when they would spare neither age nor sex. If the baranta was a successful one, the poet would add one more stanza to his song. I listened long to these wild strains, which delayed my departure till the sun was casting his last rays over the steppe. Nor was it without reluctance that I said "amanbul" to the old chief, mounted my horse, and galloped over the plain. . . .

When the first pale yellowish streaks were seen breaking over the steppe [the next morning], and extending in narrow lines along the horizon, each few minutes added light and depth to their color, till they changed through all the shades of orange to a deep crimson, far more brilliant than the ruby. Still, the plain was a dark purple-gray, and all objects on it were indistinct and almost lost in gloom. As one group of cattle after another rose out of the dusky vapor that shrouded the earth, they appeared magnified, which caused the head and neck of the camels

to assume the proportions of some mighty antediluvian monster stalking over the plain, while the huge forms of the other creatures aided in the illusion. Gradually the whole scene changed, and the commotion in the aoul began; the bulls were up and bellowing, as if calling and marshalling their herds together for the march. Turning in another direction, the horses were seen with their heads thrown aloft and snorting; others were plunging and kicking furiously; while the sheep and goats, with their kids and lambs, seemed just rising into existence. A little later, as the sun rose, the plain was seen covered far and wide with myriads of living animals.

Soon after daylight long lines of camels and horses were seen wending their way in a southwesterly direction, followed by herds of oxen. The sheep and goats were innumerable; they stretched over miles of country, and were following slowly in the rear. With each herd and flock there were a number of Kirghis mounted on good horses; these, galloping to and fro, added greatly to the general effect.

At the aoul women in their best attire were taking down the yourts and securing them on camels. Their household goods were being packed up by the girls and boys, after which they were loaded on camels, bulls, and cows. These children of the steppe were not long in making their preparations to depart in search of new homes. In less than three hours all were ready, when we sprung into our saddles and rode away.

The camels formed a most curious portion of the spectacle, with the willow framework of the yourts hanging from their saddles, giving them the appearance of huge animals with wings just expanding for a flight. The poor creatures had burdens far larger than themselves, under which they evidently walked with difficulty. Then fol-

lowed a string of bulls with bales of Bokharian carpets slung over their saddles, and boxes and other household utensils placed above. Then a refractory bull was seen similarly loaded, with the large iron caldron on the top. The furious beast went rushing on; presently the straps gave way, and the caldron went rolling down the declivity. Seeing this, he became frantic, leaping and plunging, and at each bound a part of his load was left behind. As the bales rolled over he charged at them vigorously, and soon got rid of all his incumbrances. He now rushed at every horseman who happened to be in his course, and several had narrow escapes; at last he took refuge among the herd. The koumis-bag, with its contents, so precious to a Kirghis, was secured on a grave and careful bull, who moved along with stately dignity.

After these a number of cows joined in the procession, having two leathern bags secured on their backs, with a young child sitting in each, watching the crowd of animals as they bounded past. Mingled in this throng were women dressed in their rich Chinese silk costumes, some crimson, others yellow, red, and green, and the elder females in black velvet kalats. A few of the young girls had fox-skin caps, and others silk caps, richly embroidered in various colors. The matrons wore white calico head-gear, embroidered with red, hanging down over their shoulders like hoods. Many were mounted on wild steeds, which they sat and managed with extraordinary ease and skill. Girls and boys were riding various animals according to their ages; some of the elder ones horses, others young bulls, and some were even mounted on calves, having voilock boots secured to the saddles, into which the young urchins inserted their legs, guiding the beast by a thong secured to his nose. This was a cavalcade to be seen only in those regions.

A ride over the plain of somewhat more than two hours brought us to the foot of the mountains; we crossed a low hill and beheld the entrance to the pass, which appeared filled with a mass of animals moving slowly onward. Turning towards the north, vast herds of cattle were seen extending as far as my vision could reach, marching from various points in the steppe towards their pastures in the mountains; and through this pass the enormous multitude must ascend. Having stood a short time watching the living tide roll on, I rode into the valley and joined the moving mass.

The mouth of the pass was about three hundred yards wide, between grassy slopes, up which it was impossible for either man or animal to climb. The whole width, as far as I could see, was filled with camels, horses, and oxen; Kirghis were riding among them, shouting and using their whips on any refractory brute that came within their reach. At length we plunged into a herd of horses, with camels in front and bulls and oxen in our rear. We presently passed the grassy slopes to where the gorge narrowed to about one hundred yards in width, with precipices rising up on each side to the height of six hundred or seven hundred feet. From this mob of quadrupeds there was no escape on either side, and to turn back was utterly impossible, as we were now wedged in among wild horses. These brutes showed every disposition to kick, but, fortunately for us, without the power, the space for each animal being too limited. This did not, however, prevent them using their teeth, and it required great vigilance and constant use of the whip to pass unscathed.

As we rode on the scene became fearfully grand: the precipices increased in height at every hundred yards we advanced. In one place there were overhanging crags nine hundred feet above us, split and rent into fragments,

ready apparently to topple over at the slightest impulse, while higher in the pass the scenery became more savage. Then we had the shouting of men, the cry of the camels, the shrieks and snorting of horses when bitten by their neighbors, with the bellowing of the bulls and oxen in our rear, —a wonderfully savage chorus, heightened by the echoes resounding from crag to crag, accompanied by a constant drone in the distant bleating of an immense multitude of sheep.

The bottom of the gorge ascended rapidly, which enabled me to look back, when I saw, about fifty paces in our rear, a phalanx of bulls which no man would dare to face,—even the Kirghis kept clear of these. They came steadily on, but the horses near them plunged and reared when the sharp horns gored their haunches. Another danger presently beset us. The Kirghis said that a little farther on the bed of the gorge was strewn with fallen rocks and small stones, and that riding over these would require great care, for if one of our steeds fell it would be fatal to both horse and rider. Shortly we came to a recess in the precipice, and here two children mounted on young bulls had taken refuge: having escaped from the crowd of animals, they had clambered up among the rocks, and the four were looking down at the passing mass in perfect calm. Poor creatures, it was impossible to reach them or afford them the least aid; the only thing that could be done was to urge them to remain still where they were.

The rough ground that had been mentioned by the Kirghis was now distinctly seen by the motion of the animals before us. Hitherto the stream of heads and backs had run smoothly on; now, however, it became a rapid, where heads and tails were tossed aloft in quick succession. We were approaching some jutting masses that formed a bend in the gorge. On reaching these a terrific scene burst upon

us. The pass was narrowed by huge blocks fallen from above, one of which was thirty-five to forty feet high and somewhat more in width, standing about twenty paces from the foot of the rocks, and about two hundred yards from us. The prospect was fearful, for as we rode on the horses were being wedged more closely together between the frowning cliffs. All looked with anxiety at the pent-up tide of animals struggling onward, till they burst over the rocky barrier.

Each few minutes brought us nearer the danger; not a word was spoken, but every eye was fixed on the animals bounding over the rocks. Several fell, uttering a shriek, and were seen no more. Instinct seemed to warn the animals of their impending danger; they were, however, forced along by those behind, nor was it possible for us to see the ground over which we were riding. At length we came among the crowd of leaping horses; our own made three or four bounds, and the dreaded spot was passed. The gorge opened out wider; still it was filled with camels and horses, moving slowly onward. To stop and look back was impossible, as the living stream came rushing on. Although accidents are often fatal to the people on this spot, and many animals belonging to each tribe are killed on their journey to and from the mountains, such is the apathy of these Asiatics that they never think of removing a single stone. After the herds have passed, whatever remains of camel, horse, or other animal is gathered up, and feasted on by the people.

We had been more than four hours ascending this mountain gorge when we reached a part less abrupt. Here we got out of the throng, and, guided by a Kirghis, began to ascend a narrow ravine that brought us to some elevated rocks, from which we had a view into the gorge, where we saw the vast herds still struggling on. My guide said

THE AMOOR RIVER

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

that it would take them three hours to reach the head of the pass. Having looked down on this singular scene for a short time, I mounted my horse, and shortly reached the plateau. From this point a ride of about three miles brought me to the top of the gorge, and here I found a stream of camels and horses pouring towards the high plain.

We had reached a point just beneath the snow line, about seven thousand feet above the sea, and presently it began to rain, while the higher ridges became shrouded in vapor. At a short distance from the head of the pass some Kirghis had pitched their yourts. Here we sought shelter from the pelting storm, and dined, remaining a couple of hours, in the vain hope that the shower would cease. During this time the stream of countless animals still pressed on, attended by the wet and shivering herdsmen, bent on reaching a sheltered valley, in which to pass the night.

[Finding that the rain showed no sign of ceasing, the travellers pushed on through a wind that now became a gale. The fog made their route very dangerous, and it was after passing many perils of precipices that they found a Kirghis encampment, in which to pass the night. The next morning Atkinson ascended a ridge which bounded their little valley on the north.]

When I had gained the summit, a prospect opened out on the north that greatly astonished me. I was standing on some rocky pinnacles, rising over a precipice not less than fifteen hundred feet deep, from which it appeared possible to send a rifle-ball into the gorge we had ascended yesterday; but the purity of the atmosphere in these regions renders distance most deceptive, as I have often proved at the cost of a long and solitary ride.

From my present elevated position the steppe appeared boundless, and extending till earth and sky were blended in misty air. Notwithstanding the vast number of cattle

that ascended yesterday, immense herds were scattered over the plain in all directions, preparing to ascend the pass. Wishing to see something of the route that had led me to this spot, I proceeded along the ridge, following our track for about half a mile, when I beheld the dangers we had escaped. We had ridden along the brink of a great precipice, obscured by the fog. I found the spot over which the camel of our friends had fallen, and on looking down, observed a party of four wolves at breakfast.

[From the elevated region reached by the herds descent was made into the mountain valleys where pasturage was to be had. The descent had not been made without loss, several camels and horses having fallen over precipices in the fog.]

Proceeding onward, along the edge of some high cliffs, we beheld at every few hundred paces groups of men collecting the dead cattle. Unfortunately these were not the worst accidents, for I was afterwards informed that several people had been killed, which made me reflect on our escape through such dangers. After riding about ten miles we reached the valley, and just at dusk arrived at the Kirghis aoul, where the chief received me kindly. I had now reached their summer pastures, at the foot of the snowy peaks of the Ac-tan, in Chinese Tartary, and about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest point at which the Kirghis obtain food for their cattle. They remain here a month or five weeks, and then gradually descend, eating up the different pastures on their way back to the steppe, which they usually reach about the first week in September.

[In conclusion of this selection, we may return with Atkinson to the steppe at a later point in his narrative, and give his description of one of the characteristic wonders of the desert.]

Many of my readers know nothing practically of the mirage, and thus they can neither appreciate the beauty of this deception, nor estimate the disappointment it creates. I fear my pencil fails in rendering its magical effect, and my pen cannot give an adequate idea of its tantalizing power on the thirsty traveller. It has, however, often fallen to my lot to witness it, when an apparent lake stretched out before me, tempting both man and animal to rush on and slake their burning thirst. Even after years of experience I have been deceived by this phenomenon, so real has it appeared, and many of its peculiar and magical effects have been preserved. Sometimes vast cities seemed rising on the plains, in which a multitude of towers, spires, domes, and columns were grouped together with a picturesque effect that neither poet nor painter could depict. And these were reflected in the deceptive fluid with all the distinctness of a mirror; at times a slight breeze seemed to ruffle the placid surface, destroying the forms for a few minutes, and then they reappeared.

Sometimes I have been almost induced to believe that vast tropical forests were before me, where palms of gigantic size, with their graceful foliage, overtopped every other tree, and that beyond were mountain crests, giving a reality to the scene that caused me for the moment to doubt its being a phantom. At last I have passed over the spot where the lake, the mighty city, and the vast forest had appeared, and found nothing but small bushes and tufts of grass growing on the steppe.

ACROSS THE STEPPES TO KHIVA.

FREDERICK BURNABY.

[Captain Fred Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" is one of the most spirited records extant descriptive of the steppe region of Russia and Asia. The writer, born at Bedford, England, in 1842, produced, in addition to the work named, "On Horseback through Asia Minor," "A Ride across the Channel," and other works. He was killed in the battle near Aboo Klea, in Nubia, in 1885. The selection here given takes him up in his winter journey shortly after he had left Kasala, in Asiatic Russia.]

A LITTLE way from the town we came upon hundreds of cotton-bales lying scattered along the path. No one was left in charge of them, and the huge bundles seemed at the disposal of any would-be thief. It appeared they had been brought from Bokhara. The camel-drivers had gone on to Kasala to feast with their friends in that town, but would return when the festival was over, and then continue the journey to Orenburg. In the mean time their master's property was left in the steppe, this affording a striking proof of the happy-go-lucky disposition of the Tartar camel-drivers.

"Will not some of the cotton be stolen?" I inquired of Nazar.

"If God pleases," was the pious answer.

The Mohammedans invariably throw upon the Deity the responsibility for any mischance that may occur through their own negligence, the doctrine of *fatalism* thus covering a multitude of sins.

I subsequently discovered that the only way to impart a little circumspection to my careless camel-driver when, after breaking my boxes, he excused himself on the ground

that the Almighty had been the cause of the disaster, was to administer to the delinquent a slight chastisement. This having been inflicted, I exclaimed, "Brother, it was the will of God. You must not complain. It was your destiny to break my property, and mine to beat you. We neither of us could help it, praise be to Allah."

This method of dealing with my party had a capital effect upon them, and much more care was afterwards taken in loading and unloading the camels.

Kasala now lay far in our wake, and naught could be seen save an endless white expanse. A gale came on. The wind howled and whistled, billowing before it broad waves of snow. Our eyes began to run, and the eyeballs to ache; the constant glare and cutting breeze half blinded us as we rode. The horses waded heavily through the piled-up ridges. The poor beasts suffered like ourselves: their eyes were incrusted with frozen tears, and it was as much as we could do to urge them forward. . . .

After marching for about five hours, the guide asked me to halt the caravan. The sun was fast disappearing in the west, as we had started late; and as it is always as well to make a short journey on the first day, in order to see how the saddles fit, and if the luggage has been well adjusted on the camels, I consented, but with the express stipulation that we must strike our camp and start again at twelve that night.

Camels will only feed in the daytime, and the best plan is to march them as much as possible during the night. They walk very slowly, and, as a rule, cannot go more than two miles and a third an hour. This is the average rate of a caravan; however, they walk a little faster at night than during the day, so it is always as well to halt at sunset and start at midnight, unloading the camels for about two hours in the day to feed. By this means the

traveller ought to get sixteen hours per day steady work from his caravan, and march at least thirty-seven miles.

All this time the Turkoman driver and guide were engaged in putting up the *kibitka*. This was intended to screen us from the bitterly cold wind, which, coming straight from the east, whistled across the desert, unchecked by mountain or forest.

The kibitkas are very simple in their construction. I will endeavor briefly to describe them. Imagine a bundle of sticks, each five feet three inches in length and an inch in diameter; these are connected with each other by means of some cross-sticks, through the ends of which holes are bored and leather thongs passed. This allows plenty of room for all the sticks to open out freely; they then form a complete circle about twelve feet in diameter and five feet three in height. They do not require any forcing into the ground, for the circular shape keeps them steady.

When this is done, a thick piece of *cashmar*, or cloth made of sheep's wool, is suspended from their tops, and reaches to the ground. This forms a shield through which the wind cannot pass. Another bundle of sticks is then produced. They are all fastened at one end to a small wooden cross about six inches long by four broad. A man standing in the centre of the circle raises up this bundle in the air, the cross upward, and hitches their other ends, by means of little leather loops, one by one on the different upright sticks which form the circular walls. The result is, they all pull against each other, and are consequently self-supporting. Another piece of cloth is passed round the outside of this scaffolding, leaving a piece uncovered at the top to allow the smoke to escape. One stick is removed from the uprights which form the walls. This substitutes a door, and the kibitka is completed.

A fire is now lighted in the middle of the tent, some

snow put in a kettle, which is suspended from a tripod of three sticks above the flames, and, under the influence of a few glasses of scalding tea, the wayfarer makes himself as comfortable as circumstances will admit.

However, the smoke from the damp wood filled the tent. It was of so pungent a character that we found it impossible to keep on the roof. Our eyes, which had suffered from the wind and glare, now smarted from the smoke, and it was impossible to keep them open.

"The wood is damp," said the guide; "better be cold than be blind;" and, unhooking the upper framework of the kibitka, he left the walls standing.

It was a glorious evening; the stars as seen from the snow-covered desert were brighter and more dazzling than any I had hitherto witnessed. From time to time some glittering meteor would shoot across the heavens. A momentary track of vivid flame traced out its course through space. Showers of orbs of falling fire flashed for one moment, and then disappeared from our view. Myriads of constellations and worlds above sparkled like gems in a priceless diadem. It was a magnificent pyrotechnic display, Nature being the sole actor in the spectacle. It was well worth a journey even to Central Asia.

In the mean time the guide, who took upon himself the office of *chef de cuisine*, was occupied with an iron pot, his special property. He was busily engaged throwing into this receptacle slices of meat, which with difficulty he had hacked from a piece of frozen mutton. A few handfuls of rice were next added, and some hunches of mutton fat. This he extracted from a hiding-place in his clothes, and the culinary compound was speedily crackling over the red-hot embers of our fire.

It was not a very appetizing spectacle, nor a dish that Baron Brisse would have been likely to add to any of his

menus; but after a ride across the steppes in midwinter the traveller soon loses every other feeling in the absorbing one of hunger, and at that time I think I could have eaten my great-grandfather if he had been properly roasted for the occasion.

Nazar's face assumed a most voracious aspect. Seizing a large wooden ladle, he buried it in the cooking mass; then, first of all filling his own mouth, with a look of supreme satisfaction he handed me the ladle.

The guide, baring his arm to the elbow, plunged his hand into the pot, and throwing about a quarter of a pound of its contents within his capacious jaws, bolted it at one swallow. His eyes nearly started out of his head with the effort. He smiled condescendingly; pointed to the viands, the result of his culinary skill; and rubbing his stomach slowly, gave me to understand that the meat was done to a turn.

The Turkoman sat in a corner of the kibitka. He was taking some little square biscuits or cakes, made of flour, salt, and fat, from a small bag which had been attached to the saddle of his donkey. His countenance wore a melancholy expression, for the biscuits were frozen as hard as brickbats. From time to time he would lay one of the cakes upon the embers, and, when it was thawed through, hand it to one of my party. "*Yackshe*" (good), he said to me, looking at the smoking mutton with a beseeching look, as much as to say, "Let me, too, partake," when, notwithstanding the disapproving looks of Nazar and the guide, who wished to eat it all themselves, I desired him to squat down by their side.

It was a quaint sight, the two wild figures before me, with their bare arms thrust alternately into the pot, every now and then swearing and looking fiercely at the Turkoman, who, to make up for lost time, ate much more rapidly than they did. I myself was supplied with a large saucer-

ful of rice and meat, which, in spite of the rough manner in which it had been prepared, proved a very savory compound.

[While thus engaged, three Khivans rode up, a merchant and his servants, on their way home from Orenburg. From these the traveller gained some information about the road to Khiva.]

After staying at our fireside about half an hour, the merchant left, and in a short time sent a message by one of his servants asking me if I would honor him by drinking tea with himself and followers.

I found the party encamped in a small ravine, about a hundred yards from my own kibitka, and seated around a fire. They had sheltered themselves in the same way as ourselves, and in addition had raised up an embankment of snow in the direction of the wind, so as to be better protected from its gusts. The camel-drivers had unloaded their animals, and were engaged in shovelling away the snow, so as to leave a dry spot upon which the huge beasts could lie down. Should this not be done, and the camels rest upon the snow, the heat of their bodies converts it into water, and the animals get cold in the stomach, an illness which generally proves fatal to them. The luggage and saddles were placed around the cleared spot so as to protect the camels from the wind, and I found that my Turkoman had joined the party, and that his three beasts were also within the enclosure.

The merchant, producing a pillow and piece of carpet, made me sit in the place of honor, nearest the fire. Presently he handed me a tin slop-basin, full of what he called tea, but which was the nastiest beverage it has ever been my bad luck to taste. It was not tea, in our sense of the word, but a mixture which had a peculiar flavor of grease, salt, and tea-leaves. Swallowing my nausea as

well as I could, in order to avoid offending my host, I drank off the nasty draught, and exclaimed, in the best Tartar I could command for the occasion, "Excellent."

My host was much pleased with my appreciation of the beverage, and said, "Now I see that you are not a Russian" (Nazar having previously informed him that I was an Englishman). "Strange to say, Russians do not like my tea. Good tea comes from Hindoostan. You will drink some more?"

Fortunately Nazar now came to my rescue. He called attention to the stars, and said that it was late, and that we were going to start early; so, shaking hands with my host, I escaped from his well-meant but decidedly disagreeable hospitality.

[Leaving the party to their slumbers, and their after midnight journey, we shall give some remarks of the author concerning the inhabitants of the steppes.]

The Kirghis poetry is filled with odes in honor of sheep, the natives placing this animal on the highest pinnacle of their estimation—after their wives, and sometimes, indeed, before them. Sheep make up the entire riches of these nomad tribes. A Kirghis lives upon their milk during the summer and autumn. At that time of the year he would consider it a great piece of extravagance to eat any meat, and this is only done should any animal become ill and die, in which case there is a feast in the kibitka. However, if a guest arrives, nothing is too good for him, and hospitality is shown by slaying one of the flock. It is then a red-letter day, and it is remembered long afterwards by the owner of the animal.

In winter, when there is nothing else upon which the Kirghis can subsist, they are obliged occasionally to kill some of their sheep, varying this diet by eating either a

horse or a little camel's flesh,—that is to say, should any of these last-named animals meet with an accident or die a natural death in the neighborhood. A native's clothes are made entirely of sheep's wool manufactured into coarse homespun. When he wishes to buy a horse or a camel, he gives so many sheep in exchange; and when he wants a wife, he pays for her in the same commodity, a good fat sheep being worth in those parts about four rubles, or eleven shillings of our money.

[The courtship and marriage customs are of interest.]

It is considered a sign of manhood should the bridegroom [who has previously bargained with the bride's parents], regardless of robbers or marauding parties, bring no companions when journeying towards the kibitka of his betrothed. The young lady herself sits inside the tent, and sings a ditty which has reference to her lover's bravery, to her own good looks, and to his good fortune, to sheep, and to the festivities about to ensue.

The women of the tribe squat on the ground and form a circle round the tent. If the bridegroom attempts to enter the bride's kibitka, the jealous females rush forward and beat him with sticks, the most unfavored and elderly of the unmarried women taking great delight in this performance. However, love generally prevails; the young man's back smarts, but he forces a passage into the kibitka. His beloved one now throws herself into his arms, and he there seeks a solace for all his troubles. The young lady then presents him with some feathers, red silk, and cloves, this being the accustomed offering made by a Kirghis maiden to her bridegroom to testify to him her purity and affection. The happy couple are now left alone, the women outside singing some native ditty, in which the joys of marriage are rather forcibly described.

Feasting then begins; friends and relations come from all parts of the steppe, having brought horses and sheep as a contribution to the festival; indeed, without this it would be impossible for the host to give the entertainment, for he would be literally eaten out of house and home.

Sometimes a hundred sheep and forty or fifty horses are slain, the iron caldron being kept all day long at boiling-point. The Kirghis stuff themselves to repletion, and afterwards carry away in their trousers, which they tie up at the knee, the meat they are unable to swallow at the time. It is a peculiar pocket, the roast mutton in this manner coming closely in contact with the Kirghis legs; but such little matters do not affect these half-wild wanderers. When the feast is over the games begin, and the animals which have not been eaten are set apart as prizes, the young men wrestling with each other. No tripping is allowed, no dexterity comes into play, and the contest is decided by sheer strength.

After this there are horse-races, the length of the course being from twenty to thirty miles, this distance being accomplished at the rate of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour, the successful rider sometimes receiving eight or nine horses as a prize.

Then the girls obtain the swiftest horses which they can borrow from their friends or relations, and one of the Amazons, challenging the men to race against her, gallops across the steppe. She is pursued by a horseman, who strives to place his hand round her waist, the girl all this time showering blows with her whip on the head of her admirer, and doing her best to keep him at bay. If he does not succeed in his attempt, the girl will often turn round upon him, and so belabor the unfortunate wight with her whip that he frequently falls off his horse, and is then an object of scorn and derision to all the assembled guests;

but if, on the contrary, he succeeds in placing his hand on the girl's breast, she surrenders at once, they ride away together amid the cheers and encouraging shouts of the company, and it is not considered strict etiquette to follow, no chaperons in Tartary being considered necessary.

The Turkomans sometimes decide the knotty point of who is to marry the prettiest girl in their tribe in the same primitive manner. On these occasions the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed her choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. They follow her, and she avoids those whom she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment that she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor. Further ceremonies are dispensed with, and he then takes her to his tent.

[Returning to the caravan, which had meanwhile continued its journey to more inhabited regions, we have next to relate the story of a quarrel and reconciliation.]

We now encountered a small party of Khivans. My guide gave them the customary salutation, "*Salam aaleikom;*" however, they made no response. Their leader had observed by my dress that I was a foreigner. He looked fixedly at us, and recognized the guide as the one who had aided the Russians during their advance against the Khan's country. The Khivan stopped his horse, and called out to him, "There you are again, with dogs of unbelievers! I have little doubt but that you are an unbeliever yourself."

This was too much for the equanimity of my guide, who piqued himself upon his rigid observance of all Mohammedan rites. Did he not wash his feet with snow the prescribed number of times a day, in spite of the danger of having them frost-bitten, and had he not once suffered in consequence? Did he not rub his hands with snow before

eating? and had he ever been known to put his left hand in the dish? No; I might be called a dog of an unbeliever, and that was very likely the case. Had he not seen me eat some sausages of that kind which, when at Kasala, he had been informed were made of the flesh of the unclean animal? and was not one pot of the preserved meat which I had purchased at Orenburg, and of which he always refused to partake, also a composition of the same foul beast?

The insult was too great to be borne, and he made a tremendous effort to draw his cimeter. This was a hopeless task; so, rushing forward with his whip in the air, he assailed his enemy by striking vigorous blows on a new Astrakhan cap which adorned the head of the Khivan. The latter retaliated by striking the guide on his crimson dressing-gown with a short camel stick. The damage done to their clothes was great, and the Khivan, suddenly seizing the skirt of my guide's garment, tore it up the back, the sound of the tear making my follower more furious than ever, for he was very proud of the robe in question, and was looking forward to displaying it to his brother-in-law at Kalenderhana.

The combatants became breathless with their exertions, The Khivan's companions surrounded the guide, and began to play with their knife-handles in a menacing manner. They were six men to two, as the guide and myself had outstripped our caravan by several versts. I now drew my pistol from its holster, and this action on my part immediately produced the desired effect. A revolver is a formidable weapon, and the band of Khivans had sufficient discrimination to recognize its use. Their party fell back a little, and one of them, putting his knife down on the ground, said something to me, which I understood meant, "It is not your business to interfere; let them settle it be-

tween themselves." To this I could make no objection; when the opponents, seeing that they were to be the only combatants, left off wrestling together.

My guide, who was very much out of breath, now blew his nose with his fingers as a sign of contempt for his adversary, and squatted on his haunches on the ground. His foe, not to be outdone, performed the same feat with his nasal organ, and sat down opposite him. They then began a verbal battle, in which the reputations of their respective female relatives were much aspersed. This continued for about five minutes, when, becoming tired with waiting, I walked up to them and said "*Aman*" (peace); then, taking hold of their wrists, I forcibly made them shake hands. "*Salam aaleikom*" (peace be with you), at last said the guide. "*Aaleikom asalam*" (with you be peace), was the answer, and the combatants separated.

A PEDESTRIAN IN SIBERIA.

JOHN DUNDAS COCHRANE.

[Captain John Dundas Cochrane, an eccentric British naval officer, born about 1780, gained through his exploits the title of "The Pedestrian Traveller." In 1820 he set out on a project to travel around the world on foot, and in pursuance of this ambitious purpose walked through Europe to St. Petersburg, and thence traversed Russia and Siberia on foot as far as Kamtchatka. Here he married a native of Siberia, gave up his plan, and returned by way of Russia to England. He died in South America in 1825. His adventures began before he had got far from the Russian capital. He tells the following story:]

I PASSED the night in the cottage of a farmer, resigning myself to the attacks and annoyance of such vermin as generally haunt impoverished dwellings, and was therefore

proportionately pleased in the morning to pursue my journey. My route was towards Linbane, at about the ninth mile-stone from which I sat down, to smoke a cigar or pipe, as fancy might indicate; I was suddenly seized from behind by two ruffians, whose visages were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged me by the collar towards the forest, while the other, with a bayoneted musket, pushed me on in such a manner as to make me move with more than ordinary celerity; a boy, auxiliary to these vagabonds, was stationed on the roadside to keep a lookout.

We had got some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, when I was desired to undress, and, having stripped off my trousers and jacket, then my shirt, and finally my shoes and stockings, they proceeded to tie me to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, I fully concluded that they intended to try the effect of a musket on me, by firing at me as they would at a mark. I was, however, reserved for fresh scenes; the villains, with much *sang-froid*, seated themselves at my feet, and rifled my knapsack and pocket, even cutting out the linings of the clothes in search of bank-bills or some other valuables. They then compelled me to take at least a pound of black bread and a glass of rum, poured from a small flask which had been suspended from my neck. Having appropriated my trousers, shirts, stockings, and English shooting shoes, as also my spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket-sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles (about seven pounds), they at length released me from the tree, and at the point of a stiletto made me swear that I would not inform against them,—such, at least, I conjectured to be their meaning, though of their language I understood not a word.

Having received my promise, I was again treated to bread and rum, and once more fastened to the tree, in which condition they finally abandoned me. Not long after, a boy who was passing heard my cries, and set me at liberty. I did not doubt he was sent by my late companions upon so considerate an errand, and felt so far grateful; though it might require something more than common charity to forgive their depriving me of my shirt and trousers, and leaving me almost as naked as I came into the world.

To pursue my route, or return to Tzarsko Selo, would, indeed, be alike indecent and ridiculous; but being so, and there being no remedy, I made "forward" the order of the day; having first, with the remnant of my apparel, rigged myself *à l'Ecossaise*, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to the knees; my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on with even a merry heart.

[The traveller, despite this misadventure, made his way steadily onward, meeting with much kindness as he went. He slept generally out of doors, passing one night *in a cask.* He finally crossed the Ural Mountains into Siberia.]

On reaching the Asiatic side of the Ural chain, I could not help remarking that the inhabitants of all the villages were much more civil, more hospitable, and more cleanly dressed; and in no one instance would they accept of money for the food I had occasion to procure. I never entered a cottage but *shtshee* (a cabbage soup), with meat, milk, and bread, was immediately placed before me unasked; nor could any entreaty of mine induce them to receive a higher reward than a pipe of tobacco or a glass

of *vodka* (whiskey). In short, to prevent uselessly troubling the inhabitants, I was obliged to consign my nearly exhausted purse to the care of my knapsack, renouncing the hackneyed and unsocial custom of paying for food.

Among the proofs of their civility, or rather of the interest which Russians take in foreigners, as well as the means they have of making themselves understood, one very strong one occurred to me in a small village. I had learned so much of the language as to know that *kchorosho* is the Russian word for "well," but not that *kchudo* was the translation for "bad." My host being a good sort of a blunt fellow, was discoursing upon the impropriety of travelling as I did. As I could not comprehend him, I was impatient to go, but he persisted in detaining me until he had made me understand the meaning of *kchudo*. My extreme stupidity offered a powerful barrier to his design; but a smart slap on one cheek and a kiss on the other, followed by the words *kchudo* and *kchorosho*, soon cured my dulness, and I laughed heartily in spite of this mode of instruction.

[Continuing his journey, Captain Cochrane passed successively through Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Yakutsk, and various smaller Siberian towns, everywhere meeting with kindness. From Yakutsk, which he reached October 6, his route lay through the frozen regions of Northern Siberia.]

Yakutsk, although a considerable place of trade, and a great pass for the American Company, is ill built, and more scattered even than Irkutsk, in the most exposed of all bleak situations, on the left bank of the Lena, which is in summer four miles, and in winter two miles and a half, wide, appearing, as it really is, one of the finest streams in the world, running a course of nearly three thousand miles from its source, near Irkutsk, to the Frozen

Sea, which it enters by several mouths. There are seven thousand inhabitants in the city, of whom the greater part are Russians, and the rest Yakuti. Half a dozen churches, the remains of an old fortress, a monastery, and some tolerable buildings give it some appearance of decency, yet I could not help thinking it one of the most dreary-looking places I had seen, though I was in enjoyment of every comfort, and therefore the less disposed to complain.

I remained in Yakutsk three weeks, making the needful preparations for my journey during so severe a season of the year. In particular I looked to the nature of my dress, for the accounts of the cold which I should have to encounter were such that I considered myself exposed to death, without even the satisfaction of expecting to be buried, from the eternal frost that prevails there. Could, however, this feeling be gratified, the satisfaction would be materially increased by the knowledge that the body itself would enter the next world in the same state that it left this; for everywhere to the north of Yakutsk, the earth, two feet and a half below the surface, is perpetually frozen; consequently a carcass buried in it at that depth must remain perpetually the same.

The way I passed my time at Mr. Minitsky's was sufficiently regular; I rose early, and always went early to bed; occupied, while daylight lasted, in bringing up my journal; then at a game of billiards; afterwards at dinner, always on the most excellent fare, with wine, rum, and other delicacies. In the evening, with a party of the natives, male and female, at the house of the chief; the ladies to all appearance dumb, not daring to utter a word, and solely employed in cracking their nuts, a very small species of the cedar-nut, which abounds in such quantities as to be made an article of trade to Okotsk and Kamtchatka. I am not exaggerating when I say that half a

dozen of females will sit down and consume each many hundreds of these nuts, and quit the house without having spoken a word,—unless a stolen one, in fear it should be heard.

While the ladies are thus cracking their nuts, staring, and listening, and speechless, the gentlemen are employed in drinking rum or rye-brandy punch, as their tastes may dictate. Nor is even good rum a scarce article here, coming as it does by way of Kamtchatka. I was one feast-day on a visit to a respectable old gentleman, one of the council; there were no chairs, but a long table was spread, with fish pies, a piece of roast beef, boiled deer's tongues, and some wild berries in a tart. The first thing presented is a glass of brandy, which I refused, knowing the chief to have some good wine; this I was offered, and accepted, when I was told by my friend the chief that it was not the custom to accept anything of that kind the first time, but to await the third. Relying upon the chief's better knowledge of the Siberian world, I refused the next glass of wine, which was offered me twice, and need not say I ultimately lost it, probably from the practice of economizing good wine in a place where it can seldom be purchased.

My dresses completed, and the river having, according to custom, been passed and declared closed, I packed up my knapsack and other baggage, as I was provided also with a couple of bags of black biscuit through the kindness of my host, with a piece of roast beef, a few dried fish, half a dozen pounds of tea, and twenty pounds of sugar-candy, besides fifty pounds of tobacco, and a keg of *vodkey* (corn-brandy), a most indispensable article on such a journey, whether for my own or others' comfort. I had, besides, a pipe, flint, steel, and axe, and, what was of most importance, a Cossack companion, who indeed proved in-

valuable to me. My destination was Nishney Kolymsk, distant about one thousand eight hundred miles, which were to be travelled over in the coldest season of the year, and in what is esteemed the coldest part of the northeast of Asia.

[The thermometer stood at twenty-nine below zero when he left Yakutsk, October 31, and went lower as he advanced northward, through a frozen and cheerless region. His narrative is one of constant contest with the cold, diversified with the following account of Siberian appetites:]

At Tabalak I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow-grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongousi of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting anything that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow, a second and a third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour, frozen butter, this also he immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap;—all went the same road; but, as I was now convinced the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive anything, I begged my companion to desist as I had done.

For an instance in confirmation of this, no doubt, extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritcheff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they

pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says that "such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person. The laborers," the admiral says, "had an allowance of four poods, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds, of fat, and seventy-two pounds of rye-flour, yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuti said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter of *a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink.* The appearance of the man not justifying his assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gourmandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted,* yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot; and, except that his stomach betrayed more than an ordinary fulness, he showed no sign of inconvenience or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day.

[After nine days more of travel, they descended from the hill country, and reached the town of Zashiversk, in the well-wooded valley of the Indigirka.]

Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate: my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of

Canada, or in crossing the Cordilleras or Andes in South America, the Pyrenees, or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me. The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place. Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergymen, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a postmaster, a merchant, and an old widow. I have, during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant ship with sixteen guns and only fifteen men, but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants.

On the 23d of December I quitted the *town* of Zashiversk, not ungrateful for the hospitality of its poor inhabitants, who had supplied me with plenty of fish, here eaten in a raw state, and which to this hour I remember as the greatest delicacy I have ever tasted. Spite of our prejudices, there is nothing to be compared to the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world is nothing to it; nor is it only a small quantity that may be eaten of this precious commodity. I myself have finished a whole fish which, in its frozen state, might have weighed two or three pounds, and, with black biscuit and a glass of rye-brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal. It is cut up or shaved into slices with a sharp knife from head to tail, and thence derives the name of Stroganina.

My first day's journey made me better acquainted with the power and use of dogs; water or ice, fish, firewood, travellers and their goods, and everything being here drawn by these animals. I continued over a flat country, and lakes communicating with one another by small

streams, suffering much at times from the cold, especially in the knees, which, although not sensibly cold, had a feeling of deadness and painful fatigue which I could not account for, till a peddler explained to me, by signs and words, that if I did not alter my plan I should certainly lose both my legs above the knees. They appeared, indeed, a little inflamed, owing, as he said, to the inadequate protection of the knee-joints, which, on horseback, are more than ordinarily exposed, all the defence they had being a single leather, in sometimes sixty-eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. I considered that I was still bound to the northward, and that the extreme of winter had not yet come upon me, and therefore thought it better to accept a pair of *souturee* (knee-preservers, made of the skins of reindeers' legs), which he very kindly offered. The service they did me is astonishing; from that moment I had less pain and more heat, and became fully satisfied that the extremities are alone to be taken care of. . . .

[On the last day he travelled sixty miles.] Although I was obliged from the cold to dismount at least twenty or thirty times to take a run for mere self-preservation. At Malone the track for horses is in general finished, though they do sometimes go as far as Nishney Kolymsk, and even to the Frozen Sea, in search of sea-horse and mammoths' tusks. . . .

Resumed next morning, with increased cold though calm weather, and reached Nishney Kolymsk at noon, amid a frost of sixty-two and a half degrees below zero, according to many spirit thermometers of Baron Wrangel's, on the last day of December, 1820, after a most tedious, laborious, and to me perilous journey of sixty-one days, twenty of which were passed in the snow, without even the comfort of a blanket; nor had I even a second coat, or parka, nor even a second pair of boots, and less clothing than even

the guides and attendants of the poorest class. I met at Nishney Kolymsk the Baron Wrangel, and his companion, Mr. Matiushkin, a midshipman. It was the last day of the old year; and in the present enjoyment of a moderate meal, a hearty welcome, and excellent friends, I soon forgot the past, and felt little concern for the future. Quarters were appropriated me in the baron's own house; and with him, on the shores of the Frozen Sea, I enjoyed health and every comfort I could desire.

[Baron Wrangel's purpose was to visit the northeast cape of Asia, ascertain its latitude and longitude, and gain further geographical information. Captain Cochrane wished to join the expedition, but not having government permission, his services could not be accepted. He accordingly, the next spring, made his way over a difficult and dangerous route to Okotsk, reaching there June 19. He finally gave up his design of crossing Bering Strait to America, married a native of Kamtchatka, and returned with his wife westward through Siberia over much of his old route.]

Descending the western branch of the Ural Mountains, I found myself again in Europe: the land of malt, the fireside home, again had charms for the traveller. The sensations I experienced upon quitting the most favored quarter of the globe were nothing when compared to the present. Then I thought I was going only to the abode of misery, vice, and cruelty, while now I knew I had come from that of humanity, hospitality, and kindness. I looked back to the hills, which are, as it were, the barrier between virtue and vice, but felt, in spite of it, a desire to return and end my days. And so strong is still that desire that I should not hesitate to bid adieu to politics, war, and other refined pursuits, to enjoy in Central Siberia those comforts which may be had without fear of foreign or domestic disturbance.

At length I arrived safely in St. Petersburg, from which

I had been absent exactly three years and three weeks, and to which I returned in infinitely better health than when I left it.

A SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

THOMAS W. ATKINSON.

[From Atkinson's monumental work on Siberia we extract the following well-told description of one of the many tragedies that have taken place in that unhappy land. As an example of a great fright on small grounds it has few rivals, while the fate of the unfortunate fugitives is doubtless far from being an unusual incident in that prison realm. Rumor connected Atkinson himself with the event in a not very satisfactory relation. He had shortly before left Siberia for Mongolia, from which circumstance the rumor concerning him arose.]

ABOUT the latter part of September, 1850, an event occurred in the Altai which caused great sensation throughout Western Siberia. . . . One night, when all my friends in Barnaoul had quietly retired to rest, little thinking that danger was fast approaching their abodes, they were awakened from their slumbers a little after midnight by a party of Cossacks galloping up the quiet street, to the house of the chief of the mines. A loud thundering at the door roused the inmates, when a despatch was delivered informing the colonel that Siberia was being invaded by three thousand Asiatics, who were descending the valley of the Bëa, and the officer in command of the Cossacks at Sandypskoï required troops to be sent to Bisk forthwith: upon which town he intended to retreat, not having a sufficient force to check the invaders.

In a few minutes Cossacks were sent to rouse up the officers, and desire them to repair to the house of their

chief without delay. On their assembling, the despatch was read; causing great consternation among those who dreaded the advancing savages. Similar despatches had been sent to the Governor of Tomsk, to Prince Gortchikoff in Omsk, and to the Emperor in Petersburg. The director of the mines ordered the colonel in command of the military to have his men (about eight hundred) ready to march at daybreak.

After this he turned his attention to the safety of the town, and what it contained. Nearly all the gold obtained from the mines of Siberia had been delivered in Barnaoul, to be smelted into bars, ready to be sent by the first winter roads to Petersburg. It was supposed that the Asiatics knew this, and that their object was plunder. There were about forty-three thousand two hundred pounds weight of gold and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred pounds of silver in the cellars of the smelting works: a prize worth having. Besides the precious metals, there were the stores belonging to the crown, and other property of considerable value,—even the dwellings of the officers would have afforded a rich booty. The shops and warehouses contained supplies of everything needed by the inhabitants, and an immense stock of wodky was stored in the government cellars.

The chief assigned to each officer the duty he had to perform, some to provide for the security of the precious metals, and others to make arrangements for defending the town. Having placed the whole under the command of Colonel Kavanka, the director prepared to lead the troops to the scene of action on the Bëa.

The approaching dangers were now made known to the ladies. The idea of being captured and carried away by the savage tribes filled their minds with horror; as many traditions remained in Siberia of the barbarities in-

flicted by the Asiatic hordes in former invasions. When their husbands announced the orders they had received the excitement increased; the news spread into every dwelling, as usual much exaggerated on the transit. Many believed that the invaders were close at hand, and fear caused some to fancy that they heard their savage cries. The Cossacks galloping to and fro with orders strengthened this idea; and the panic filled every female heart when the shrill notes of the bugles and the roll of the drums echoed in the night.

Just as the gray dawn began to break in the eastern sky two Cossacks dashed through the gates into Barnaoul, and galloped on to the house of the director. One of them leaped from his horse and delivered a second despatch from the officer at Sandypskoï with the information that the invaders were rapidly descending the valley of the Bëa. Also that they had commenced burning the *aouls* of the Kalmucks, and were murdering every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on. Instead of three thousand, they were now announced to be seven thousand strong, great numbers of whom were armed with rifles. Further, this army of savages was led on by the Englishman Atkinson,—a fact affirmed to be beyond all doubt, as the writer of the despatch stated that he had seen him. This account caused general alarm. Some thought that the wild hordes of Asia were bursting forth, as in the time of Genghiz Khan, to spread desolation over the country on their march towards Europe. All felt that the affair had become serious, and the Cossacks declared that the people at all the villages on their route were packing up their goods and preparing for flight.

[The director and other officials were satisfied that Atkinson was with the invaders, but as a prisoner, not as a leader. It was supposed that he, from his knowledge of the mountain passes, had been forced

to act as guide. Plans of rescue were suggested, and his fate was feared for. At six o'clock the troops were on the march, and active steps were taken for the defence of the town.]

Some of the ladies proposed that the governor's mansion, a large brick building, should be made the citadel; and that in the lower story all the precious metals belonging to His Imperial Majesty, as well as their own valuables, should be deposited; while they and their children should occupy the upper rooms; satisfied that the Emperor would insure such a defence of the position as might lead to their preservation. At ten o'clock in the forenoon a third despatch arrived, informing the director that the Cossacks had retreated from Sandypskoï; the number of the enemy had now advanced to ten thousand, and it was stated that the inhabitants of the towns of Bisk and Kouznetsk were leaving their homes, and carrying what little property they could along with them. In fact, wheresoever the news had reached, the people were fleeing from their dwellings with the utmost precipitation.

The distance from Barnaoul to Sandypskoï was more than two hundred and fifty miles, and the troops were pushed on at their greatest speed. Immediately the intelligence reached Prince Gortchikoff he left Omsk and travelled to Semipalàtinsk, a distance of more than six hundred miles, in forty hours. From this place he sent a regiment of Cossacks with six guns to secure some of the passes in the Altai; while another with six guns was ordered from Oustkamenogorsk to cut off any bodies of men making their way westward.

[General Anossoff, at Tomsk, took similar active precautions, and a strong force was soon marching south. On their fourth day's march they met the people fleeing in great numbers, while stories of the ferocious cruelty with which the Kalmucks had been treated were widely repeated. In fact, the whole district was stricken with panic.]

On the fifth day the troops from Barnaoul reached Bisk, and found the town deserted by all the inhabitants, except a few civil officers and a small body of Cossacks; the latter in guard of the warehouses in which were stored the valuable furs belonging to the crown. During the night news reached the commander which cast a doubt on the accuracy of the despatches. Gradually reports were received reducing the number of the invaders, and containing reliable information that they were not continuing their march down the valley of the Bëa. This delayed the farther advance of the soldiers; and Cossacks were sent to stop the march of the troops under the command of the two generals from Tomsk. In the course of two days it was ascertained that this alarming invasion had its source in a party of forty Circassian prisoners who had escaped from the gold mines on the Birioussa. When this discovery was made the troops returned to their respective stations, and the local officers were left to deal with the affair.

These fugitive Circassians had no intention of invading the Russian dominions, their object being to escape from the great Siberian prison to their far-distant homes. They were prisoners of war, and had been sent to work in the mines of Siberia, which was considered an act of great cruelty. Surely soldiers who had bravely defended their homes deserved a better fate than to be mixed with Russian convicts, many of whom were criminals of the worst class. These brave fellows had been employed at the gold washings on the Birioussa, a river which forms the boundary between the governments of Irkoutsk and Yenissey. From this place they determined to escape, and, after many difficulties, made the attempt.

By the aid of small quantities of gold, which they managed to secrete during their labors, they procured a rifle and ammunition for each man from the Tartars, who con-

cealed them in a cavern in the mountains, about seven miles from the mines. The most essential requisites for their future success had now been obtained, but at a cost of ten times their value. There was no fear of the Tartars betraying them, as their own safety depended on their secrecy, and a terrible punishment awaited them if detected with gold in their possession.

On a Saturday afternoon in the latter part of July, 1850, when the labors of the day were ended, the Circassians quietly left the mine in small parties, going in different directions. This was done without exciting any suspicion, and they met in the evening at a rendezvous, a ravine in the mountains, about six miles from the mines in a southerly direction. A stud of spare horses were kept at pastures in the forest several miles from their place of meeting, and at about seven from the mines. A large party of Circassians proceeded towards this place, and arrived near it just at dusk, and three were sent on in advance carrying their rifles, as if returning from the hunt.

The horsekeepers were driving the animals into the enclosure to secure them for the night. When this was accomplished, they discovered three rifles pointed at them, and were told that they would be shot if they attempted to escape. A shrill whistle called up the other exiles, who instantly secured the three men; the best horses were at once selected out of a stud of between three and four hundred, and as two of their attendants were great hunters, and well acquainted with the mountain regions around, the Circassians carried them all away to act as guides to the Chinese frontier, and to prevent the discovery of their means of flight till they had got a good start; moreover, they turned the remainder of the stud out of the enclosed ground, and drove them into the forest, to make it appear that they had broken loose, and that the absent men were

searching for them. They departed, carrying off fifty-five horses. No time was lost in reaching their friends in the glen, who received them with shouts of joy. An hour before midnight, when the moon rose to light them on their way, they commenced their flight.

The hunters led them southward, through rugged passes and over several ridges, without once stopping till they reached, a little before sunrise, a high summit, whence they could look down upon the gold mine, and distinguish the smoke curling up from the fires that are constantly kept burning to drive away those pests, the mosquitoes. Having taken a last look at the place of their exile, they hastened onward into a grassy valley, where they fed their horses and breakfasted. After a rest they pushed on again.

[They continued their course till they passed the Chinese frontier, when the guides, who knew nothing of the region in advance, were released. For several weeks the fugitives pushed onward through a difficult mountain region. Unfortunately, they knew nothing of the country, and permitted themselves to be turned back by the snowy peaks of the Tangnon Mountains, beyond which they would have found safety among the Kalkas and Kirghis tribes. As a result, the character of the country gradually forced them to the northwest. At length they reached the eastern shores of the Altin-Kool. Here was their last chance of success, but they unluckily took the wrong course, and were again turned towards the north. They finally reached the Bëa, the only outlet of the Altin-Kool.]

More than two months had now passed since the poor fellows left the Birioussa, and they were still in their Siberian prison; during this period they had suffered both from hunger and fatigue. Although game was abundant in many of the regions through which they passed, when hunting is the only source of a man's subsistence the supply often proves precarious, as all will find who try. Following

VLADIVOSTOK, SIBERIA

TERMINUS OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY

the mountains along the eastern bank of the Bëa, they reached a part of the country thinly inhabited by Kalmucks, living under Russian sway. At length they arrived at a Kalmuck aoul, and got into difficulties with the people, but whether the Kalmucks attempted to stop them, or threatened to call in the aid of the Cossacks to take them prisoners, it is impossible to say. The dispute, unfortunately, ended in a battle, when several Kalmucks were killed and their aoul burned. Those who escaped conveyed the terrible news to other tribes, and all became alarmed. Some retreated into the forests with their families and cattle, while others carried the alarm to the Cossack fort at Sandyp. The officer in command was drunk when the news arrived; hence those exaggerated despatches which followed each other in quick succession.

The Circassians committed a fatal error by entering into conflict with the people, as the alarm rapidly spread in every direction, and left no chance for their escape. Continuing their course to the northward, they passed beyond the rapids, and succeeded in swimming their horses over the Bëa. From this point they turned to the south, which led them into the mountains between the Bëa and Katounia. This river in the mountains is one succession of rapids, so that there are few places where it can be crossed even in canoes; it is impossible to swim the torrent.

The higher mountains to the south being deep in snow, placed the fugitives in a trap. When their real number was discovered, the illusion respecting their force was destroyed; and the Kalmucks prepared with a savage determination to avenge the blood that had been shed. A body of men were soon collected; they were stanch as bloodhounds, and had been seldom foiled in running down their prey.

Scouts sent forward to follow the trail, were followed

by Siberian hunters who knew every mountain pass and torrent. Mounted on good fresh horses they rapidly closed upon the fugitives; and on the evening of the third day of their pursuit encamped within three miles of them.

[The flight of the Circassians led them deeper into mountain-passes, leading up towards the snowy summits. Their pursuers now closed in on them.]

At length the hungry and wayworn warriors were driven into a mountain-pass, and rifle-balls began to drop fast around them. Having reached a narrow part of the gorge, where it was strewn with fallen rocks, they made a stand and returned the fire with effect,—for several saddles became vacant. In a few minutes they received a heavy volley, when some of the exiles were wounded, notwithstanding their shelter, and several horses were killed. They now stood at bay, determined never to yield. Their pursuers outnumbered them five to one, and knew every crag and turning in the ravines, which enabled them to take shelter where no bullet could touch them, whence they could pick off their opponents, and force the survivors to retire from every position they sought. Each new post was held with undaunted courage, till diminished numbers compelled the Circassians again to retreat; every call to surrender being answered with a shout of defiance.

While the work of slaughter was going on night shrouded the combatants, and under cover of the darkness fifteen of these brave men escaped on foot, ascending farther into the mountains, and leaving their horses to their merciless enemies. Though their position had become desperate, they scrambled on, hoping to find shelter from the cutting blast. At length they reached some deep recesses in the rocks, where they decided to pass the night; they, however, dared not light a fire, as that would guide the Kal-

mucks to their retreat. The night passed without their being disturbed.

With the first gray dawn of morn they commenced their weary march and scaled the rocky heights before them, whence they had a view of the vast snow-clad peaks above, which stopped all further progress in that direction. After carefully scanning the country in search of their pursuers, not one of whom was visible, they turned to the west, skirting along the base of one of the giants of the chain towards a forest of cedars which covered a low rocky ridge.

The hunters had not been idle; long before daylight appeared two parties had been sent forward to form ambushes where it was expected the Circassians would be obliged to pass, while the main body remained behind to clear the ravine. Being convinced that the forest would afford them the only means for their escape, the fugitives pushed on in that direction. They had reached within about two hundred yards of the wood when a puff of white smoke appeared in a thicket which proved fatal to one of their comrades. They now made an attempt to reach the shelter of some rocks, but before they had proceeded twenty paces five others had fallen. A savage shout to surrender greeted their ears from a large party in their rear that were fast closing in upon them. Their last few shots were spent on the advancing body, and not without effect; then they made a rush to reach the forest; but only four were destined to gain its cover, and some of these were wounded. The thick underwood screened the poor fellows from the volley which whistled after them, and stopped the firing, as they were soon lost in the dense and tangled branches.

The clouds, which had become blacker, began pouring down rain and sleet, accompanied by a fierce gale, which brought their enemies to a stand, and caused them to pre-

pare an encampment under the cedars. Two small parties were sent on in pursuit, but these were shortly compelled to return without having discovered the retreat of the remnant of the gallant band. The storm had now become a hurricane, driving the snow into the balagans and whirling it into eddies, which made it difficult to see objects at a few yards' distance. This continued for three days without intermission, and then the mountains were covered deep in snow, which deterred the hunters from making any further attempt to find the fugitives. The winter had also set in with a piercing frost, and this no doubt soon accomplished that which the rifles of the Kalmucks had spared. The four Circassians were never seen again, nor any trace of them found.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LENA DELTA.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

[Travel has had its tragedies, many of them, and we cannot complete our work without reference to some of those untoward events in which death has laid its heavy hand on the adventurer. It has been particularly in Arctic adventure that peril, privation, and death have been the lot of the daring traveller, and of all the tales of Arctic exploration that of the ill-fated "Jeannette" and its captain and crew is the most pathetic. Engineer Melville, one of the party who escaped, and to whose unflinching energy we owe the discovery of the fate of the lost members, has told the story well in his work "In the Lena Delta." We have space to extract from it only the closing incidents of the search, those of the discovery of the bodies of Commander De Long and his companions, who had perished of cold and starvation on the bleak Arctic shores of Siberia. For months, after escaping himself, Melville sought his companions. He rescued two of the sailors, Nindemann and Noros, who had been sent in advance, but the discovery of the others, on the snow-clad shores of the Lena Delta,

proved a very difficult task. The party of search advanced along the Lena, finding some stray traces of those whom they sought. We take up their story of search on March 20, 1882.]

WE made an early start; Bartlett steering for Mat Vay with instructions to follow the main river or one of its main branches north of Stolboi. He had a team of sixteen dogs, a tent, six days' provisions, and Geordi Nicolai as yamshick. Nindemann and myself similarly equipped, with La Kentie Shamoola and young Kerick to drive us, set forth on a straight course for Bulchoi Mesja. Arrived there, Nindemann confirmed his previous recognition of the locality, but was totally bewildered and uncertain as to the direction pursued by the party south from that point. So we ran off southeast until we thought we were making too much easting, when we veered to the southwest to a point he vaguely remembered. Then south by east, then east and west, following a large stream to the southward, until the dogs began to weaken, when we halted and erected our tent under the lee of a hill.

There was very little drift-wood in the vicinity, but we were too tired and cold to care much whether our supper was hot or not. Still the warm tea and raw frozen fish found great favor in our eyes. The tent was too small to allow of our building a fire in it, so, notwithstanding the high wind, the natives dug a hole outside in the snow, wherein they soon had our scant drift-wood ablaze and our tea-kettle boiling.

The Yakut mode of building camp-fires is as follows: The pot or kettle is hung on a tree branch of sufficient length and strength to project from the snow bank in which it is thrust, over a hole excavated in the snow beneath the kettle, and such a distance from the bank that the heat will not melt the snow from the butt of the limb. To start the fire, a dry piece of wood is procured from the

high river-banks, many sticks being cut with the axe, and rejected, until one entirely free from moisture and fit for kindling is found; which is then carefully split and kept dry. The best of the drift-wood is next selected, and also split and chopped up into proper lengths. Thus far, so good; but the natives are ignorant of matches, and with only their flint and steel it would seem a difficult matter to start a fire, since they have no rags, either cotton or flax, or any highly inflammable material like sulphur sticks. But here is where the Yakut and Tunguse ingenuity asserts itself.

The buds of the Arctic willow are forever trying to peep from beneath their blanket of snow, and within these buds is a light flossy substance in the nature of thistle-down. Whenever he can, the native gathers a handful of these, and robs them of their down, which he then moistens slightly and mixes with ground charcoal, prepared by cooling a lighted piece of birch wood in the ashes of his hearth. The dampened floss thoroughly rolled through the charcoal is next covered up and dried before the fire on the same board whereon it was compounded and the charcoal powdered. It is now an excellent tinder, igniting quickly into a hot and durable point of fire.

But in addition to it, some light match stuff is necessary, and to supply this need a bundle of fine soft sticks, about thirty inches long, is always kept drying over the fire-place. Before the native sets out on a journey, or, indeed, as often as the material is required, the old women of the house take down several of these sticks, and carefully shape them into sword blades. They then rest their knives in bevelled notches cut in the flat sides of small pieces of wood, about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one inch and a half long, and the operation proper begins. Along the wooden sword, which is held against the shoulder like

a violin, the knife in its gauge is drawn continuously and rapidly, and at each draught a thin coiling shaving drops to the floor or in the lap of the operator. A bag-full of these fine curls—which, when matted together, very much resemble the American manufactured material known to upholsterers as "excelsior"—is always ready for the travel ling native, preserved dry in the huts beneath the sleeping skins, and carried in a fish-skin bag on the journey.

So now, with the materials at hand, we will start a fire. The native takes from his skin pouch a bunch of the "excelsior" about the size of a robin's nest, rolls it into a ball, punches a hole in it, and then lays it carefully on the snow. Next, taking a pinch of tinder from the bag which always hangs at his hip, he places it on his flint, and with a quick sharp stroke ignites and places it in the centre of his nest of shavings, which he then lifts up, holding it lightly with his fingers spread apart for the passage of air, and whirls rapidly around his head at arm's length. At first a faint, pleasant odor of burning birch steals upon the air, then a light streak of smoke follows the revolving arm, and when the heat within his hand notifies the native that a proper degree of ignition has been attained, he suddenly ceases his gyrations, tears open the smoking nest, and with a quick puff blows it into flame. Then depositing the blazing ball on the snow he soon piles his fagots over and around it, and in a very few seconds his fire is in full blast. . . .

We had barely composed ourselves to the sleep we sorely needed, when the wind began to pipe and the clouds to drift swiftly across the sky. The natives said, "*Pagoda, bar, bar,*" and before midnight the snow had sifted through the tent and into our sleeping bags, where it melted, and then our wet clothing froze fast to our bodies, and we could not move. So we endured our misery until six

o'clock this morning (the 21st), when I drove the yamshicks out to make some tea.

They succeeded in starting a fire, but the snow soon smothered and extinguished it. The natives then sliced some raw fish, which they and Nindemann ate, for the weather had stolen my appetite, but at seven o'clock I caught sight of the sun through a rift in the clouds, and determined to get under way. It was my wish to reach Mat Vay on this line of search; but as neither the dogs nor the natives could face the fierce wind, I stood to the northward of west and ran for Qu Vina, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. . . .

At early morning [of March 23] the weather was still squally, but as day advanced it cleared. I will now make another attempt from the southward, and if I can only find the high promontory from which Nindemann sighted Mat Vay, there is no doubt of my ability to follow the trail as far as Krieksen's hut.

The sun came out in course of time, and although the snow still drifted before the wind, I could yet discern the points of land making out into the bay. Our eyes are still weak from the effects of smoke, and the sunlight tortures them. The problem that now puzzled me was,—which of the round dozen of points before us is the one that Nindemann turned when he reached the bay or *gooba?* Cold, hungry, without compass, and with orders "to keep the west bank aboard," he only knew that he had journeyed south and a long way from the eastward,—but how far? So with nothing to guide me, I decided to start at the northwest and follow along from point to point until I found *the point.* Nindemann was anxious to go east, skipping many of the headlands, but this I would not do for fear of missing the particular one I wanted. Then again, as De Long had said he would follow in the track of Nin-

demann and Noros, on which point was it that he had camped and died?

So I visited from cape to cape, taking a good survey of each river, until finally we came to a large rough stream, the Kagoastock, where the land ran far out into the bay. Nindemann was still uncertain, and sat on his sled gazing dumbly at the Stolboi which had been a landmark for himself and Noros on their march to the southward, and which now showed nearly to the south of us. Meanwhile, I had ascended to the high ground of the point, and stumbled upon a fire-bed, perhaps six feet in diameter, with many footprints frozen in around it, for the winds had fortunately kept the promontory clear of snow.

"Here they are!" I shouted, and Nindemann, closely followed by the natives, was soon at my side. It looked like a signal-fire, the logs were so large, and when I asked our drivers if the Yakuts had built it, they confidently replied,—

"*Soak; Yakut agoime malinki, malinki.*" (No; Yakut fire little, little.)

I had not yet found the bodies, but had certainly fixed the trail; for I now reasoned that the party had rounded this point and I would discover them somewhere to the westward. Still, I was desirous of securing the record and other relics at Ericksen's hut, and so set out at once to explore the banks of the river. Nindemann had told me that one of the prominent landmarks along this stream was an old flat-boat which lay stranded on the shore of the river, and in which he and Noros had camped a couple of days after they parted from De Long; and now in his anxiety to find it he started off ahead of me, with the dogs of both teams in full cry.

I always kept a sharp lookout for strange objects, having directed the others to do likewise, and presently, as Nin-

demann sighting the flat-boat drove at full speed towards it, I espied a black thing sticking out of the snow, about three hundred yards to the southward of the boat, and at once rolled off my sled, whereupon the yamshick, having seen me perform this feat before, drew up his team and joined me.

I hastened to the black object which attracted my attention, and found it to be the points of four sticks held together at the top by a small piece of lashing stuff, and across the forks of the sticks was hung by its straps a Remington rifle, the muzzle of which peeped about eight inches above the snow. In my eagerness to reach it I fell forward on the sticks, severely cutting and bruising my face. Pulling the rifle from the snow, I cleared the barrel and instantly identified it as Alexia's. There was no record in the barrel, as I hoped there would be; so I sent my driver, La Kentie, for Nindemann, surmising that De Long, unable to carry his books and papers farther, had cached them here and erected this *myack* as a landmark. The fire-bed, too, that I had just found on the promontory confirmed me in this opinion; so as soon as Nindemann came up I set the two natives at work digging out the snow. It was a tedious operation, and in a few minutes Nindemann said he would take a look to the northward. I then climbed to the top of the bank, intending to obtain a round of compass bearings for Stolboi, Mat Vay, and other points in order to locate the place, as I hoped to make Mat Vay for the night. La Kentie accompanied me, carrying the compass, and as we walked along I noticed some old clothing, mittens, etc., lying on the high ground above the river. Nearing the spot where the fire had been built, I observed something dark in the snow, and on going towards it was rewarded by the discovery of the party's teakettle, a cylindrical copper vessel blackened by many fires.

"*Kack, chinick!*" (What, the kettle!) exclaimed I to La Kentie, and so saying advanced to pick it up, when suddenly I caught sight of three objects at my very feet; and one of these, the one I was about to step over—*was the hand and arm* of a body raised out of the snow. La Kentie gave one look, and dropping the compass, started back in terror, crossing himself.

I identified De Long at a glance by his coat. He lay on his right side, with his right hand under his cheek, his head pointing north, and his face turned to the west. His feet were drawn slightly up as though he were sleeping; his left arm was raised with the elbow bent, and his hand, thus horizontally lifted, was bare. About four feet back of him, or towards the east, I found his small note-book or ice-journal, where he had tossed it with his left hand, which looked as though it had never recovered from the act, but had frozen as I found it, upraised.

Turning, then, to the last entry in the journal, I read,—

"*Oct. 30, Sunday.*—Boyd and Görtz died during night. Mr. Collins dying."

The other objects in the snow proved to be the bodies of Dr. Ambler and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook. A few small articles lay scattered around, and these I gathered together and put in the kettle. Besides the journal I also found a medicine-case, and a tin cylinder, three inches in diameter and almost four feet long, which contained the drawings and charts of the cruise. Despatching La Kentie in search of Nindemann, I occupied myself until he arrived in perusing the sad record, beginning at the final date and reading backward. I learned from it that, after Ericksen, the next man to die was Alexia, and that he had been buried from the flat-boat in the ice of the river. I therefore supposed that the whole party must be lying

within an area, north and south, of not more than five hundred yards.

After leaving the flat-boat they had advanced about three hundred yards, but the southerly gales were too fierce for them to face; so they had camped where the *myack* was, and there all but three had died. The journal relates how the remaining members of the starving band were so weak that they could not carry Lee and Kaack—the first two who succumbed after Alexia—out of the bed of the river, so they "carried them around the corner out of sight," and "then," says De Long, "my eye closed up." (Nindemann tells me that during the march the captain suffered severely with his eyes, and when he left him he was almost blind, which explains this passage in the journal.)

One after another died until only three were left, and then De Long perceived that unless the books and papers and the bodies of his comrades were removed from the low bed of the river, the spring floods would sweep them all out to sea. So the surviving three had tried to carry the records to the high ground for safety, together with a cake of river ice for water, the kettle, a hatchet, and a piece of their tent-cloth; but their little remaining strength was not even equal to the task of lifting the cases of records up the steep bank, so they sank down from the effort, after securing the chart-case and other small articles, leaving the records to their fate.

At the root of a large drift tree that had lodged on the bank some twenty-five or thirty feet above the river they built a fire and brewed some willow tea; and the kettle when I found it was one-quarter full of ice and willow-shoots. The tent-cloth they set up to the southward of them to protect their fire, but the winter winds had blown it down, and it now partly covered Ah Sam, who lay flat on his back, with his feet towards the fire and his hands

crossed upon his breast; a position in which the last two survivors had evidently placed him. De Long had crawled off to the northward and about ten feet from Ah Sam, while Dr. Ambler was stretched out between,—his feet nearly touching the latter, and his head resting on a line with De Long's knees. He lay almost prone on his face, with his right arm extended under him, and his left hand raised to his mouth. In the agony of death he had bitten deeply into the flesh between his thumb and forefinger, and around his head the snow was stained with blood. None of the three had boots or mittens on, their legs and feet being covered with strips of woollen blanket and pieces of the tent-cloth, bound around to the knees with bits of rope and the waist-belts of their comrades. Ah Sam had on a pair of red knit San Francisco socks, the heels and toes of which were entirely worn away. . . .

The three bodies were all frozen fast to the snow, so fast that it was necessary to pry them loose with a stick of timber. In turning over Dr. Ambler, I was surprised to find De Long's pistol in his right hand, and then, observing the blood-stained mouth, beard, and snow, I at first thought that he had put a violent end to his misery. A careful examination, however, of the mouth and head, revealed no wound, and, releasing the pistol from its tenacious death-grasp, I saw that only three of its chambers contained cartridges, which were all *loaded*, and then knew, of course, that he could not have harmed himself, else one or more of the capsules would be empty. . . .

When the bodies were searched, I rolled them, with the aid of the natives, in a piece of tent-cloth, and then covered them with snow, for I could not as yet haul them to Mat Vay. The faces of the dead were remarkably well preserved; they had all the appearance of marble, with the blush frozen in their cheeks. Their faces were full, for

the process of freezing had slightly puffed them; yet this was not true of their limbs, which were pitifully emaciated, or of their stomachs, which had shrunk into great cavities. Dr. Ambler, ostensibly to ease the gnawing pangs of hunger, had wrapped his little pocket diary in his long woollen muffler, and then thrust this great wad under the waistband of his trousers.

From the reading of the journal I now expected to find the balance of the party near the *myack*, or where I had sighted the tent-poles. I therefore started the natives to digging, telling them that the *bumagas* and *kinneagas* (papers and books) were there. Exerting themselves to their utmost, they soon came upon the wood and ashes of the fireplace, when, digging around the base of the cone-shaped pit, they presently exhumed, much to their delight, a tin drinking-pot, some old scraps of clothing, a woollen mitten, and two tin cases of books and papers.

Suddenly the two men scrambled out of the pit as though the arch-fiend himself was at their heels, gasping, as soon as they could,—

"*Pomree, pomree, dwee pomree!*" (The dead, the dead, two deads!)

Dropping into the hole, I saw the head of one corpse partly exposed, and the feet of another; and then ordered the natives to continue their labors. They obeyed, and finally disclosed the back and shoulders of a third. It was now dark and the snow was drifting wildly, so I concluded to return to Mat Vay for the night, and send instant word to Cass Carta for the rest of my party to join me here and assist in excavating the bodies.

[The remaining two bodies were afterwards found, a coffin made from the remains of the flat-boat, a grave dug several feet deep into the hill on which they had died, and all the victims buried, with a lofty cross above their grave. And so we end this sad record.]

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